IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

5¢ a copy

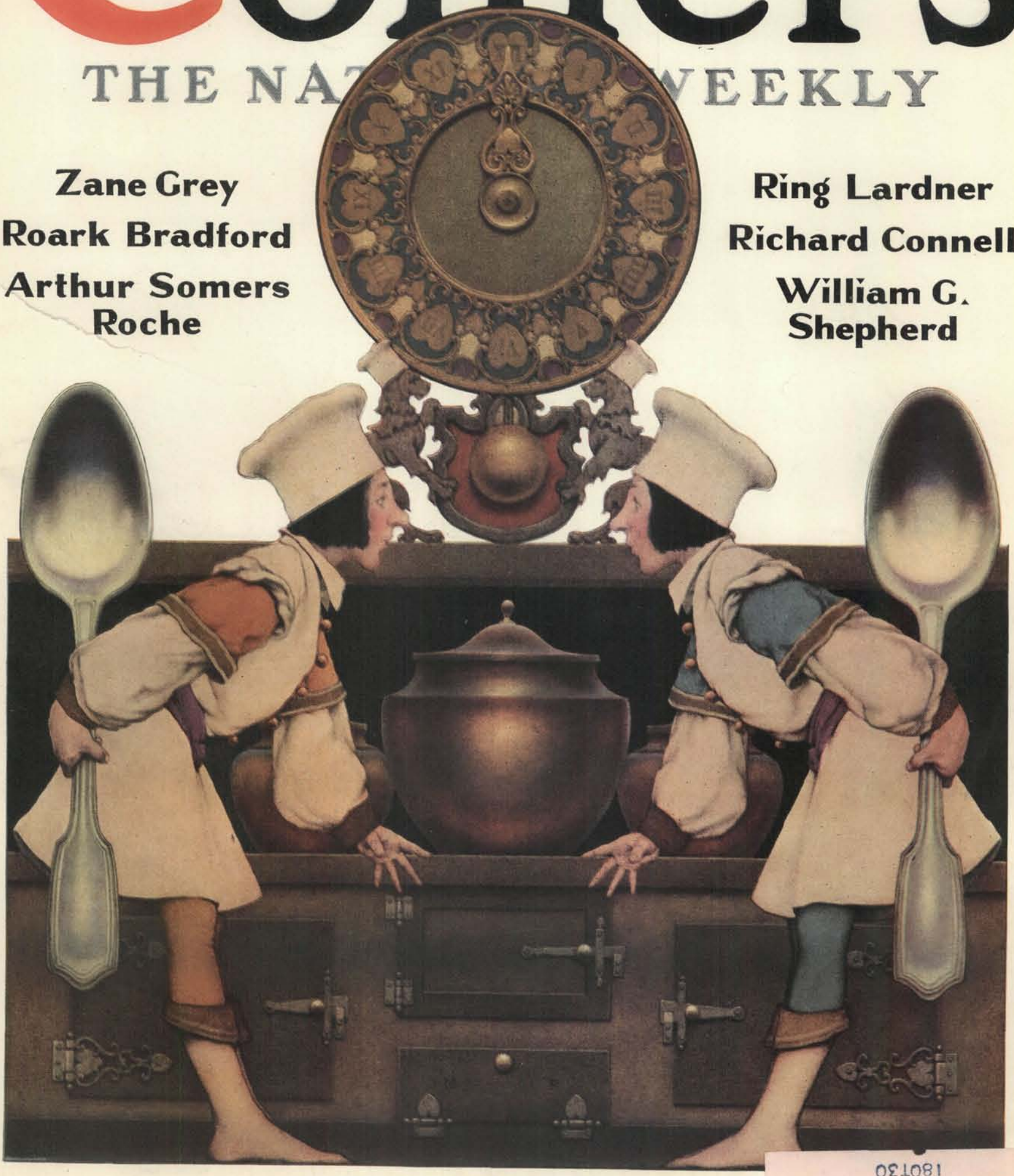
November 30, 1929

Collier's

THE NAT[illegible] WEEKLY

Zane Grey
Roark Bradford
Arthur Somers Roche

Ring Lardner
Richard Connell
William G. Shepherd

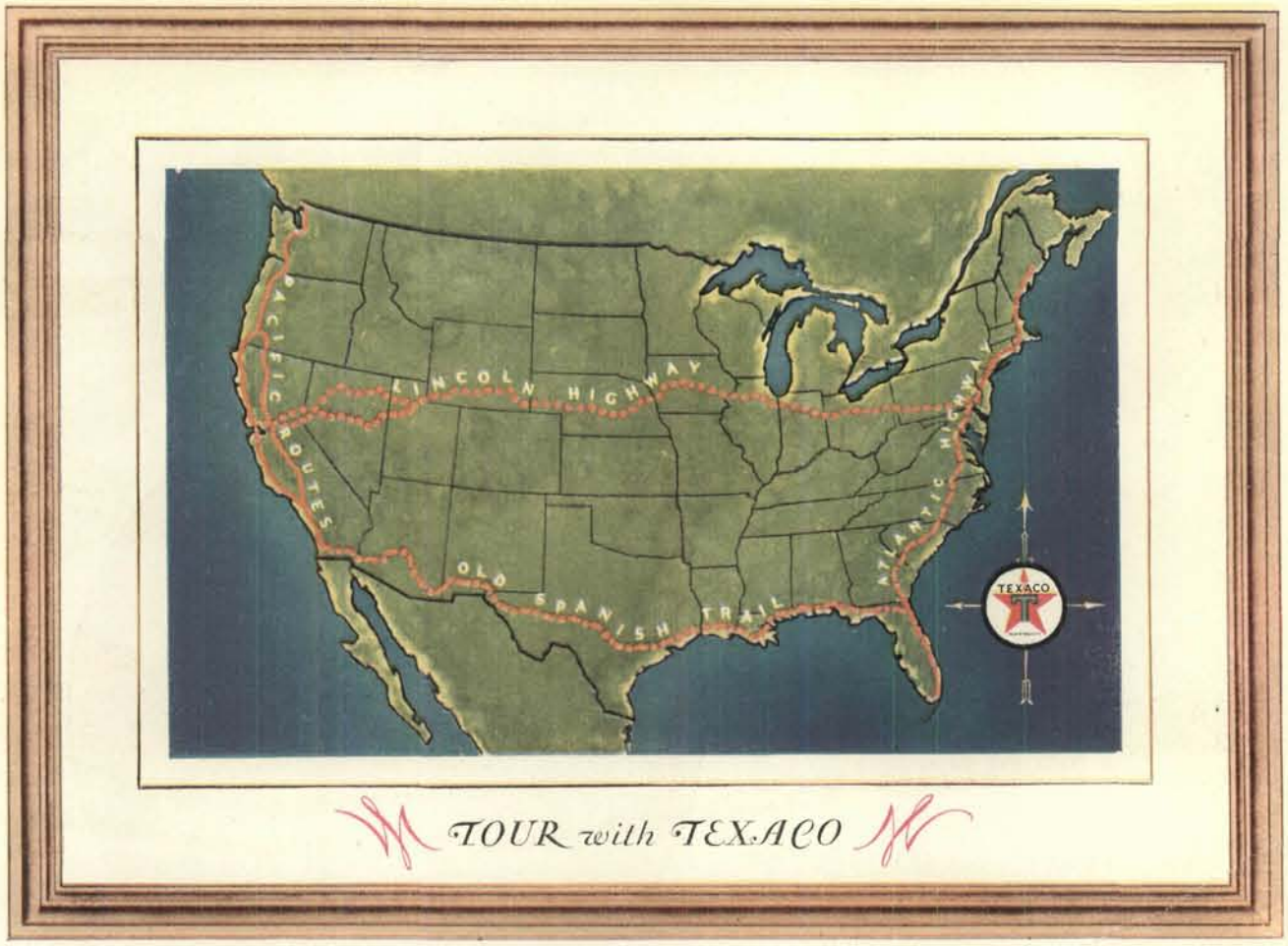


COVER BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

180730
MISS L GARC
302 EAST ST
IOLA
KANS
C
81006
C
10 26

Nov. 30, 1929

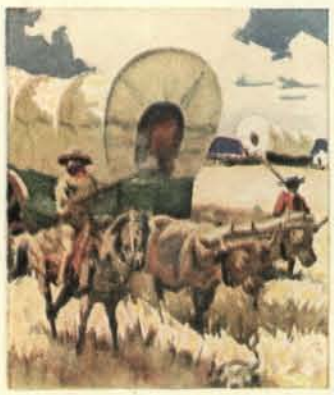
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TOUR with TEXACO

These Great National Highways are TEXACO TRAILS

Once the trail of prairie schooners, swashbuckling adventurers or devout missionaries—now mile upon mile of magnificent highways. Everything contributing to the comfort and convenience of the tourist has been provided. Modern hotels, camps; garages and service facilities at convenient intervals everywhere along these smooth broad routes. The Texas Company, more than any other single oil company, has kept step with this movement.



Lincoln Highway

passes through that section of the West made famous by Buffalo Bill, the Prairie Schooners and the Pony Express. It is the shortest transcontinental route between New York and San Francisco—the "Main Street" of the U. S. A.

Atlantic Highway

from Maine to Florida. A route known yesterday for Indians, Witchcraft and Bunker Hill—today connecting New England, the White House and Palm Beach.

Most of our great national highways are Texaco Trails. Texaco Service Stations are minutes ahead in populous sections. Even when the trail crosses wilderness you are never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump. The new and better Texaco Gasoline and Texaco Golden Motor Oil are sold in all of our 48 States.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

Old Spanish Trail

unfurls a romantic picture. Its winding course from St. Augustine to San Diego recalls brilliant pages of history — Ponce de Leon, De Soto and Davy Crockett.

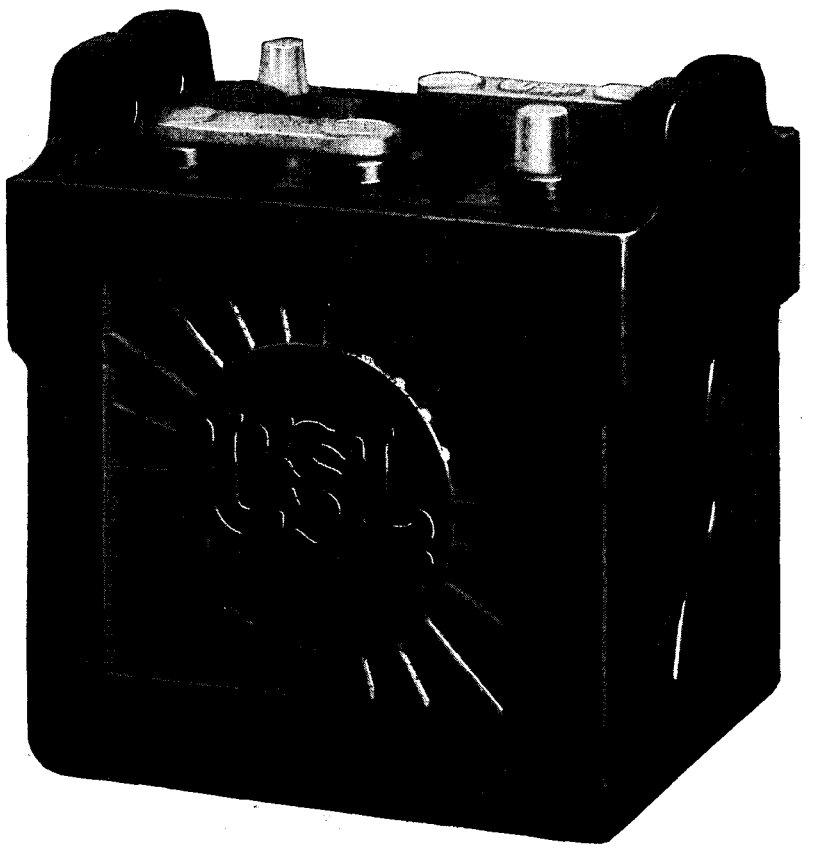
Pacific Routes

A magnificent panorama of silver bays, snow-capped mountains and giant forests, extending from the borders of Canada to Mexico—the land of Bret Harte, the Forty Niners and the early Spanish missionaries.

TEXACO GASOLINE MOTOR OIL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will it start?



Yes, it had been a lovely party—but now—how dreadful it would be if the battery failed to start her car—especially when she had offered to take two of the girls home.

Unfortunately, winter's last warning usually comes too late to the motorist who takes chances with an old battery. For that last warning generally means trouble starting the car.

Take stock of your battery now. Have it inspected by your nearest USL dealer. See him before you have spent part of the price of a new battery for recharging, rentals and servicing on your old battery. Turn in your old battery while your USL dealer can give you a good trade-in allowance for it.

With the extra trade-in allowance and the saving in recharging and servicing your old battery, a new USL, with its surplus cold weather starting power, is mighty cheap insurance against motoring worries this winter!

Drop in at your USL Battery Station *today*.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION · NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.
Other USL factories at Oakland, California; Toronto, Ontario; Sydney, Australia

Motorists everywhere appreciate the economy of the USL Cold Weather Trade-in Plan. You pay no more for the surplus cold weather starting power built into USL batteries. In fact, USL prices are surprisingly low.

USL BATTERIES
Power to Spare

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

November 30, 1929

Cover—Maxfield Parrish

Page 7—Richard Connell

IF I WAS ALONE WITH YOU: The man with a million sweethearts.

Page 10—Roark Bradford

THE MULE MAN: Zeno gets a job of work.

Page 12—W. B. Courtney

WORDS ON THE WING: Radio and aviation. It's the last word.

Page 14—William G. Shepherd

MAKING MONEY: An old and unprofitable game.

Page 15—B. L. Jacot

YOU HAVE TO BE FIRM WITH PUMAS: A love story, and a gay one.

Page 17—Richard Dent

A ROYAL GOOD FELLOW: The Prince of Wales gets a raw deal.

Page 18—Howard McLellan

THE MOLL-TRAP: The bait that seldom fails.

Page 20—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 21—Grantland Rice

FAST WORK: Speed's another name for it.

Page 22—Arthur Somers Roche

THE AGE OF YOUTH—Part III: A new serial—begin it now.

Page 24—Ring Lardner

ARMY BLACK AND NAVY BLUE: Lardner wins decision.

Page 25—Zane Grey

THE YELLOWJACKET FEUD—Part XI: Western romance.

Page 28—Frederick Skerry

FATAL DISTINCTIONS: The Short Short Story.

Page 31—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Draw up your chairs.

Page 36—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

GREAT SCOT.

Page 43—Word Hunt

DICTIONARY PRACTICE.

Page 44—Nameographs

Page 66—Editorials

Next Week

"EVERY blessed hour that Premier MacDonald spent upon his peace mission, the two nations so profoundly moved in the cause of peace were each expending over $60,000 in preparation for war." So writes Senator William E. Borah in one of the most eloquent and moving arguments for real reduction of armaments we have ever seen—an article Collier's is proud to print—"Bigger Guns or Better Homes?"

WE WOULD like to be behind a door or under the carpet in the Palmer home next week (see Any Week, this page). If they struggle for possession of Collier's now, there's going to be business for the doctor when they start reading E. Phillips Oppenheim's new serial "The Lion and the Lamb." Mr. Oppenheim never packed more excitement in between his lines and we earnestly hope Mrs. Palmer will speak to the newsstand man and get him to hold out an extra copy even if someone else has to go without one. It would be much cheaper than buying arnica and bandages. We hate violence, anyway.

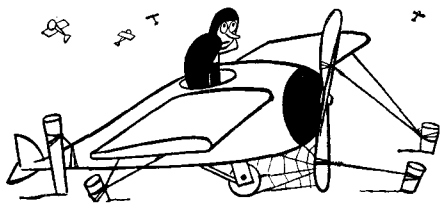
—

THOSE new styles are causing the girls all kinds of trouble. For one thing—and we wouldn't bring this up if it weren't so necessary—the old free and easy mode is said to have permitted the growth of an unsightly roll of—ah—er—adipose tissue, just above the hips. This is just hearsay, mind you, but these confounded new fashions seem to make that roll extremely undesirable.

When this news was whispered to us we asked Miss Betty Thornley to dash out and see what could be done about it. She came back breathless, sat down at a typewriter and wrote the article "Merrily We Roll Along"—and we hope it works.

—

PROBABLY there's no older story theme than the glorious rise and victory of the man they all thought down for the count. Yet when it's done as well as Stephen Morehouse Avery does it in The Kiwi Cross we tingle all over again, just as though it were new to us. A Kiwi was a ground officer in the air service in the World War. This one is grounded because he made a mistake that cost his own comrades' lives. And then one day he flew again. He flew right into our imagination and we're betting he'll fly away with yours.



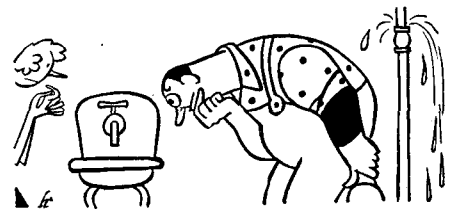
A FULL issue it is, too, what with Richard Dent's third article on the Prince of Wales, Zane Grey, Arthur Somers Roche, John B. Kennedy, Grantland Rice, the Short Short Story, Milton C. Work—every page more than worth the price which is merely—here, here, no advertising.

Any Week

WE HAVE a steaming letter from Mr. M. J. Dunn, of the Technical Research Division of the Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau, Chicago. Mr. Dunn reproves us for printing a cartoon illustrating the understandable consternation at the Plumbers' Ball when the gentlemen suddenly remembered that they had left the ladies home. He explains that he is urged to write by Mr. Howard F. Baker of Toledo, a plumbing and heating contractor who spends $10,000 in radio advertising.

"Why," writes Mr. Dunn, "spend $10,000 in advertising to get the public to call you up for plumbing repairs, if your men are going to forget their tools? . . . The modern plumber is a business man and he can't afford to forget his tools any more than the doctor can forget to bring his instruments to the operating-room. . . ."

Look here, Mr. Dunn, we'll bargain with you. We will stand on any corner you pick and apologize with a megaphone if you will see to it that our own plumber, Mr. Nowaki, takes tools in hand and fixes that pipe in our bathroom about which we spoke to him so gently six weeks ago.



OUR reverence for the past is not even approximately Oriental in intensity; it's just—well, just sufficient. Therefore letters like Harriet V. Palmer's and Mrs. Reginald C. Palmer's kindle us. They say that they used to read Collier's because "it was one of the magazines Father took." Then Collier's vanished from the Palmer home for a time. BUT NOW! Collier's for action in the Palmer family, the action manifesting itself in beating each other to the latest issue. Women and children first—if they're not trampled in the rush. From Spencerport, New York, they write that "Collier's is very thoroughly read by the entire family." Curiously enough, that is precisely what we've been trying to make the Palmers do.

—

"I CONFESS," writes Mrs. Ernest E. Wilding of Indianapolis, "that I like to shudder as much as anybody over a good mystery story, but people who can't take them or leave them alone should be taken in hand. For example, after a season of Sax Rohmer, my husband got the idea he was the Emperor of America. Finally I got pretty tired of that and called a little of his attention to the condition of the Empress' fur coat. Almost instantly the man became Professor Lucifer Butts."

We know Mrs. Wilding will enjoy her new coat.

—

AS WE were leaving the Army-Yale football game, still dazed by Mr. Albie Booth's magic, we were stopped by an author who was still hysterical.

"Did you see that hundred and forty pounds of Yale's undergraduate body do things that you and I know perfectly well can't be done?" he demanded.

"Yes," we admitted.

"If I had tried to sell you a football story like that would you have bought it?"

"Well, it would have struck us as highly improbable," we admitted again.

"You're a hell of an editor," he confided.

Volume 84, Number 22. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1929, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. $2 a year United States and Canada. $4 a year foreign countries. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Age Chuckles

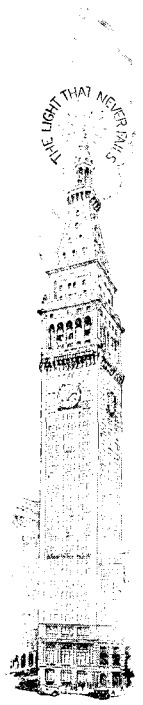
"*YOU are the youngest looking grandfather I ever saw. What's the secret?*" "*My dear, two things. The good health that I have worked for and won—and a keen interest in life. With books, music, sports, travel, inventions—each day brings something new. I want to see what will follow the telephone, radio, automobile, aircraft—what electricity will do next...*"

No longer do scientists accept the idea of a fixed "span of life". They know that the average length of life is longer in some countries than in others. They know that babies fare more safely in the world—that people everywhere face fewer dangers from contagious and other diseases.

While the average length of life has increased by 10 years since 1901, the improvement has been achieved mainly among the younger ages, leaving as our most pressing problem the protection of the lives of those who have passed middle age.

One by one the perils which formerly caused untimely deaths are being conquered. "Witches" are not burned nowadays to stop plagues. On the other hand, sanitation, vaccination, inoculation and other scientific means are employed to prevent most of them.

People are learning the effect of fresh air, sunshine, cleanliness, proper breathing and exercise, sleep and a well-balanced diet. An annual medical examination for the discovery and correction of physical impairments before they have progressed too far to be remedied will help keep the body sound.



In the United States and Canada there are more than 2,500,000 people between 70 and 80 years of age; more than 600,000 between 80 and 90; fifty-odd thousand between 90 and 100; and about 5,000 past the century mark.

The person who plans wisely to live to a happy and ripe old age never forgets that the mind is a powerful influence and that physical troubles are apt to follow a morbid viewpoint.

The world is tingling today with promise of future marvels even more wonderful than those we now know. Live to enjoy them.

* * * * *

You will find that the Metropolitan booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life", will help. Ask for Booklet 129-C. Mailed free.

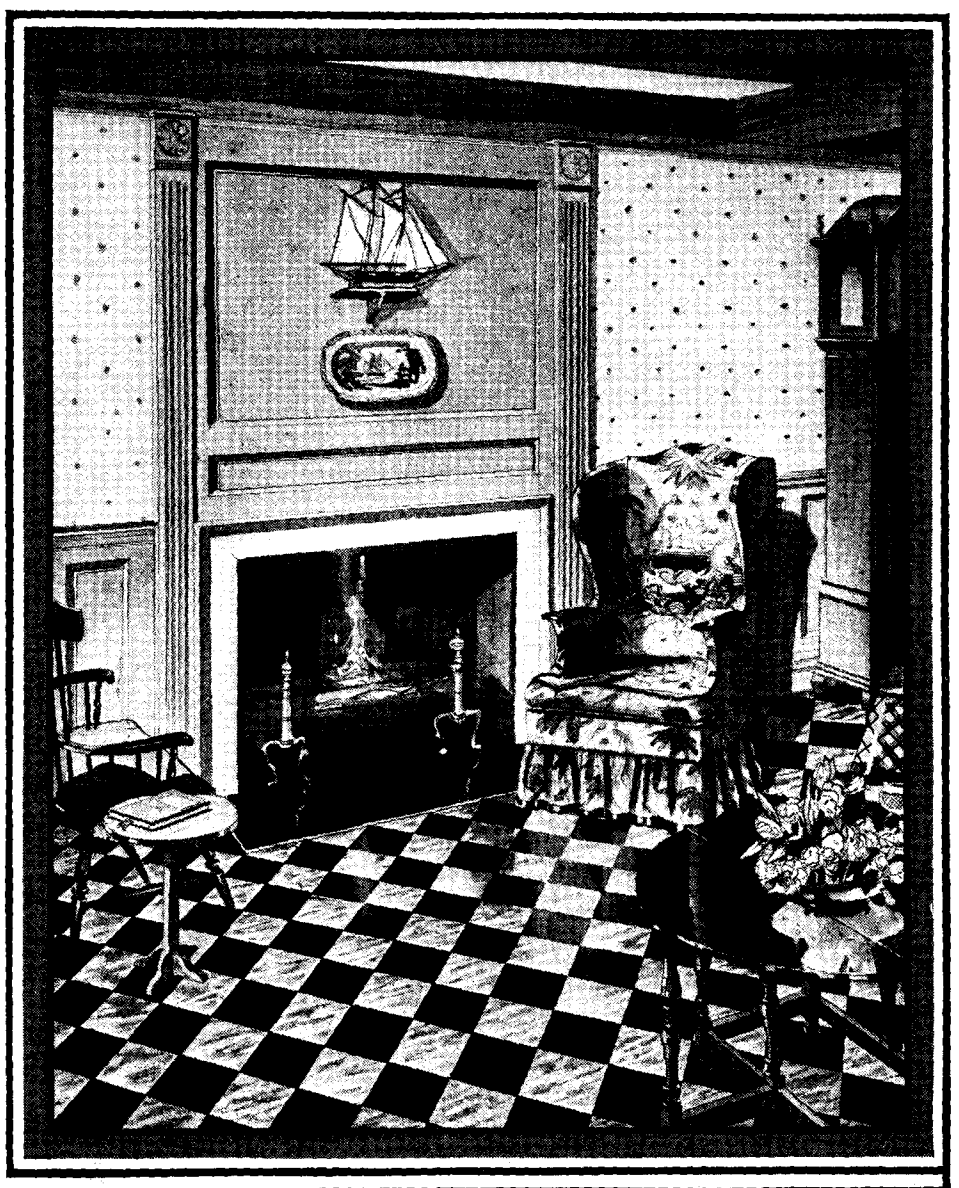
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After the logs are lighted

let's take a look at the floor



These three fireplace settings were planned by three New York decorators. Each boasts a different looking floor, yet actually the same spot-proof Armstrong's Linoleum. Above, in room by Cornelius Falch, the floor is Jaspé No. 16.

Right—Corner of living-room by Jo Ott, decorator. Floor is Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum, No. 357.

Below—F. H. Judd, decorator, selected an entirely different floor effect for this room, Embossed Inlaid Linoleum No. 6061.

A CRISP November night . . . a cheery chimney-corner blaze. Deep, soul-satisfying comfort—if it weren't for the floor-cleaning drudgery that awaits you the next morning!

Try as you will to be careful, sparks will fly, ashes will blow—*and floors will spot and stain!* . . . Unless your fireplace setting boasts the same kind of good-housekeeping floor that you see in the three cozy room scenes pictured.

Yes, these floors *are* all the same easy-to-clean Armstrong's Linoleum, though one shows a two-toned Jaspé, the second a rich marble beauty, the third a realistic broken flagstone effect.

These Armstrong Floors won't mind how often you light a fire—or track in dirt, or even spill greasy liquids. Their surface is Accolac-Processed. A quick brushing and it's clean. A light waxing and polishing—and it's sparkling new again. Or, should frequent washing be necessary, just renew the surface with an occasional coating of Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

And here's another comforting thought. Armstrong Floors are *warm* floors. When cemented in place over linoleum lining felt, not a single crack exists to admit drafts. Even the seams are well-nigh invisible in a modern, custom-tailored Armstrong installation.

Let some good linoleum, furniture, or department store merchant near your home tell you the ease and economy of such a permanent Armstrong Floor job. Let him show you the latest fashionable Armstrong effects that are literally restyling the floors of America. Plan to enjoy in at least one room of your home the modern color and modern comfort these new-day floors offer.

Hazel Dell Brown's latest book

Have you seen it? It's just brimful of decorating suggestions—fully illustrated with model rooms in natural color. Just the inspiration to make fireplace dreams of praise-winning rooms come true. Its name is more than a promise—"New Ideas in Home Decoration." If you'd like a copy, send 10¢ to cover mailing. (Canada 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 925 West End Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN • • • INLAID • • • EMBOSSED • • • JASPÉ • • • PRINTED • • • ARABESQ • • • *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBRARY
ISLA, KANSAS

If I was Alone with You

The story of The Singing Lover with a Million Sweethearts and only one he couldn't get

By Richard Connell

"I think you'd better go, Amos," she said firmly, "and forget me." "I got a swell apartment with two bathrooms and a Jap—"

THEY used to say up in Grassfield, in remote, rural Connecticut, where Amos Fripp was born, that he did not know enough to come in out of the rain. They proved it by citing the night he walked home, in a chill downpour, from a dance.

To be frank, there have been more profound people than Amos. But that night he had a reason. Laura Ellison had cut a dance with him that she might continue a conversation with Jud Jennings. Other girls had cut dances with Amos. He was almost used to that. It always hurt him some. In the case of Laura it hurt him a great deal.

Plodding the three miles to his home, soaked with rain and sadness, he was sorry he had gone to the dance. Never liked dances, anyhow. They made him conscious of his large, ungovernable hands and feet, of his paucity of sprightly repartee, of the fact that the proximity of pretty girls numbed his tongue, and that he danced with all the verve and abandon of a cigar-store Indian. He didn't really want to go to that dance. His mother made him.

Amos walked home in the rain deliberately, because he hoped he would catch his death of cold. Then, maybe, Laura would come to the funeral and in the darkened parlor of the Fripp farmhouse she, gazing down at his pale features magically made handsome by death, would realize what she had lost. This hope was denied him. True, he caught a heavy cold. He had to take quantities of sulphur-and-molasses, but the boon of oblivion was withheld from him by an un-understanding Fate.

He survived, but that night left its mark on him. The cold affected his vocal cords and gave him, permanently, the husky voice of a lookout in a speakeasy. This new handicap made him feel even more bitter about his lot. He'd show them! But how? On that question his ideas were foggy.

Pure chance led Amos, one torrid July day, behind his father's barn to smoke a corn-silk cigarette and to brood over the problems which beset a recent high-school graduate who can't talk much and must express what few ideas he has in a throaty, croaking whisper, and who has a job lot of features sown thickly with a crop of russet freckles. That it was a momentous day in his life Amos had no way of knowing. So it happens.

WHILE sitting in the shade, wrapped in somber dislike of himself, he heard a sound. It was a gentle, musical, plunking sort of sound, as of a stringed instrument deftly plucked, and with it went a lazy voice, droning:

Mandy Lee, I love you,
'Deed I do, my Mandy Lee—

It issued from the barn, and Amos slipped around and entered the door. In the cool recess of a vacant stall, he beheld a figure, lying at its ease, eyes closed, and the wreck of a banjo propped against the faded bosom of a work-shirt. Amos recognized the crinkly white wool of Loppy Leggett, the village minstrel, who held the local record for getting the greatest mileage of existence out of the fewest gallons of work. Loppy's eyes flew open and he emitted a startled noise. Then he grinned broadly.

"Lawzee, Amos, but you give me a jump," he said. "I thought you was you' pop."

"Dad's gone to Granite Corners," said Amos.

"Hit's too hot fo' an ole man like me to be hayin'," said Loppy. "But don't you go tellin' you' pop, hyah?"

"I won't," said Amos. "Say, Loppy, where did you learn to play?"

"Learn? Lawzee, boy, I allus could play the banjo. You don't learn. You jest knows."

"Think you could teach me?"

Amos had no exigent ambition to be a musician. His father planned to send him off to a veterinary college in the fall. He was looking forward, without much emotion of any sort, to spending his life administering pills to ailing cows. But he felt that picking at a banjo might soothe his troubled spirit.

"There ain't no teachin' to it," said Loppy. "You jest feel full of playin', and you play. Like this—"

His saddle-hued hand softly plucked its way through Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Let me try it," said Amos.

Thus it was that Amos Fripp took his first banjo lesson.

On a straight line, the surveyed distance between the Fripp barn up in Connecticut and the Club des Etoiles up on Broadway is one hundred and twenty-seven miles. Amos Fripp traveled thousands of miles and took eight years to make the journey.

Look upon him at twenty-five. His slightly pink hair is macadamized with some glossy, fragrant cement, and the white lights rebound from it as from a mirror. His freckles are but the wan ghosts of freckles, for, of late years, they have seldom seen the sun. His hands and feet are still spacious, and his knees and elbows not yet under complete control, but his jauntily cut evening clothes give him a slick and almost modish appearance.

His face is about the same. It is a little plumper and paler, perhaps; but thought has engraved no lines there; it is a face so devoid of expression that it is striking for its lack of strikingness. Through the long night it does not change; it is as impassive, as immobile, as the face of a stuffed trout; but his hands are active, very, for Amos Fripp is banjoist in Maxie Mertz's Boiling Hot Band, at a stipend of sixty dollars a week, and he feels he has done well.

BEHIND him is an apprenticeship in the Grassfield Orchestra (four pieces), the Crooning Cronies, the Miami Pixies and a dozen other venders of dance music. Playing the banjo has become like breathing to him. He could play accurately the entire score of Parsifal if he heard it once, but he never has. He lives in a sanitary cell in a twenty-five-story bachelor hotel, and spends his free time manicuring his nails or playing dominoes with the other inmates. He is saving his money and when he has a thousand dollars he is going to ask Laura Ellison, who is teaching Grade 5B, in Grassfield, to marry him.

On a night in November the Boiling Hot musicians were lolling in the dressing-room. The dinner-dance period was over; presently they would start playing again for the early supper customers and the weekly broadcast.

A round, purple-nosed man bounced into the room. It was Nate Goldsmith, proprietor of the club, fuming and irate.

"That loafer—" he sputtered, "that no-good Jack Hyams—he's out there, stewed as tripe."

"That ain't news," said Maxie Mertz.

"I don't mean just stewed," said Mr. Goldsmith. "He's kayo. Out cold."

"We'll cut his numbers," said the band leader.

"But we can't," wailed Mr. Goldsmith. "Not tonight. We're getting heavy jack from the radio people for the broadcast. The program's in all the papers, see? We're featuring that new torch song. It's in the contract, see? And our tenor is fried. I could eat a trombone!"

"Sing it yourself, Nate," said Maxie. "You got lots of lung power."

Mr. Goldsmith ignored this.

"You go on the air in six minutes," he said. "Ain't there anybody here who can sing it?"

Maxie Mertz chuckled.

"Nobody knows it except maybe Frippy," he said. "He was working on the banjo accompaniment with Jack this afternoon. . . ."

Mr. Goldsmith jerked round to Amos Fripp.

"You sing it, Frippy?" he said.

"Gosh, I can't sing for sour apples," protested Amos.

"They won't know the diff over the radio," said Mr. Goldsmith. "You gotta do it. I'll slip you ten bucks. You gotta, Frippy. A contract is a contract, see?"

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

He began to strum and then to sing in an odd whispering voice. He was singing to Laura. Not that he had any hope. Still, he put his heart into it

Amos would have expostulated further, but the buzzer brought the musicians out of their lair like bees from a burning hive, and, automatically, like a performing fox terrier, Amos perched on his gilt chair and struck the vibrant chords of the opening number, the theme song of the picture "Hamlet"—"Ophelia, Oh, Feel How I Love You."

Then he heard Maxie Mertz, in the refined, silken voice he reserved for the air, say:

"And now, friends near and far, that favorite vocalist, Jack Hyams, the golden-note tenor, having been called to the bedside of his dying mother, his place tonight will be taken by a new singing sensation, 'The Unknown Warbler,' who will render a brand-new ballad entitled 'If I Was Alone With You.'"

AMOS FRIPP had no illusions about his lyric gifts. He had not sung much, except to make a few low sounds while taking a shower bath. Embarrassed, he almost buried his face in the microphone. Strumming his banjo, he began to sing softly in his curious throaty whisper.

The melody of the song was not without its merits. It consisted of four bars from a Chopin étude, a snatch of Handel's Largo, a brief passage, in fox-trot time, from the Symphonie Pathétique, and an emotional finish from the second act of Tristan and Isolde.

Sweating copiously, Amos Fripp finished his repugnant task. To give himself heart during the ordeal, he thought of Laura Ellison. Perhaps she was listening in. Probably not. Anyhow, he would sing, if you could call it singing, to her. Without any major calamities, he negotiated the words:

If I was alone with you,
Then I'd stop feeling blue.
The night would be grand
As I took your sweet hand
And vowed to always be true.
We would scheme,
We would dream,
'Neath the moon's silvery beam;
As I held you near me
And whispered "My dearie,"
All sorrows would go,
And you wouldn't say "no,"
If I was alone with you.

Next morning—that is, about two in the afternoon—Maxie Mertz came into Mr. Goldsmith's office to advance his semi-monthly argument for increased compensation. Mr. Goldsmith was distinctly bearish.

"How did you like our vocal feature last night?" asked Maxie, with jocular intent.

"Phooy! Something terrible!" cried Mr. Goldsmith. "Better we should get us a sea lion."

"'Scuse me, Mr. Goldsmith," interrupted Miss Van, his secretary, "but two bags of mail just came in."

"BILLS," said Mr. Goldsmith, despondently.

"No," said Miss Van. "They're all addressed to the Unknown Warbler."

"They want to know his address so they can go and shoot him," predicted Mr. Goldsmith. He morosely tore open the first letter.

"Himmel!" he exclaimed. "It's from a widow in Tuckahoe. She offers to marry the Unknown Warbler, sight unseen, or adopt him. Says she has a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of real estate, and she didn't get to sleep all night thinking of his voice."

"Neither did I," said Maxie Mertz.

Mr. Goldsmith opened the next letter.

"It begins," he said, staring at it with bulging eyes, "'Oh, voice that thrills' . . . from a gal in Hoboken—nothing about real estate—but she sends her photo and phone number. Look, Maxie, a big blonde—and easy on the eyes, too."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Gimme that number," said Maxie.

Feverishly they opened other letters. Some of them were perfumed. Some were written in violet ink on lavender paper. Through them all ran the same enraptured theme. Nate Goldsmith slapped the tenth letter down on his desk.

"Maxie," he declared, earnestly, "we got something!"

Maxie sniffed.

"That big hick?"

"Sure. Listen, Maxie. Jack Hyams never got letters like these. People with real estate, too. Maybe they're cuckoo; but what of it? How would a fella make money if people wasn't cuckoo, one way or another? I got a hunch. We can build this Frippy up into something big. Miss Van, Miss Van; oh, Miss Van—"

"What is it, Mr. Goldsmith?"

"Phone Bennie Lessing to shoot over here right away. Tell him his price is mine—"

"But," protested Maxie Mertz, "Frippy is a yap. He sings like a dying seal—"

"Well, they seem to like it," said Mr. Goldsmith. "Give 'em what they like, or, if they don't like it, make 'em. Bennie will sell this lad to the public—"

"As what?"

"As a big It-Boy," said Mr. Goldsmith. "Frippy ain't got it for you, maybe. He ain't got it for me. But he's got it for all these dames. . . ."

He waved his arm at the pile of letters.

"But he looks like a haddock," said Maxie.

"Listen," said Mr. Goldsmith. "These up-to-date photographers can take a picture of a nickel hamburger and make it look like a three-dollar porterhouse."

"Let's read some more letters," suggested Maxie. "Maybe we could pick up a few addresses. They won't mean a thing to Frippy. He's got about as much use for gals, Nate, as you have for more overhead."

THEY were engaged in this pastime when Bennie Lessing, publicity engineer, slim, sleek, elegant, appeared.

"What's the lay?" he asked.

Mr. Goldsmith told him.

"That banjo-picking dummy?" said Bennie. "I've caught him. Not so molten; but maybe I can jam him over. I'll find an angle. That pan of his is dead and his voice is like static—but—wait—I got a notion—lemme think about it—"

"Dead pan is right," said Maxie. "How you going to sell a sapadil like that to the frails? Say, Frippy has been with me nearly two years and he never gives the skirts a tumble. Why, that turnip could be on a desert island a year with Cleopatra and he wouldn't ever get her telephone number—"

"Fine!" broke in Bennie Lessing. "Perfect! That's what women like. Something they can't get. The world is full of guys that are working hard to get women to fall for them. This egg is different. Doesn't give a hoot about 'em. Cold, indifferent, upstage. Let 'em crawl, that's his platform, and, believe me, women love to crawl. Besides there's something mysterious about his voice—"

Mr. Lessing's eyes sparkled with the fire of inspiration.

"Nate," he said, "when I go to work and fill the papers with stuff about that strange, seductive voice, and picture Frippy as an iceberg that can't be melted, you'll have the Park Avenue flaps and the Fifth Avenue widows pouring in here so fast you'll have to build a dam. And where the swells go, the mob follows—"

"Imagine," inserted Maxie Mertz, bit by the green-eyed monster, "anybody, even a society dame, falling for a stumpjumper with a tag like 'Amos Fripp.'"

"That's out," said Bennie Lessing. "Wait. We got to get a new moniker for him. Gimme a pencil a minute—"

He scrawled words on a piece of paper.

"How do these hit you?" he asked. "Gordon Harcourt—Beverly Cabot—Basil Towers—"

"Sounds like an apartment house," said Mr. Goldsmith.

"Gerald Daingerfield," went on Bennie. "No—wait, maybe this is it—Henri de Montamour—they like 'em French—"

"Frippy looks as French as Kansas City," pointed out Maxie.

"Yeah," admitted Bennie, disappointed. "That's a fact. Wait. Hold everything. I got it. Eric Dare. Try that over. Eric Dare. If that isn't romantic, I'll eat your raccoon coat—"

"O. K. by me," said Mr. Goldsmith. "Eric Dare he is."

And Eric Dare, from that moment, Amos Fripp became.

When Mr. Goldsmith broke the news to him, he said:

"Aw, rats, I sing like an old cow."

"I ain't saying you don't," said Mr. Goldsmith. "But if the public wants cows, we got to give 'em cows."

Amos Fripp accepted his new duties and new name with resignation, as one accepts fate; they meant fifteen dollars more a week to him.

"IT'S going like a snowball down Pikes Peak," triumphantly announced Bennie Lessing three weeks after the birth of Eric Dare. "The music publishers are putting Frippy's picture on If I Was Alone With You and are calling it his song. The boys who wrote it don't care so long as they draw the royalties."

"That picture of him looks almost human," said Mr. Goldsmith.

"I got a high-priced bozo on the Avenue to do it. One that wears a pink smock and calls himself a 'portraitist.' With that soft focus and some retouching, he could make a cabbage look like a rose."

"You broke that Eric Dare yarn pretty," said Mr. Goldsmith, mellowed by the profits of the past week.

"Didn't I, though?" assented Bennie. "It took five yards of fixing—but did they go for it? Front page. Pictures, too. What a head in the Evening Pictorial—'Mystery Sheik of Air Really Nobility Scion.' Hot?"

"Hot," agreed Mr. Goldsmith.

"Ought to be. I wrote it," said Bennie. "How's the mail?"

Mr. Goldsmith raised both hands to heaven in a gesture of ecstatic despair.

"We don't count it no more," he said. "We weigh it. By the ton. Honest, Bennie, down in the cellar I got enough mash notes to heat the plant all winter, and we wouldn't have to burn 'em, even. Any day I expect to be sued on account some letter carrier got his back scorched carrying 'em. What hands me a puzzle is how did all those goofy janes ever learn to read and write?"

"How is Frippy taking it?"

"It's over his head like a Zeppelin," said Mr. Goldsmith. "He thinks it's some joke we framed up to kid him. For once in your life, Bennie, you can tell the truth. Frippy don't care a whoopinhell for the girls. His only kick is that they keep ringing him up and spoiling his sleep. He's phone-shy."

"Perfect!" exclaimed Bennie. "Don't wake him up. The more he plays the chill, the more they'll rave. Most of his public will never see him, anyhow, which is a break for us. Don't let him mingle, Nate. We can't afford to let it get around that he's just a low-speed apple-knocker who thinks necking is a Chinese village."

"I'M BOOSTING the cover charge," announced Mr. Goldsmith. "I'm raising the price of ginger ale to a buck and a half a pint. I'm putting in thirty more tables. Of course the men will squawk, because they detest Frippy; but let 'em. All a man is good for, anyhow, is to pay the check."

"You'll be cleaning up, Nate," said Bennie.

"At least four grand a week, net," said Mr. Goldsmith, happily.

"You ought to give me a piece."

Mr. Goldsmith became instantly austere.

"Nix," he said. "Not a chance."

"Oh, all (*Continued on page 61*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Roark Bradford

The Mule Man

You either kin drive mules, or you either can't—hit's de way you's bawn. An' if you's bawn that way, you got mule blood in yo' heart, same as Zeno

"I driv mules some, on de Hennin' Farm," Zeno stated modestly. "But jest one to de plow. Only when hit was fall and cotton-haulin' time. Den I driv two to a waggin"

ZENO thought little Billie Ball was the best six-mule log-team driver in the world. Billie Ball thought so too, but Zeno was the only man around Tamm's Landing that took the trouble to tell him about it. Of course the walking boss liked the way Billie took care of his mules, but even he was stingy in his praise.

Everybody admitted that Billie Ball was good—but they hated to. Even old lazy, shiftless Link, who drove the four moth-eaten grays and whose harness was shiftlessly held together with hay wire and laplinks, never put out a good word of praise for him.

But Zeno did. When he rode home on top of the load of logs on the last trip of the day he never ceased to marvel at the way the little stoop-shouldered, hard-faced Billie Ball sat on the near-wheeler's back and talked constantly to his mules in that low, hoarse voice: "Yeah, Rhody! Watch out, Joe! Haw, a little bit, Dinah! Tighten up dar, Kate! Bell! I bet I'm gonter unwound my whup and skin y'all alive! Yeah-p! You, Bell! Yeah, yeah, Rhody—" Incessantly he talked in a low, soothing voice and the six sensitive mules understood every word he said.

"I swear!" ejaculated Zeno with enthusiasm, "you must got mule blood in yo' heart, Billie Ball! Dem mules onderstands you jest like dey was a baby and you was dey maw!"

Billie Ball turned in his saddle and gave Zeno a friendly grin. "You either kin drive mules," he stated, "or you either can't—hit's de way you's bawn. Me? I was bawn to drive mules, and so I drives."

"I driv mules some, on de Hennin' Farm," Zeno stated modestly. "But jest one to de plow. Only when hit was fall and cotton-haulin' time. Den I driv two to a waggin. Only when de roads was bad, and den I driv four. But wid lines. Not wid jest no jerk line."

Instead of commenting, Billie Ball turned his attention to his team and began, "Yeah, Rhody—"

Billie Ball's team was the finest one around Tamm's Landing. Six big mules, two abreast, each span matched in color, size and gait, and each mule with an individuality that only Billie Ball understood. Zeno studied the mules from his seat high on the load of logs. Away out front were Rhody and Joe, perfectly matched sorrels and trained to perfection. Their stretchers were hock-high at all times and their leather groaned as they pushed their way over the uneven corduroy road across the sandspit.

Rhody, the near leader, held her head high and her ears pitched slightly forward so she could hear the slightest word from Billie Ball or feel the slightest pressure on the one long line that ran from her bridle to the hames on the saddle mule. At her side walked Joe—honest, stolid old Joe—his ears flopping with each step and always too busy pulling to notice the pressure on his bridle from the steel rod that connected him to Rhody's breast ring, and Billie always had to call, "Watch out, Joe," after he signaled Rhody to go to the right.

BEHIND the leaders walked Kate and Bell, iron gray, and a trifle larger than Rhody and Joe. And full of the old Harry, too. Their stretchers hooked into a ring at the end of the wagon tongue, but so did the chain from the stretchers of the leaders. Consequently, the wily span soon learned that if they kept their traces tight and gave other appearances of pulling it would be hard to tell whether they were pulling or "ratting." But they seldom fooled Billie Ball; frequently, when from all appearances they were pulling honestly, the little driver would unwind his long, eight-plait whip and work on them with a savage viciousness that seemed utterly foreign to such a quiet little man.

And finally, the wheelers! The wheelers were the grandest pair of mules in the whole world, Zeno figured. Dinah and Sue. Coal black and weighed fourteen hundred pounds each! Dinah, the off-wheeler, was magnificent when she spraddled out and groaned and hurled her weight into the collar on a heavy pull. Something had to roll when she did that. And Sue, the saddle mule, never let the lunging off-wheeler hurl the heavy wagon tongue over against her legs. She was smarter than Dinah and she had a way of weaving from side to side on a hard pull that kept Dinah's lunges from yanking her wheel back and throwing the tongue about.

When Zeno could control himself no longer, after watching the spectacle, he would exclaim: "Billie Ball, you got de best log team in de wide world, I bet."

"Sho' I got de best team," Billie would reply. "'Cause I made 'em like dat. You ought to seed 'em when I fust got 'em. You either kin drive mules or you can't drive 'em. And me? I kin."

"I used to drive, back on de Hennin' Farm," Zeno repeated, but once more the little driver turned his attention to his mules.

Well, Zeno had driven mules on the Henning Farm. One, most of the time; but frequently two. And sometimes four, when the roads were bad. He liked to drive, too, but he never imagined that driving mules could be brought to the state of artistic grandeur to which Billie Ball had brought it, until he got a job "swamping" for the best driver of Tamm's Mill and Logging Company, in the Mississippi River bottoms about fifty miles above Memphis, Tennessee.

As a matter of fact, Zeno never imagined he would get a job swamping, either. So far as he was concerned, he was perfectly happy to go on farming. But one day he married one of Charlie Hellum's daughters—the crazy one named Suster—and Suster changed all of that.

On the very day he married her, she began: "Zeno, hon," she said, "I hyars dat Tamm's is payin' a dollar-six-bits a day for good mens which is used to de woods."

"Yeah?" Zeno accepted the statement as gratuitous information.

"YEAH," confirmed Suster, "dat what he payin'." She paused long enough to note that Zeno was not interested, so she continued: "Whyn't me and you go down to de Landin' and git you a job makin' dat dollar-six-bits wages?"

"Us ain't got no time to fool wid wages," Zeno explained. "Hit won't be long before de plowin' starts."

"Wages is more gooder den plowin'," Suster urged. "You plows and I hoes, and den us picks. And what cotton de bull weevils don't git, well, de commissary man do. And den us ain't got a thin dime."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Us don't need no dime," Zeno countered. "Us got dis house to live in, and meat in de smoke house, and credik at de commissary. What us would do wid a dime, did us had one? Baby, don't weary yo' haid about dimes. Us gonter make a crop. I done got me a big ole red mule picked out, and I been curry-combin' him and feedin' him up a little extra, to he looks right pert."

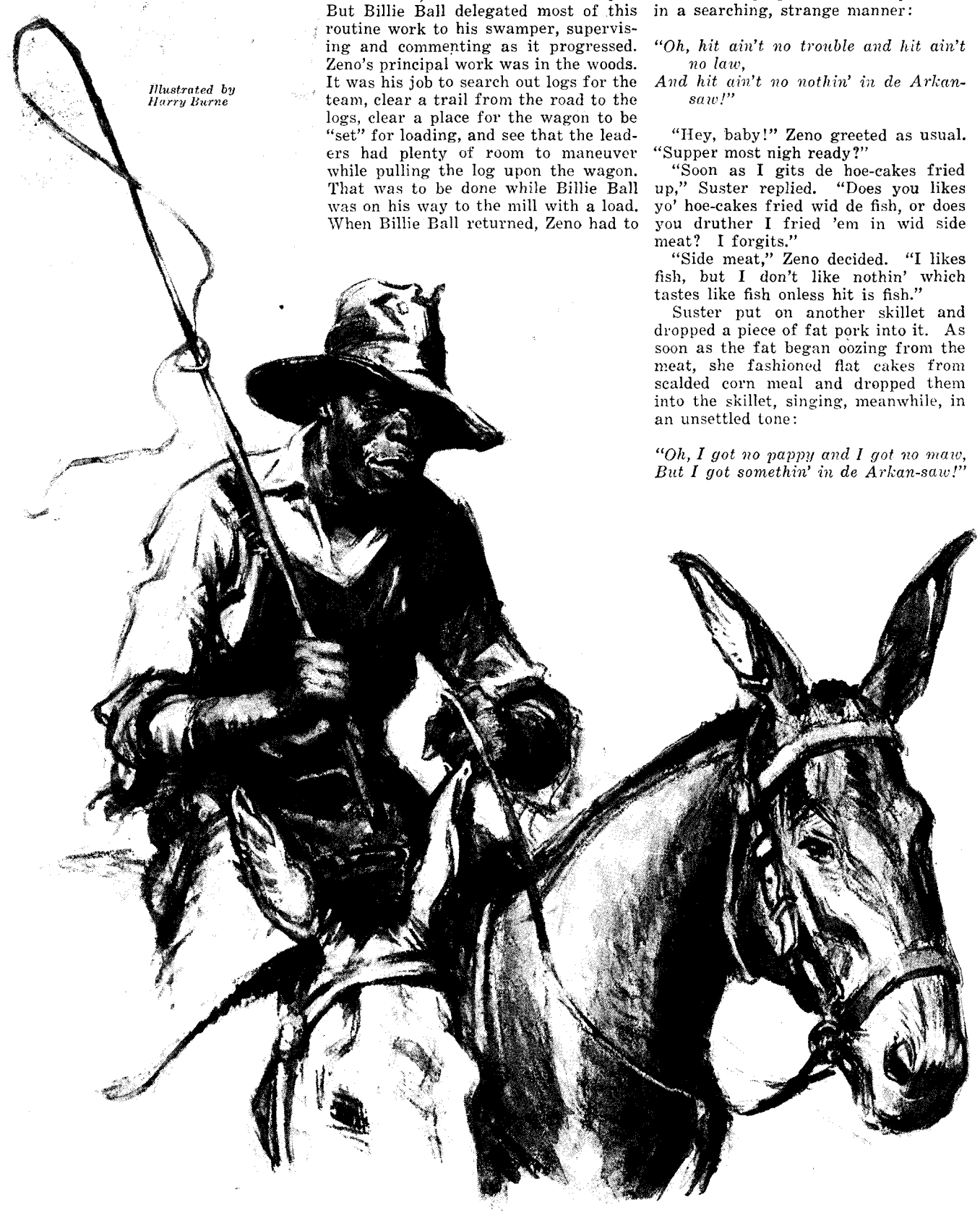
But the next day he and Suster did their belongings into a bundle and walked eight miles to the Landing. Zeno got a job as "swamper," and Suster selected one of a number of two-room shanties made from culled lumber and established a home.

Zeno liked swamping very well. It was harder work than farming, but it suited him better than working around the sawmill—which he viewed from a safe distance when he came in with the load of logs.

"Ain't nothin' but a crazy man w'd git mixed up wid dat stuff," he told Suster. "Dem sawdustes and shavin's and stuff lyin' down yo' back, and dem saws a whinin' in yo' years, and dem big belts buckin' an weavin' round like dey gonter chop you in two."

"Somebody telled me hit's a boy name Link," Suster stated, "which is workin' in de woods, which say he'd druther work in de mill, but he drivin' a team now cause hit ain't no good-payin' jobs in de mill."

Zeno thought it incredible, but he said nothing.



Illustrated by Harry Burne

THE swamper's work was endless. Back on the Henning Farm, during the busy season, they worked from "can to can't"—from the time it got light enough in the morning until it got too dark in the evenings. But in the logging camp the teams took the road for the woods at daylight and kept going until dark, or after. And before sunup the mules had to be fed and harnessed, and after dark they had to be unharnessed and fed. And there always was harness to mend, wagons to repair and to grease and various other odds and ends.

Of course, that was the driver's job. But Billie Ball delegated most of this routine work to his swamper, supervising and commenting as it progressed. Zeno's principal work was in the woods. It was his job to search out logs for the team, clear a trail from the road to the logs, clear a place for the wagon to be "set" for loading, and see that the leaders had plenty of room to maneuver while pulling the log upon the wagon. That was to be done while Billie Ball was on his way to the mill with a load. When Billie Ball returned, Zeno had to guide him to the next load and assist in the loading.

And there was more to swamping for Billie Ball than that, too. Billie Ball never would head his mules into a swampy place until after Zeno had waded about, stick in hand, to learn if the bottom was solid or quicksandy. Nor would he start his mules through a cane brake before Zeno reconnoitered and located cypress knees, fallen timber and other obstacles upon which a mule might skin his legs.

"You de best swamper I ever had, son," Billie Ball told him. "You likes mules good as me, don't you?"

"Yeah, but I can't drive 'em good as you," Zeno replied. "I used to drive—"

For a month or more Zeno went about his work, settled in his mind and contented in his heart. He liked to watch Billie Ball and his team, and Suster was content to collect his wages and keep him fed. Then one night he came home and found Suster in a strange frame of mind. She was frying fish in a new iron skillet she had just bought, and was singing a care-free "pop-out" in a searching, strange manner:

"Oh, hit ain't no trouble and hit ain't no law,
And hit ain't no nothin' in de Arkan-saw!"

"Hey, baby!" Zeno greeted as usual. "Supper most nigh ready?"

"Soon as I gits de hoe-cakes fried up," Suster replied. "Does you likes yo' hoe-cakes fried wid de fish, or does you druther I fried 'em in wid side meat? I forgits."

"Side meat," Zeno decided. "I likes fish, but I don't like nothin' which tastes like fish onless hit is fish."

Suster put on another skillet and dropped a piece of fat pork into it. As soon as the fat began oozing from the meat, she fashioned flat cakes from scalded corn meal and dropped them into the skillet, singing, meanwhile, in an unsettled tone:

"Oh, I got no pappy and I got no maw,
But I got somethin' in de Arkan-saw!"

"Whar'd you git dat Arkansas song at, gal?" Zeno asked. Arkansas was a place that you could stand on the river bank and see, and it was a place where a man went when he got in trouble with the law, or with a woman. But Zeno had never heard anybody sing about it before.

"I got hit f'm a man," Suster replied. "Tucker. He comed over hyar at dinner time. He say de grub at de big shack is too many for him, and please, ma'am, won't I cook him up about two bits' wuth er grub. He learnt me dat song and he gived me two bits."

"WHO Tucker?" Zeno demanded. He had never heard of Tucker.

"He work at de mill," Suster explained. "Sets blocks for Mister Dick at de big saw. Makin' two-and-a-ha'f a day. He comed hyar f'm Tiger Tail."

"Humph!" grunted Zeno. "Sawmill nigger, hunh?"

"Block-settin' sawmill nigger," confirmed Suster. "Makin' two-and-a-ha'f a day."

"Bet he's lyin'," Zeno offered. "You can't put no trust in dem crazy sawmill niggers. Dey just lie and gamble and go on, all de time. How come he singin' dat Arkansas song? Somebody put him in trouble?"

"Naw. He say he might be goin' to Arkansas to git him a job onless de womenfo'ks treat him better over hyar. He say de Arkansas women know how to treat a man."

Zeno never liked sawmill Negroes, and he especially disliked Tucker, although he had never seen him. "I bet he's lyin'," was all he could think to say.

"Lyin' or no," defended Suster, "he's makin' two-and-a-ha'f."

"And I bet he's gamblin' dat," snorted Zeno.

"Gamble or no," Suster retorted, "hit's mo'n a dollar-six-bits."

The argument suddenly halted as Suster served supper. Zeno ate heartily, but Suster only nibbled disinterestedly at the food. Then quite forgetful of where she was, she started singing again:

"Biggest man I never saw
Gonter git him a job in de Arkan-saw!"

"Don't sing at de table, fool!" Zeno exploded. "Don't you know hit'll git me bad luck?"

As soon as he finished eating, Zeno went to bed. Ordinarily he would have been sound asleep before Suster got the supper dishes washed. But some way or other that talk about the block-setting sawmill man worried Zeno. And when Suster joined him, half an hour later, he opened the conversation again:

"Sawmill niggers ain't no kind er mens to friend around wid, baby," he told her. "Maybe dat boy can't go de grub at de big shack, and den, maybe he jest snake-in-de-grassin' you."

SUSTER wanted to be perfectly fair, both with her husband and her new friend. "Maybe so, and maybe not, Zeno," she admitted, "jest like you say. But, Zeno, you ain't makin' but a dollar-six-bits, and dat big sapsucker is makin' a solid two-and-a-ha'f."

Zeno saw nothing to get excited about in that. "Dat's 'cause he de block setter," he explained. "Dat's what de boss man pay de block setter. Two-and-a-ha'f. And me? I makes a dollar-six-bits, 'cause I'm de swamper. 'Cause dat's what de boss man pay de swamper. Whatever you is, well, dat tells how much wages you gits. Jest like, you take de dust monkey up at de mill. He gits a plain dollar. And I hyared tell dat Mister Lee gits six dollars for bein' de wawkin' boss. Jest whatever you be's, well, dat's how much wages you gits."

(*Continued on page 31*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Words on the Wing

When you take your first air trip you have a feeling of doing something you ought not to, even though records have convinced you of the skill of our pilots, the soundness of ships and motors, and the safety of licensed flying. That's because you're naturally a land-tied creature. Now the aviation industry believes it has found a final fillip to win your patronage—in radio. When you can talk to your home or office from the clouds that "funny feeling" will seem old-fashioned

Herbert Hoover, Jr., has directed the radio experiments and installations of Western Air Express

By W. B. Courtney

JACK WEBSTER, veteran air-mail flyer, took off from the Cleveland airport on the morning of December 17th last, and headed east toward the New York terminal at Hadley Field, New Jersey, 394 miles away—the last leg of the great transcontinental run. It was 10:35 by the clock in Jack's ship. He was hours behind schedule. The weather had been atrocious lately all along the line—blizzards, bitter cold, fog. Now the first sign of a break had come, and Jack was barging through.

Up to Bellefonte, his halfway mark, it wasn't bad. There were many clouds; thick, dripping blobs of gray mist swirled across his course by a whistling gale from the south. But there were many holes, too. With a little dodging he could check his progress by landmarks and compensate for the terrific side drift. Just routine flying. Jack's thoughts began to dwell on prospects of a hot supper and a quiet evening at home in Plainfield.

Then, at the Nittany Mountains, 200 miles west of New York, he suddenly got into fog—"went blind," as pilots say.

He climbed until he was sure of escaping the rocky molars of the Alleghenies, then waited for another break. None came. Presently he figured it was time to feel for the ground. Four times in a row he sloped down to 300 feet on his altimeter, and four times scuttled back to 1,000—for each time he had no visibility except down, and each time he saw treetops not fifty feet from his wheels.

He flew another half hour, then felt for the ground again and saw—water. Fifteen minutes more, another try, and —water again. Evidently his ground speed had been *more* than he estimated, and he had overshot the Atlantic coast. He made a sharp turn to due north by the compass, hoping to cut back to the mainland; simultaneously, he held the ship in a gentle climb.

At 5,000 feet he had the cloud layer under his wheels, and began to explore it, north and west, for a hole. He could not find one. By now he had not the faintest idea where he was. So he just cruised along—waiting.

At 4:25 in the afternoon his main tanks went dry. He dared a descent to 1,000 feet, but his eyes failed to pierce the murk. The reserve gas tank offered a respite, so up he went once more. He methodically gathered up his gloves, goggles and helmet, and fastened his parachute straps, pulling them tight. The motor stopped at a mile above sea level.

Jack held the nose down gently—to keep the ship from losing flying speed, thence stalling and falling into a tail-spin—and waited until the propeller stopped. Then he shut off the ignition switches and lights. He opened his safety belt, climbed out of the cockpit and stood on the fuselage steps a minute until he had got a good grip on his flashlight.

Another for the Caterpillar Club

He pushed himself clear, and when he had fallen far enough to cancel danger of fouling his ship, he gave the ring a strong pull and the parachute opened immediately. Jack did not know whether he was dropping toward land or water, and he dropped a mile before his suspense was lifted. His flashlight picked up a clump of trees under his heels a second before he settled into them. He slid to the ground and walked to a gas filling station, where he learned that he was in Suffield, Connecticut. Look at your map to see how he had overshot and wandered. That was a working day on the air mail in the pre-radio age.

Now let's spend another working day with the same pilot. At 3:15 on the morning of May 30th he again took off from Cleveland. His ship was equipped for radio reception.

While he was still an hour away from Hadley Field the ceiling there had closed down to 350 feet. Worse, the weather reports which were

Courtesy Western Air Express

Illustrated by Logan U. Reavis

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A graphic illustration of the aural, or sound, beacon: halfway between the two code waves the signals blend into a constant dash, and there the pilot "keeps his nose"

broadcast every fifteen minutes over the airways that clammy morning told him that Philadelphia and Hartford had closed down absolutely tight, as had every field behind him. He could not turn back, nor north, nor south. Hadley was his only chance.

But a ceiling of 350 feet at Hadley presents difficulties. Four miles to the northwest the Watchung Mountains present a 600-foot wall. Four miles to the west are the giant radio towers of station WJZ. Five miles southwest are the thirteen 400-foot masts of the Radio Corporation's transatlantic station. To glide through this interference in fog, by dead reckoning, might well be called risky. So Jack maintained plenty of altitude and waited for the exaggerated banging of the radio beacon in his ears that would tell him when he was directly above the field. And the drama underwent a lightning change of scene.

The drumming of a Liberty motor in the fog overhead had brought the ground crew of the National Air Transport hangar at Hadley Field tumbling out: "It's Webster!" John McVeigh, the crew chief, thought fast. Then he sprinted for the government radio shed, near by. The operators readily gave way to him.

"Jack—Jack—" he shouted into the mike. "Listen, Jack—you've just passed dead over the field, headin' east. Turn back."

All around the field men dropped their tasks and strained eyes and ears toward the down-pressing murk, wherein a muffled beat hung, like the distant pounding of his own pulse in a fevered man's brain. It grew. Webster had heard. He was coming back.

The unseen flyer crisscrossed the field, while McVeigh judged his exact relation to it by the sound of his motor, and kept him instantaneously informed. Then Jack throttled his motor and nosed down. The fog blotted his goggles, but he was seeing through the eyes of McVeigh. Smack over the eastern boundary of the field, and 300 feet above the grass tops, the big ship suddenly slanted out of the clouds, and Jack waved a grateful arm.

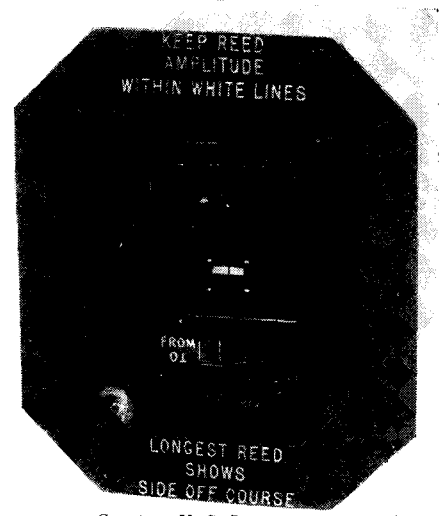
Eyes for the "Blind"

Between the winter night when Jack Webster had joined the Caterpillar Club, and this spring morning when he landed through similar weather conditions with his hand on the stick, something had happened in the world of aëronautical science. Something had come into his cockpit to bolster the vagaries and limitations of the magnetic compass, and the frailties of human eyesight. A long-hoped-for scientific social event had taken place. The two swiftest mediums of modern social and business intercourse—the radio, fastest message exchange, and the airplane, fleetest physical transportation—had joined hands in commercial wedlock.

Of course some of the value of a radio beacon is lost if a flyer can't see his goal after the beacon has led him to it. So government scientists have devised two supplementary aids. The first, a radio gadget for fetching a blind pilot horizontally true over an unseen runway, has been developed through the cooperation of the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics and its famous pilot, borrowed from the army, Lieutenant James Doolittle. The details of the second aid are still secret at this writing. They will be announced in a scientific paper to be released by the Bureau of Standards in December. I am free to indicate only in a general way here the enormous step this aid will represent toward the banishment of the last big hazard from commercial flying.

When the radio beacon (1) has guided the pilot of next year to his destination and the radio location-finder (2) has placed him horizontally true above the landing strip, he will fasten his eyes on the new radio landing device (3) and, gauging his glide by what he sees on this instrument, he will be guided automatically and without the least danger down to a gentle and normal landing on ground he possibly may not be able to see even after he has rolled to a stop on it, if the weather happens to be that thick.

However, the radio beacon and its auxiliaries are only a part of the story of the wonders and convenience that radio aloft will give to your travels from this year forward. Full radio service will be as casual a feature in commercial flying as it is in your home; complete radio equipment is now as regularly included in the equipment of military and commercial airplanes as



Courtesy U. S. Bureau of Standards

The visual beacon indicator: the two small white rectangles in the center vibrate, forming vertical lines which are even when the pilot is on his course

oil gauges and engine-speed indicators. Radio outlets on the instrument panel of the sport plane in which you commute to your country home, or make week-end and vacation trips with your family, will be as standard as electric light outlets in your living-room's baseboard.

Pay loads are still so thin that we have coöperation rather than throat-cutting on the airways. But just as soon as the carriers begin vying for patronage you'll find headphones at your elbow when you settle back in your cabin chair. This will not interfere with the usual radio work up in the pilot's cockpit—the directional radio beacon, two-way telephony with ground stations and pilots in other planes and government weather observers, general dissemination and discussion of weather and other safety information, and the reception and dispatch of personal and business messages for you and the other passengers.

"Flying Telephone Booths"

This, mind you, is not visionary. Nor is it a forecast. It is an accurate description of the radio facilities already available or being installed on the airways of the United States. The Department of Commerce has seven beacons in operation today—one each at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; Cleveland, Ohio; Des Moines, Iowa; Goshen, Indiana; Key West, Florida; New Brunswick, New Jersey, and Sterling, Illinois. Nine additional beacons will be available before July 1st of next year. Thirty-four ground stations are equipped for point-to-point communication, with fourteen indicated for early inauguration. From twenty-three points scattered across the continent, safety and weather information is broadcast to ships aloft; and nearly as many additional stations will be doing this important work before the middle of next year.

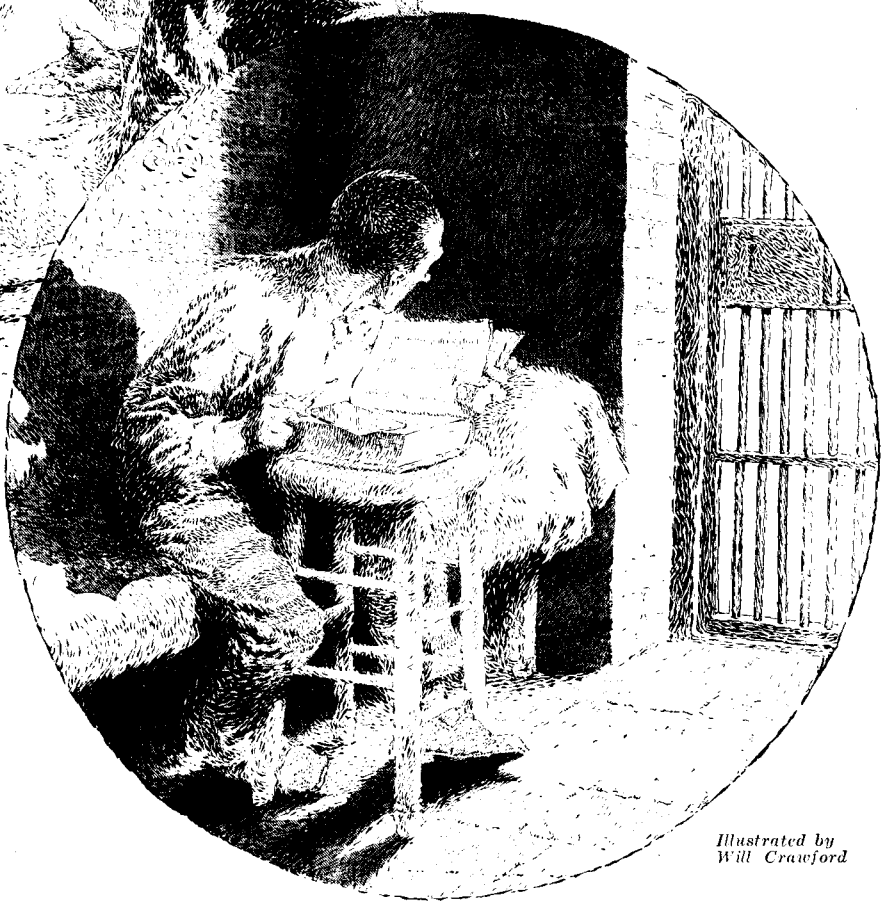
No carrier will dare embark on scheduled service without radio. The matter will not be left to his conscience, indeed. A law, originating in the Department of Commerce, is on its way. It will require every passenger-carrying ship to have radio receiving equipment. And every ship with a capacity of five and more passengers must carry both receiving and transmitting sets.

Yet there has been so much publicity given to radio in flying of late that the foregoing figures may not impress you. You expected more. You have read or heard of the demonstrations conducted in the so-called "flying telephone booths," wherein newspaper men and public officials have talked from aloft to their offices by means of radio telephony hooked up through land exchanges. However, there are only two or three of these flying telephone booths in existence. They have served as laboratories. Again, you have the impression that many of the planes in the post-Lindbergh school of stunt flying were equipped with radio. You read it. Specifically, you recall reading the last words flashed by Captain Erwin one night from far out over the Pacific—"We are in a tailspin."

But what you (*Continued on page 50*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some of Uncle Sam's experts said the note was genuine and others declared it to be a counterfeit



Illustrated by Will Crawford

He engraved the plates with tools smuggled into the prison

Making Money

By William G. Shepherd

The old-time counterfeiters were artists with hands AND brains. The newcomers need only brains. Cameras and other modern devices have taken the place of skilled fingers. Mr. Shepherd here tells the absorbing story of how the Secret Service has kept pace with the art of counterfeiting

THE "little museum" wherein the Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department has for many years been in the habit of keeping its captured scalps—in the shape of framed specimens of the clever handiwork of eminent counterfeiters, together with excellent portraits of the astute gentlemen themselves—has gone out of business.

It went out quietly. As the result of an order issued by the Chief of the Service, the doors of the little museum were forever closed to the public. And strangely enough, as they now tell the story in Washington, its passing is linked up directly with the greatest counterfeiting conspiracy in the history of the department. Here's the tale:

Quite a few years ago a small group of capable, intelligent, high-class artists —whose names will not be given here for the very same reason that their pictures are no longer on exhibition in the museum—came to the conclusion that they could turn out just as good-looking and, to all practical intents and purposes, just as serviceable a $100 silver certificate as was then being manufactured by the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

They got busy; chartered a house boat on the Ohio River. There, in that narrow, migratory dwelling, equipped with but a meager amount of necessary paraphernalia, they immediately went into direct competition with the greatest money-making monopoly in the world—the United States Treasury!

From the very beginning, almost, the business which this small group of artistic souls had conceived and launched, turned out to be a financial success. By a combination of photographic and engraving methods, and with a hand press, these men made such an amazingly good counterfeit that they were soon on the high road to fortune.

They got rid of their product without difficulty; it passed as real money everywhere that it was presented, but just when abundant prosperity bulked large in the foreground—something happened.

An exceptionally astute individual got hold of one of the notes. It didn't look right or feel right; or at any rate, something was the matter with it, and he sent it to the Treasury.

At once an argument arose. Right there among Uncle Sam's experts there was a difference of opinion. Some said the note was genuine and others declared it a counterfeit.

In the end, however, the nays had it; they proved that the bill was bogus and the chase for the makers of this new issue of Ohio River currency began.

It was a long, still hunt; it dragged out into months and in the meantime an alarming situation developed.

Drastic Measures Effective

The makers of this fraudulent $100 silver certificate were very busy men. They worked their press overtime; because of the excellence of their notes they put them out into circulation with apparent ease, and therefore it was only a question of time, if they were not caught, or something else wasn't done about it, until they would have the country flooded with spurious money.

But something else *was* done about it. It was drastic, but it saved Uncle Sam's credit. The Secretary of the Treasury, in recognition of the excellent work of the counterfeiters, simply issued an order withdrawing the genuine $100 silver certificate from circulation, and notifying all banks that thereafter they were to accept notes of that character only for collection, and were to send them all into the Treasury for verification.

Although this order was undoubtedly a compliment to their ability, it was certainly a deathblow to the industry which had been built up by the artists, and shortly thereafter they suffered another, and even worse, disaster. They got caught.

Now the manner in which these men were captured forms no part of this narrative. Sufficient unto the necessities hereof is the fact that thirteen months after the search for them began, the four men had been transferred from the narrow confines of their house boat to the still narrower confines of prison cells.

That was fine. The government rejoiced, and then, with no previous warning, a new counterfeit appeared.

It was a nice twenty-dollar note. It had all of the protective earmarks that the Bureau of Engraving and Printing could have put upon it and in the marts of trade it passed current.

In other words Uncle Sam now had a *new* competitor; at least he thought he had, but when his experts with their magnifying glasses hung by head-stalls before their languid eyes examined the new issue, they recoiled in startled amazement.

These new twenties, the experts could tell, were made by the same hand that had made the $100 silver certificates.

But how could that be? How could a man locked up in the penitentiary be engaged in the manufacture of counterfeit money? And yet that was exactly what one of the Ohio River gang was engaged in.

The Secret Service men traced the bills, located the "passer," found that he was a brother of one of the counterfeiters, gave him the third degree and the story, a perfectly simple one showing how simple is the art of money making, came out in full.

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

The man in the cell, through an outside agent, had been supplied with a new twenty-dollar note and a couple of sensitized plates. With the point of a needle he had split the bill—which in itself is a rather delicate process—and thereafter, by laying the two faces of the note on his sensitized plates and exposing them to the shaft of sunlight which filtered into his cell, he had obtained a pair of perfect negatives.

To an expert engraver and printer the rest wasn't particularly difficult. When no one was watching, he engraved the plates with a tool that had been smuggled in to him. When that was finished he did his printing on paper brought to him by his own underground railroad.

Altogether it constituted the most audacious attempt at falsifying the currency that the government had ever had to deal with, but, as Uncle Sam found when he rushed the man to trial, the end was not yet!

The counterfeit twenties turned out from the prison cell had been manufactured by the counterfeiter *at the suggestion of his lawyer*, who wanted to show the government how easy it was for a skilled engraver to "make money"! Along with this demonstration came the demand that the prisoner be given his liberty in (*Continued on page 48*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You have to be Firm with Pumas

The question was: Who would get the girl and who would get the gate? A distinguished member of the celebrated cat family answered it

By B. L. Jacot

"Well," she inquired in a voice dangerously level and controlled, "what are you standing there for, looking like a fool?"

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

THIS affair was too rapid for Charles. At the best of times he was far from being a swift, penetrating thinker, and this particular time, it must be allowed, was not one of Charles' best. He knew for certain that it had happened, but he could not fix exactly what it was that had suddenly come to pass in his immediate neighborhood. Standing quite still, he concentrated.

"Well?" inquired a voice dangerously level and controlled. "What are you standing there for, looking like a fool?"

The question was apt. It was just what Charles had been wondering. He looked over his shoulder, and started.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. In his present state it was the best he could do, but it got his emotion across.

The girl standing beside the luggage rack of a smart little car, with its crumpled nose planted deep down in the ditch, stopped rubbing her ankle abruptly.

"You, is it?" she said, and paused. "Why don't you learn to drive before you come out on the roads? Do you see what you've done to my car? At what speed do you reckon to take corners? Couldn't you see I was reversing into this drive? And why—"

"And why didn't I blow my horn?" Charles knew all about women drivers: years ago he had come to accept them patiently. But he had been very fond of his little Bugatti. He shook his ankles free of odd accessories and fitments and slid his arm out of the steering wheel, looped like a slave bangle over his sleeve. "I did not blow my horn," he said, "because it does not blow. It hoots. And I hooted it. Occupied as you were in reversing about the center of a main road on a blind corner, no doubt—"

"Oh, can't you stop talking!"

Charles bowed stiffly. "I can stop and start at will," he said.

The girl was still rubbing her ankle, propped against the remains of the car. Her hat was over one eye, and she was biting her lip. It was a vision of feminine fragrance that caught Charles sharply under his double-breasted waistcoat—for such had been his condition about this girl for some three miserable weeks.

"I hate you," recorded this girl, "and I loathe you. The first time I saw you back in Biarritz your face reminded me of a Channel crossing at its worst. I hope I never see you again. Oh, oh! Look what you've done to my car!"

The reference to Charles' homely features caused them to assume a pinkish tinge, for, incredibly, Charles was a young man who could still blush. He was not a handsome man. Far from it. His face, he freely acknowledged, was a subject too painful to discuss, but he did not see what he could do about it.

"IF YOU have hurt your ankle—" he began, but she cut him short.

"If *I* have hurt my ankle! That's good! If it's any help to you, I think you have broken it. But," she added hurriedly, "I would rather be seen dead in the ditch than walking on your arm. Good afternoon."

"But I—"

"Good afternoon." Limping, she deserted the automobile and turned into the avenue by the lodge.

The steering wheel was hanging like a hoop from Charles' fingers. He tossed it sadly on to the heap of junk in the ditch. In the distance through the trees he could make out the shape of a large white stone house. "This," he recorded, "must be the place," and at a discreet interval he followed the girl along the drive.

Things had a habit of falling wrong way up with Charles. The world, he had found in the course of twenty-seven painful years, was always pulling these nasty cracks on him. His was a trusting, credulous nature—a gift to those of his acquaintances looking for someone to touch for a fiver, or take the dog out for a run. Reliable, and always cheerfully ready to do anyone a good turn. But, apart from the fact that stray dogs, or cats, or horses, cows, sheep, mules, took to him on sight as a brother, a heart of gold, he had invariably found, is its own reward. Not that that bothered him. That any mongrel should want to lick his face and follow him home as a matter of instinct, Charles took as a compliment. It was matters such as Angela Tredinnick which cut Charles to the quick.

THREE weeks ago, at Biarritz, when he chanced on this girl, the Fates, he told himself, had at length relented. He was certain of it when he found that Eustace Tredinnick was her brother, and that they were all staying at the same hotel. Charles and Eustace had been in the habit of locking arms in the back row of the Oxford scrum for three seasons, and it is these little things that count.

Following that unforgettable fortnight at Biarritz, this invitation to stay at Crumleigh Park, Dorset, the country home of the Tredinnicks, had been easy enough. "Blow in any time," Eustace had invited. "The old man is a funny old bird. But you'll get used to him." Charles had wasted no time. The matter, he realized, was urgent.

Although a wealthy young man with no particular occupation, Charles had never considered the modern girl as anything serious in his life. His face, he had always felt, was too much of a handicap. But Angela—from the first a frank and friendly companion—had never seemed to mind. She had a laugh for everything, including, Charles hoped, his face. During the course of that intimate two weeks he had begun to hope, too, that complex which made every animal his ready-made friend was putting in a bit of good work with this girl. But there had been certain incidents.

On one occasion Charles, diving deep into the Bay of Biscay, had with his usual luck chosen a moment for his plunge when Angela, swimming under water, was occupying roughly the same necessary bit of ocean. Following the torpedoing there had been words. Angela had spirit. Also, incredible though it seems, once Charles tore a considerable part of her gown from Angela's back by the simple process of standing on part of it when she rose from a chair to join him in a dance. Nothing like that was too incredible for Charles.

"You must," Angela told him, "be a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contortionist as well as a clumsy lout."

"I'm sorry," said Charles, wrapping his dinner jacket round her waist.

A flight of steps led to a pillared portico. Finding himself at the bottom, suitcase in hand, Charles began to mount. He had not expected anything so spacious as this. To the west of the house there seemed to be dog kennels enough to house half a dozen packs. Parking his suitcase in the hall, he announced himself to the butler. Then, conscious of a swelling eye and a torn sleeve to his coat, he waited for the arrival of Eustace. But it was the girl who appeared, obviously surprised to see him.

"Eustace," she began coldly, "is in London. I suppose you wanted to dust yourself down before going on?"

"Going on?" This was not one of Charles' lucky days. He sensed the approach of another crack. "But he asked me down here for a day or so—"

"Eustace asked you to stay?"

He nodded.

"He never told me anything about it." Courtesy came to soften the bitterness in her voice. "But of course you would have stayed over in any event. Your car—"

Tactfully Charles avoided pressing that subject. "Perhaps I made a mistake in the date—" he began, when an old gentleman wandered into the room.

"This is Mr. Malt," Angela announced. "You remember we met him in Biarritz? He was at Oxford with Eustace. My pater, Charles."

Charles noticed that she raised her voice in speaking to him. He cleared his throat. "Good afternoon, sir," he shouted.

Sir Lambert Tredinnick recoiled. "I am not as deaf as that," he reproved. For a moment he ran an absent eye over his visitor. "And, talking of Eustace, he telephoned this morning to say he was arriving this afternoon, mentioning that he had forgotten about Mr.—ah—Malt."

Somehow, Charles felt that his good name had been cleared.

"But about the puma," Sir Lambert continued reflectively. "If we send the truck down to meet Eustace, they could pick it up at the same time."

CHARLES shot a startled look at the girl. Eustace had said that he would find Sir Lambert a funny old bird. He had not, however, anticipated anything like this. Angela was taking it very calmly.

"Well, it's certainly no use having another attempt in the car," she said. "I don't see why Eustace should object to driving up with a puma. And if he does, it doesn't matter."

With an inclination of the head, the old gentleman wandered out of the room. "I'll see to it," he said.

Charles faced this matter sternly. When anything had got in behind the bone of his forehead he liked to see it through. He believed in thoroughness rather than variety. "Angela—"

She looked up quickly. "Yes?"

"You said you didn't see why Eustace should object to driving up with—with a puma?"

"I did. Why?"

He examined his finger-tips nervously. "A—a puma?"

She nodded.

"Well, that's all right," said Charles. "I only wanted to know." He fingered his swollen eye. This certainly was not one of his lucky days. It seemed odd to him to have a puma as a friend of the family.

For a moment a smile softened the exquisite line of the girl's lips, but she checked it sternly. "A puma in a crate," she said, "for the pater's private zoo. You knew he had a zoo down here?"

Charles shook his head. "I knew he used to be president of the Horticultural Society, and wrote books and so on."

"Zoölogical Society," she corrected. "It started off with monkeys and things, sent down here for him to observe and write about. That was years ago. But he never likes to part with an animal."

This explained the kennels to Charles. The girl, it was obvious, was no enthusiast about this wild-animal habit. He did not blame her.

"The puma," continued Angela, with a certain dreamy carelessness, "was given to the pater by Major Bagstock—a wonderful man." Charles stiffened as a sigh broke loose. "Major Bagstock is six foot three and absolutely fearless. A big-game hunter, never happy unless he's in danger, and he is coming down to see how the puma is getting on. He caught it," added Angela, "with his bare hands."

"One moment!" Charles' large mouth had set into a thin firm line. Long practice had made him action-perfect in dealing with these cracks. "This Bagstock fellow caught the puma with his bare hands?" He wanted to get it quite clear.

Angela sighed again. "Out in Africa. He told me all about it himself. You have to be firm with pumas, he said. Let them know from the start they have met their better in man." She lowered her voice to a reverent whisper. "He told me he caught it for me. . . ."

Charles was telling himself dumbly that he might have known there would be someone else shoving in at the critical moment. He weighed matters up. He was five foot ten, stocky in build, and the nearest he had ever been to a jungle was the Palm Court at the Savoy Hotel. In addition, the mere thought of pumas, snakes and alligators made him squirm. He shook his head sadly. "I think," he said, "I will run up and change my coat."

He wished he had never been near Biarritz.

Leaving his comfortable bachelor chambers in London that morning for the journey by road to Dorset, Charles had been filled with hope and the springtide feeling. "Something good," he told himself, "is about to tip in. I can feel it arriving." With a little luck he hoped to be able to slip in a snappy three-minute interview with Angela and build up expectations on that inexplicable dumb-friend complex.

That night as he brooded about the library at Crumleigh Park he reviewed his failure. Wrecking the girl's car was bad enough, but to have to sit and watch Angela hanging breathless on the words of a man who caught leopards or something with his bare fists made him feel ill.

It was not as if Angela were one of these hairpin slips that live on night clubs and cocktails. She was, mused Charles, one of the sensible open-air type that did not break if pushed. Angela's limbs were rounded. She had delicate, athletic curves, with no chemicals about her complexion and chestnut hair, close-drawn and gleaming. Chestnut eyes and long black lashes. Her eyebrows were her own, too. Charles sighed.

EUSTACE had arrived shortly before dinner, and with him had come Major Bagstock—a man with a complexion like raw steak, cavalry mustaches, and a voice and manner like a fog-horn.

"This is Major Bagstock," breathed Angela, and Charles had found himself in the grip of a hairy paw.

"Pleased to meet yeh," boomed the hunter. "How are yeh, eh?"

And from that point until the moment he had slipped quietly away to the library it seemed to Charles that the evening had been spent in monologue, turning modestly on what the major had done to the beasts of the jungle and what they had tried to do to him, and failed.

Charles did not like this major, and what Eustace told him hardly helped.

"Hello!" Eustace greeted. "Thought I missed you. Interesting fellow, Bagstock. What?"

Turning in his solitary chair before the library fire Charles eyed the friend of his youth bitterly. "I think," he said, "that the man's a squirt. Angela is swallowing every word."

Eustace laughed. "A poor fish like Angela," he offered, "would swallow anything."

Charles colored under the statement. "Say that again and I'll swipe you."

"All right! All right! Merely an opinion. But you can't say she's not entitled to swallow anything she likes, being engaged to the fellow."

"What?" Charles leaped out of his chair. "Do you mean to say that Angela means—that is to say intends—"

"She told me so herself. Practically engaged to the man. Why not? She's known him for years. He used to bring her bearskins home when she was a kid. And—*is there anything wrong?*"

Charles reflected. There were many things he would have liked to enlarge upon. But he shook his head. "I am going to bed," he said. "Good night."

Next morning Charles decided he would leave as soon as he had thought up a water-tight excuse. He did not like the idea of retiring from the lists, but it struck him that as this affair was practically settled the only decent thing was to push off. Two things prevented him. The first was the attentions of his host. That world-distinguished zoölogist, Sir Lambert, seized on him as he was finishing breakfast and conducted him round the zoo. Sir Lambert was proud of his zoo, but Charles' interest centered mainly on the puma which had surrendered bloodlessly to Major Bagstock.

"An unusual specimen. A valuable specimen," mused Sir Lambert, as they paused before the pen. "I—"

He left the sentence unended, for at that moment the puma, that had been watching them lazily from the back of the enclosure, sprang in one movement to spread-eagle himself on the bars of the cage, clinging there with his claws extended and (*Continued on page 58*)

"It's only a dream," he assured himself. "It isn't really there." The hair on the back of his neck had lifted as one hair, and his spine was an arctic stream

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Royal Good Fellow

The mental caricature you may have drawn of H. R. H. Edward Albert is based on newspaper stories. It isn't at all a good likeness. He's really not such a bad chap, says this man who knows him well

By Richard Dent

Former Member of the Press Department, Buckingham Palace

Camera-men and newspaper reporters have combined to create a totally false popular conception of England's "Prince Charming"

WHY *is* the Prince of Wales popular? Because he is the best known man in the world? Nonsense! Ninety per cent of the people in his own country have never spoken to him and never will. A good three quarters of them have never seen him and never will. Because of his charming boyish figure and smile? Nonsense! The statue of Eros from Piccadilly Circus had an equally well-known figure, but it has never been so popular as the Prince.

Because of his charming speeches on behalf of charities over the radio? Nonsense! British broadcasting company announcers do this much more expertly without any popularity whatever. Because he presides with tact and dignity at public ceremonies? Nonsense! So does the Lord Mayor of London without suffering from burdensome popularity. Because he is the embodiment of the Spirit of British Youth? Worst nonsense of all! ! The Prince of Wales has not been a youth for the last ten years. He is thirty-five now and growing older every minute.

Why is it then? I can tell you in one word: *Publicity.*

Not that that monumentally stupid lay figure erected for us by the press is any more like the Prince of Wales than I am; and thank Heaven for it; for if it were a true picture of the Prince of Wales, then the British Empire would have to reconcile itself to the prospect of being governed by a glorified tailor's dummy, with his hat at an impossible angle and an everlasting grin, with a useful knack of being unconventional, and a tactful way of dealing with bricklayers and American citizens from the Middle West, and a habit of falling off his horse.

Of course the Prince of Wales is not like that!

Let me sketch for you a day in the life of this preposterous figure that we meet in the press labels, "H. R. H. the Prince of Wales snapped in an unconventional pose at golf," or more simply, "Our Smiling Prince" or "Prince Charming."

The Joke Grows Older

At six-thirty in the morning he rises and goes for a run round Buckingham Palace gardens. That is because he is "Our Athletic Prince," and the newspapers have forgotten that he did not get to bed last night until three o'clock this morning. Then he has a simple breakfast in his suite, and his favorite cereal food, which is no concern of anybody in the world except his cook (and which he does not eat anyway), is recounted to the expectant world. The next two hours he devotes to answering his letters (which incidentally his secretary does for him) and in the middle of this there is a pause while an enterprising reporter enters and snaps him with his pen in his hand and looking rather foolish.

Next he leaps into a waiting car and is whisked off to open a hospital where he is again snapped twice. Once apparently telling an inane joke to the mayor because all of them are smiling professionally, and again telling the same joke to an ex-service man whom he met in France—still smiling.

A gargantuan and official luncheon follows where the Prince tells the same story, if we are to believe the evidence of the smirk on his face which appears in next morning's papers. Lunch done, he plays a round of golf with the local professional who afterwards confesses that he was given a hard game, in spite of the fact that the photo which accompanies this revelation clearly shows the Prince about to foozle his shot.

The rest of the daylight is devoted to photographing the Prince fondling unpleasant infants or inspecting Boy Scouts, while in the evening he attends, still smiling, a night club until three o'clock in the morning.

This is a monstrous caricature of the real Prince of Wales. Yet that is exactly the picture that is normally given of him, though in smaller doses; and it is upon this picture that the popularity of the Prince of Wales is built.

The Origin of a Myth

There are two questions you may legitimately ask. The first is how this ridiculous conception arose, and the second is why it should make him popular. I shall attempt to answer them in that order.

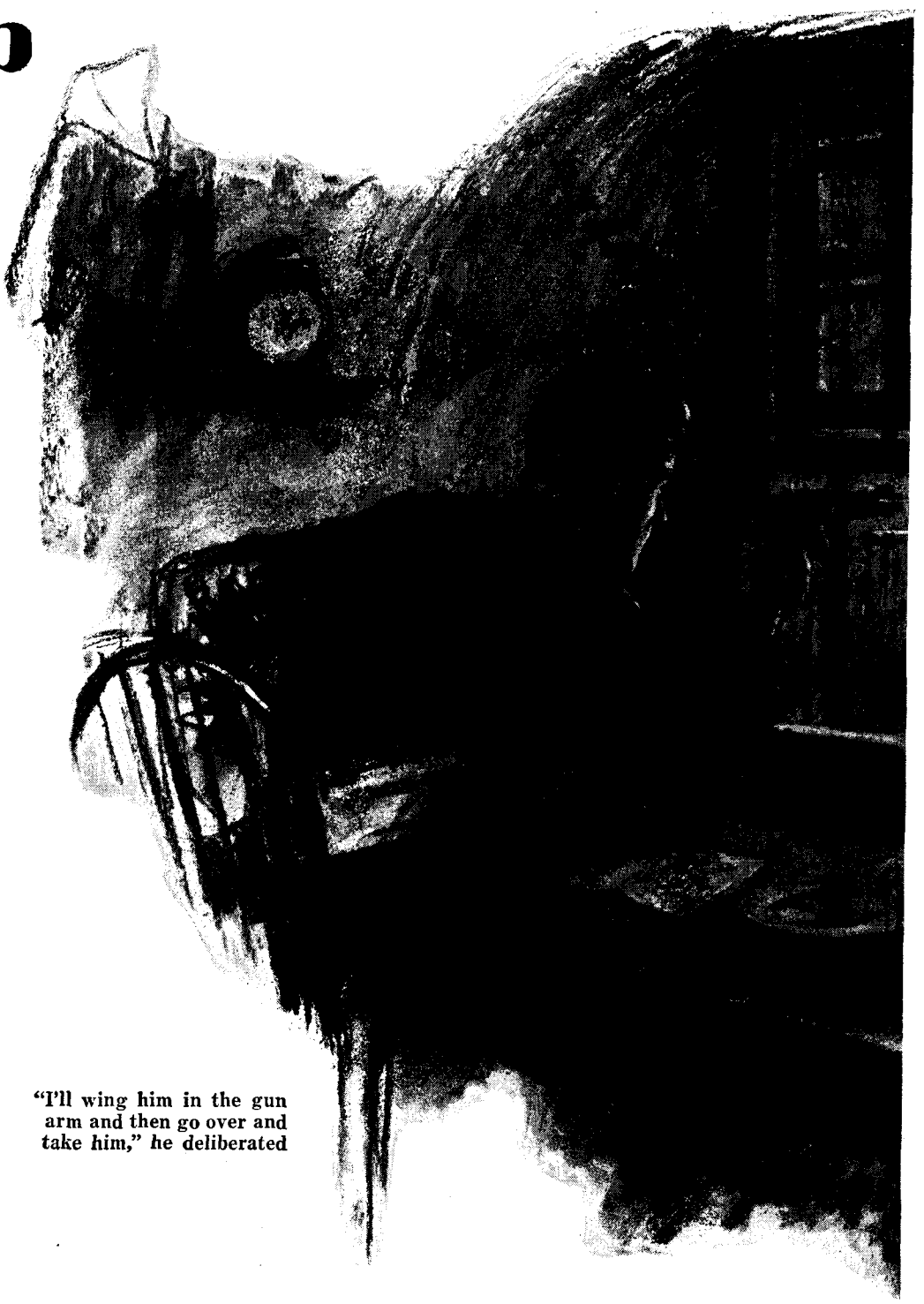
When the war came along the Prince of Wales was a very young man, not so well trained as he is today. The result was that, instead of taking a nice comfortable post upon the staff, he said to Lord (*Continued on page 43*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Moll-Trap

By Howard McLellan

Brains may be better than bullets—even against a killer



"I'll wing him in the gun arm and then go over and take him," he deliberated

IRON MAN McCLOSKEY'S right shoe lit upon the first and lowest granite step at the entrance to headquarters. Its oversized, square-toed sole squeaked to the task of lifting his ponderous but evenly proportioned figure up the steps. The pleasant memory of a satisfying breakfast, eaten three quarters of an hour earlier, lingered. But the mind of the chief inspector of the detective division was otherwise occupied as he strode toward his desk to take up his daily grind of weaving disaster for guilty, hunted breakers of the law.

His head was down and his eyes fixed upon the familiar steps when the pompous, waxy-faced little bail-chiseler, Cuffy Palumbo, descending stealthily, stepped directly and brazenly into the Iron Man, who looked up, startled. Plunging his hands into the lower pockets of his tricky, double-breasted vest and twiddling his thumbs, the bail-bond peddler stood officiously and impudently blocking the inspector's path.

"Pounding the Big Boy hard, ain't they?" he addressed the Iron Man with a taunting twang.

"Newspapers pound today and praise tomorrow," McCloskey came back in a professionally affable manner. Inwardly, though, he winced. The smile was meant to screen his rising anger. Newspapers were hammering him for the long delay in rounding up the Taxi Killer.

"YEAH, I know," sneered the Chiseler, "but gimme a listen. When you get that Taxi Killer, airplanes'll be selling for a nickel. As for his lady side-kick, the Pink Moll, she's salted. What a run-around she'll give you."

"Is zat so?" McCloskey grinned, hiding again a sudden flash of anger and a shock that had made his heart pound. So this Chiseler knew about the Pink Moll. Outside of himself and his deputy inspector, Mahan, no one, he had believed, knew they had linked her with the Taxi Killer. The department was keeping her dark. They hadn't been able to locate her. He exploded a forced, mechanical laugh to conceal his amazement and, at the same time, feign indifference to the Chiseler's taunt.

"Yeah, Big Boy, you can laugh it off," the bail peddler grinned, "but you heard me."

"I heard the sound of your voice but I don't get anything out of it," the inspector retorted with sham good humor. The Chiseler shot back some bantering reply McCloskey didn't catch. His thoughts for the moment were concerned with the woman in a pink organdie dress, attired as for a summer's day outing or a dance, who was in the taxi with the Killer the night he blazed at two cops and killed them, then, fleeing in the dark, sprayed the sidewalk with bullets, one of which found Detective Sergeant Johnny White, who was hiding in a dark areaway, firing from ambush at the fleeing Killer.

The bullet had entered White's lungs.

He alone of the three cops who had given battle to the Killer remained to tell McCloskey of the woman in pink who accompanied the slayer. And now, uninvited, in a boasting taunt, Palumbo, the Chiseler, had mentioned her. His sudden, hidden anger gave way to an abruptly rising sense of satisfaction for what the Chiseler said confirmed Johnny White's story, whose accuracy might have been questioned because Johnny had caught only a fleeting glimpse of the woman at the moment he fell, half-dazed by the impact of the Killer's bullet.

Palumbo was a shrewd little trickster. He beat his competitors in the bail racket by adroit moves. He didn't wait until the crooks were pinched, to ask his bail business. He bored into gangs, played and plotted with them, before and after their crimes were committed, keeping a long jump ahead of his competitors. He was probably, McCloskey told himself, in touch with the Killer and his Pink Moll.

A sudden impulse gripped McCloskey. Palumbo was still spouting his taunts, snickering derisively. The inspector stretched forth his big hand to grab the little man's shoulder. Then he withdrew it.

"Listen, little missionary," he said, "there's two big marble slabs hanging on the walls just inside those doors you come out of." The inspector nodded toward the entrance to headquarters. "On them slabs are the names of sixty-two cops killed by the kind of birds you trail with. For every name there's a stick of lumber, sometimes as many as three, sticking up out of graves in the prison cemetery at Sing Sing."

The Chiseler, at first frightened, broke into a taunting snicker again. McCloskey went on slowly, icily:

"So far in this town we ain't had a woman cop-killer, but I'm taking your word for it that there *is* a moll hooked up with this Taxi Killer. Maybe I can grab her and give your business a little boost."

McCloskey's finger caught the lapel of Palumbo's coat and flipped it saucily.

"APPLESAUCE," the Chiseler snarled back at him and drew away. McCloskey's hand reached out again to grab him but the man was bounding down the steps. For an instant McCloskey was tempted to run after him. He caught himself turning to leap down the steps, and stopped stock still. His eyes followed the Chiseler as he hastened along the sidewalk, laughing loudly. Then he smiled.

"No," he thought, "I'll play my regular game. I won't rough-house that little runt. Why get nasty with such a helpful little guy?"

Sure, he was the bagman for the town's professional murder mobs. He got them bail, lawyers, fixed cases for them, spirited away witnesses, arranged fall money to get them out of town. Yet his kind helped the police.

McCloskey's mind speedily appraised that helpfulness. A bail-bond peddler's chief source of revenue is arrests. Arrests mean bail. Cops make the arrests. When arrests are not being made the bail-bond business necessarily suffers a slump. Then it is that chiselers like Palumbo adopt pulmotor methods to pump life back into their failing business. A simple operation. The peddler whispers into the ear of a friendly and ambitious dick that such-and-such a customer of his, badly sought by the police, is hiding at such-and-such a place. Instantly there is business for both—a pinch for the dick and a bail-bond to write for the peddler.

It was from such a business-building mission, McCloskey suspected, as his eyes caught the figure of Palumbo turning the corner, that the impudent little Chiseler might have been coming when he bumped into him on the stairs. "He'd chisel the feet and arms off Justice," he muttered to himself. "He's dirty—but he's useful too."

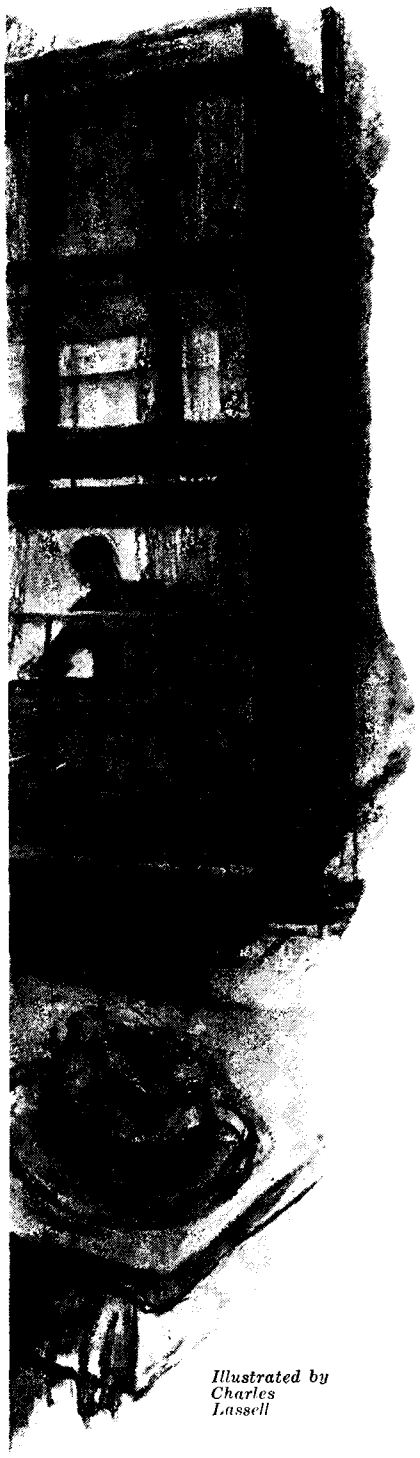
The Iron Man, remembering the Chiseler's taunts, turned and pounded up the steps. He stamped down the corridor toward his office. He was, as those who stepped out of his path whispered to one another with a cautioning smile, "all steamed up."

McCLOSKEY'S wrath fell with torrential suddenness upon Deputy Inspector Mahan. The deputy, a shy and quiet-voiced man, had smiled himself meekly into the Iron Man's office for their usual first-thing-in-the-morning pow-wow. McCloskey, fresh from his informative but pride-baiting encounter with the Chiseler, was at his desk, seated in his swivel chair, looking blankly out of the window. He did not see his deputy enter. Mahan seated himself in front of his chief's desk and noisily shuffled a sheaf of papers in his hand.

The Iron Man turned suddenly and glowered at Mahan. The chief inspector's wavy, steel-gray hair looked as though it had served with distinction as a battle ground for two Kilkenny cats. His lower lip was held tightly between two rows of large, white teeth. His long, thin fingers gripped the edge of his desk as if he were about to spring at his mild-mannered visitor. The rampage started.

"What have we got around here—a lot of milk-fed babies?" he bellowed. "Things have come to a pretty pass when a man in my position has to stand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Illustrated by Charles Lassell

pink-tea party. She ain't gonna meet up with any tramp like this Killer, on the street, where you or anybody else can see her."

McCloskey's voice had modulated a little. He went on with an easy swing. Mahan, relieved by the lowering of his chief's voice, bent forward to listen with reverent attention.

"Get off that stuff that she's in love with this Killer," McCloskey went on. "He's only her tool. She's got brains and class. If she ever meets up with him it's in the dark. Sure he's in love with her. A bum like him would be. But she's just playing him for a sucker. She collects dough from some swell mob for these killings. She gives this Killer rent money and pockets the big stuff for herself.

"He's satisfied. He thinks she's wild about him. He's got the notion that he's doing all the killing for the love of her. She's wise to this and she plays him along. But meet a tramp like him in the open? Bunk, Mahan!" McCloskey brought a fist down on the table. "Tails are out, it's heads we want to grab her." He paused.

"WHY not go out and take the Killer?" Mahan suggested timidly. "We got him spotted. He'd squawk."

"Rats!" boomed McCloskey. "Do you think that bird'd let himself be taken alive by *cops*, Mahan, when they know he's bumped off two of their kind? And wouldn't that kind of set-up be nice—for the Pink Moll? That'd close his trap forever and she'd dance out and get herself a brand-new killer.

"No, Mahan, we'll rig up an old-fashioned plant to get this Killer and his Moll. Where's Roaring Johnny White?"

"He signed back for duty on the Homicide Squad yesterday," said Mahan, puzzled. "But he's far from a well man. I was going to give him an easy desk job. He's only out of the hospital three weeks. It'd raise hell with—"

McCloskey cut him short. "He's the man for the plant, Mahan," he said decisively.

Mahan stared at the inspector, alarmed. McCloskey hurried on:

"He's the only man that ever got a look at the Pink Moll. He got that flash of her in the taxi that night he was hit. She couldn't see him. Neither could the Killer. Johnny was hidden. He'd know both of 'em in a minute."

"But," cut in Mahan, "they only took the bandages off his chest day before yesterday. And maybe you didn't hear that Johnny was losing his voice. That bullet hit his windpipe too. The surgeons say he may lose his voice entirely."

"Tough," McCloskey mumbled. "Tough, but that's another reason why Johnny ought to go out on this plant. He won't need a voice for this job. Just eyes. He can fix himself up cozy in a room in Tom Cat Alley across from where the Killer hangs out, and lay there till the Pink Moll makes an undercover call on him. And listen, Mahan: if Johnny does lose his voice, we'll have to put him on the shelf at half pay. He's a sergeant now. If he comes through on this job, I'll get him raised to a lieutenant. Then we can shelve him at a lieut's pay. That's something to aim at, ain't it?"

The woman eyed the gun intently. "Well, what does he want now?" she queried quickly, apprehensively

"THAT'S swell of you, Chief, to fix that for Johnny. But here's something more: Johnny's expecting an increase in the family. He told me yesterday he expected his first kid soon. He wanted me to fix him up so he could get a two-day lay-off when the event was coming off."

"Well, what of that?" McCloskey shot back tartly. "Maybe he'll be able to go home to the missus and kid as a lieutenant."

"I'll put it up to Johnny," said Mahan with a note of misgiving in his voice.

"You'll put it up to him!" roared McCloskey. "You'll give Roaring Johnny orders and they'll be these: to take that plant and stick night and day till that Pink Moll comes in."

The deputy's head dropped forward. An easy-going old-timer, he served as buffer between the Iron Man and the men who worked in the field. He hated to order a convalescent detective to the rigors of a tedious night-and-day plant. His head shot erect suddenly when the Iron Man spoke again.

"Tell me, Mahan," asked McCloskey with a questioning frown, "did they get the bullet out of Johnny's lungs?"

"It's still there," replied the deputy, puzzled.

McCloskey leaned forward over his desk. "Mahan," he said slowly, "when I was a green man on the street they put a bullet in me. It took me two years to get the guy that plugged me, but I grabbed him. Now Johnny White's still got that bullet in him, ain't he?"

"I get you," the deputy said, then, grinning significantly, he rose and moved toward the door.

FOR more than a month Roaring Johnny White with cat-like patience had kept his eyes riveted on the Killer's shabby little room on the upper floor of a tumble-down, two-story tenement in Tom Cat Alley. Now, at ten minutes past midnight of the thirty-fourth

up and take guff from a scummy little bail-chiseler."

Mahan squirmed uneasily under the impact. McCloskey noted his assistant's discomfiture through eyes calloused to that sort of thing.

"What are your men doing?" he thundered on. "Still trying to tail this Taxi Killer around the streets till he connects up with the Pink Moll?"

The deputy nodded and spoke, timidly. "Four men are tailing him now," he said.

"You ought to know better than that," the Iron Man snapped. "The time you could shadow a fox like this Killer has gone. Too many damned automobiles. You can't tail a one-legged peddler around these days. He'd hop into an automobile. Call off your tails, Mahan."

THE deputy moved to arise, eager to seize the opportunity to step out from under his chief's wrath and put his order into effect instantly. But McCloskey raised a detaining hand.

"Sit where you are," he barked. Mahan slumped into the chair. "Not a sign of the Pink Moll?" he queried.

Mahan shook his head.

"I coulda told you that," McCloskey said. "This mob-sister has got class to her. When she goes out on the kill she dresses like she was headed for a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day of his vigil, he sat watching his man. He was weary. But his red-lidded eyes were aflame as they spanned the darkness of the narrow, squalid alley. He had drawn a wobbly table up to the window of his room. On this his elbows rested while, chin pocketed in hands, he sat sphinx-like and gazed at the Killer. On the wall near the end of the table hung a calendar with the four days of his second month's vigil crossed out. On a corner of the table stood a pair of field glasses. Flattened out on the table lay a sheet of paper with faintly penciled writing on it—a note from his wife, whose face he had not looked upon since his vigil began.

The Killer had come home for the night—alone, as usual. The watch had been fruitless. The detective had given up hope that the Pink Moll would ever show up.

AS HE sat staring across the alley, the lighted window in the Killer's room went blotchy before his eyes. The constant strain was telling on his sight. In the loneliness of the bare room he began to talk to himself in a low, rasping whisper. It pained his throat even to whisper.

"What the hell!" he groaned. "I've lost my voice, my eyes are going. When will this thing let up?"

His hands fell limply from his chin. One of them fell upon the note on the table and clutched it. His tortured eyes lowered from the window to the note, but in the darkness saw only a blurred white square. He couldn't flash on a light and read his message. That would spot him to the Killer. The light hardly mattered. He could recall word for word what his wife had written. She was at the hospital now. . . . They expected the baby tomorrow night. . . . Would he be there when the baby came? And did the bullet pain him and was his voice growing better?

His thoughts hung upon those two questions. He repeated them. What if she knew the bullet tormented him and kept him from sleep each night when sleep was his greatest necessity? And what if she knew that not only was his voice fading to a gurgling, choking whisper, but his eyes, too, were bothering him terribly? Thank God, she had been spared this gloomy news!

He asked himself how he could sneak away safely and see her, if only for a few minutes. He meditated for a moment trying to find a plan to do so, but quickly dismissed the idea. It was always when cops on fixed posts stole away for a few minutes that something happened.

There was no escape. Roaring Johnny saw that plainly. There was no escape until the Pink Moll showed up in that room across the street, or—something happened to the Killer. If either of those eventualities came to pass, it would have to be within the next twenty-four hours if they were to release him in time to be on hand at the bedside of his wife, to share with her the job of cuddling their first-born.

Roaring Johnny's hands dropped from his face and fell palms downward on the table. An impulse jolted his head erect. His gaze shot out of the window again to find the Killer. The man was still sitting on the bed. The man who was causing his misery, holding him a prisoner, robbing him of what was to be one of the supreme joys of life, sat scarcely more than thirty feet away. Darkness lay between them. The evil hand that had fired the bullet into his lungs was gripping the iron piping of the bedstead.

Suddenly he stood up. His eyes did not leave the Killer's window. "I could tell 'em at the office," he whispered, "that the bird was making his get-away and I had to act quick." He gripped the butt of his regulation .45 and yanked it from its holster. Then he lifted the gun to the window. His hands trembled. "I'll grab a bead on his shoulder, wing him in the gun arm," he deliberated, "and then go over and take him."

His arm stiffened as he poised his gun on the cross-arm of the window sash. He tried to draw a bead along the barrel. The sights jiggled as the gun wavered in a trembling hand. He tightened his grip, drew a deep breath, and stiffened his body. Then—

A piercing pain stabbed him in the chest. With lightning speed it traveled to his shoulder, then, with paralyzing force, sped down his arm. He uttered a sharp groan. His arm went limp. The finger on the trigger relaxed. His eyes closed tight. His temples throbbed. Darkness swirled around him, and he slumped into the chair at the table. His face sank into his arms outstretched upon the table. A hot cheek flattened out against the piece of white paper on the table—the note from his wife.

Voices in the dark alley below startled Roaring Johnny out of his daze. He opened his eyes. Then his head shot up with a jolt. His pistol lay upon the table, one hand resting near it limply. Gees! What had happened? Had he fired at the Killer—and then gone delirious? He couldn't recall the sound of a shot. He sniffed the air for the acrid fumes of burned powder. Had he fired—and missed?

He raised his frightened eyes and looked across the alley. The Killer was standing at the window, peering into the alley below.

"I fired and missed him," the detective rasped. In self-protection he had better fire at him again. The Killer stood where he could get him this time. His hand groped along the table for his revolver and encountered the piece of white paper. A woman screamed in the alley. The voice of the Killer barked.

"Hey, you dirty rat, lay off that woman," it sang out. The woman screamed again. The detective saw a pistol gleaming in the Killer's hand. "Lay off or I'll plug you with this," the Killer growled.

Roaring Johnny lowered his eyes to the alley. Dimly in the darkness he saw the form of a man standing in the middle of the alley, with his arm upraised to strike a woman who was struggling to her knees. The woman's face lifted to the Killer in the window and she roared at him in thick, drunken tones: "G'wan, keep your nose out of this, you big bum!"

"Get the hell out of this alley," the Killer thundered back. The woman let out an agonizing cry as the man's fist fell upon her head.

"Serves you right," yelled the Killer. "Wouldn't let a guy do you a favor, huh?" Then he closed the window and snapped out the light.

THE detective stared into the darkness. Queer mug, the Killer, he mused. Would kill a guy to do a drunken alley-cat a favor. A swell kind of a favor. Then the words of McCloskey tumbled into his mind: "This man's not an ordinary killer. He kills for the love of the Pink Moll. If you wait long enough something will turn up that'll bring the Moll and the Killer into your hands. Watch that room and use your bean. Brains get good dicks more than bullets will."

Roaring Johnny seized his revolver and snapped it back into its holster. "I might 'a' hit him in the lungs," he muttered. "I know what that means. I wouldn't wish that torture on a dog."

His brain was clear now. Across the street his man had gone to bed. The brawling couple had slouched out of the alley. Alone, peering into the darkness, his thoughts, no longer confused, revolved around the strange man across the street—a Killer ready to kill a man to protect a drunken woman!

An hour later the silence of early morning in Tom Cat Alley was broken by two pistol shots fired in quick succession from the corner where the squalid alley met a clean wide street. The shots were followed by the clatter of heavy feet running over the flinty cobblestones which unevenly surfaced the narrow alley. A man, with a smoking pistol in his hand, crept through the heavy shadows of the alley. Then he slouched into the black recess of the doorway under the Killer's window.

THE upper sash of the window rattled and was lowered with a squeaking noise. The Killer's head was thrust through the opening.

"What in hell's the racket?" he demanded. In his right hand he held a metal object which clicked against the windowpane.

"Don't use that rod," the low, panting voice in the doorway pleaded. "The bulls are on me. Gees, man, do me a favor. Let me in."

"What you picking on *that* door for?" the Killer snarled.

"I gotta make the roof," the man cried in the hoarse whisper of a hunted creature. "I wanta scatter. I winged one of the bulls, I think. Give me a break, old man, before they massacre me."

A shrill whistle sounded; then another. The bulls were on the jump. The man in the doorway was being hunted. The Killer knew what that meant. And the frightened voice spoke in the language of the gunman. He'd do the poor devil a favor and let him in. He couldn't let him stop in that doorway and draw the cops like a magnet. Quickly he hauled himself out of the window and in his bare feet pattered downstairs. He opened the door.

"Get up the stairs," the Killer commanded. "You can make the roof from there." The bare feet pattered up the stairs, the stranger following. At the head of the stairs, in the deeper darkness, the man bumped into the Killer.

"What happened?" growled the Killer eagerly.

"They flushed me off a job," the man whispered. "At the corner of the alley I let 'em have two, and I think I winged one of the bulls."

"What's your racket?" queried the Killer. He did not wait for a reply. Instead, he stepped back and stood listening at the (*Continued on page 63*)

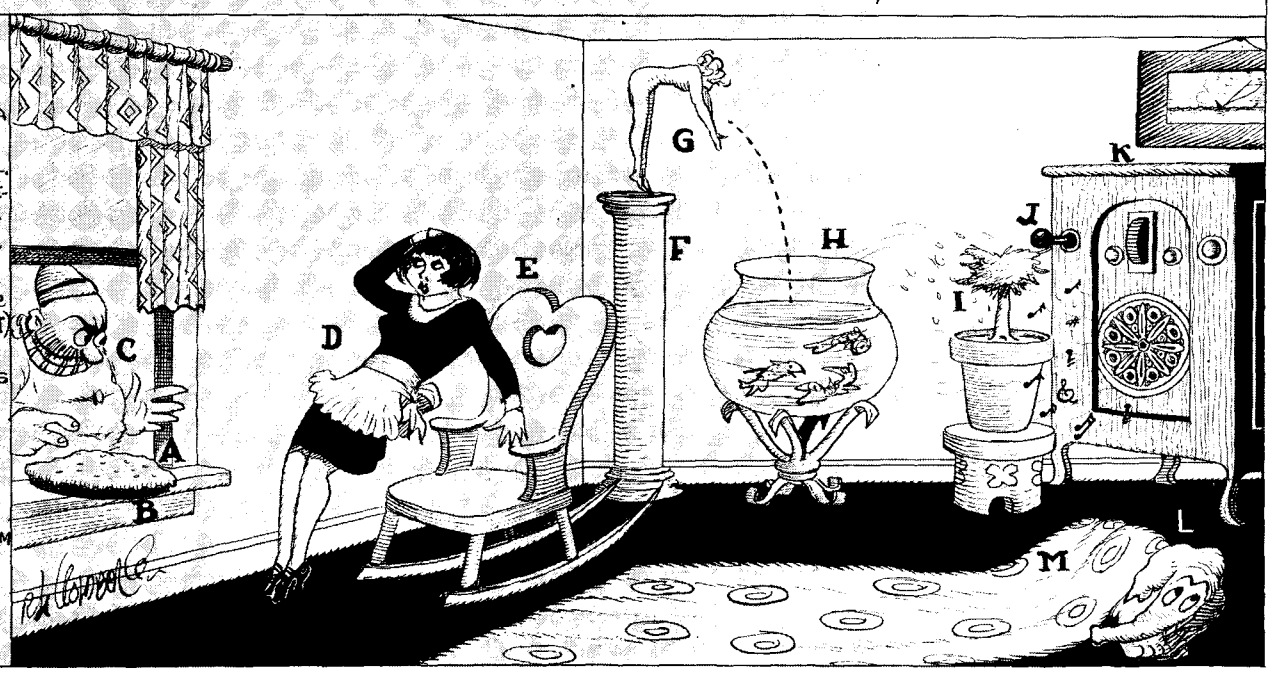
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS FLIES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF HIS CAR AND WHEN THEY PICK OUT THE BROKEN GLASS THEY FIND AN IDEA FOR A SELF-ROLLING RUG.

PLACE FRESH PIE (A) ON WINDOW SILL (B) TO COOL. WHEN TRAMP (C) SNEAKS UP TO STEAL IT, HOUSEMAID (D) FALLS BACK WITH FRIGHT INTO ROCKING CHAIR (E) WHICH TILTS PEDESTAL (F), CAUSING MARBLE STATUE OF DIVING VENUS (G) TO DIVE INTO GOLDFISH BOWL (H) AND SPLASH WATER ON PLANT (I) WHICH GROWS AND TURNS ON SWITCH (J) OF RADIO (K) WHICH PLAYS OLD TUNE CALLED "OCEANA ROLL". LITTLE TRICK ROLLING CIRCUS ELEPHANT (L), HEARING TUNE, DOES HIS STUFF AND KEEPS ROLLING OVER AND OVER UNTIL RUG (M) IS COMPLETELY WRAPPED AROUND HIM AND FLOOR IS CLEARED FOR DANCING.

RUG WRAPPED AROUND DELICATE LITTLE ELEPHANT ALSO KEEPS HIM FROM CATCHING COLD FROM DRAFT COMING THROUGH OPEN WINDOW.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"IF YOU CAN'T STEP FASTER KEEP OUT OF THE WAY—WE'RE IN A HURRY!"
"THE LAST WORLD SERIES A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE VALUE OF SPEED—"
"IF THEY COULD HAVE SEEN A 183 POUND DEMPSEY"!
"THE DAY OF MOUNTAINOUS TACKLES AND GUARDS IS PAST----"
CYRIL WALKER, 112 POUNDS, DRIVES AS FAR AS HAGEN —THROUGH SPEED!

Fast Work

The day of mountainous tackles and guards is past. Light, fast men have taken their place. The race may not always be to the swift, but most football games are—as well as boxing and baseball and even golf. Speed, that's the winning edge

By Grantland Rice

YOU hear continually about brawn, and brain and courage, stamina and team play—and they all count a lot—but, as Mike Sweeney, Hill School's famous athletic director, put the case, "I don't believe the average youngster today knows the meaning and the value of speed in almost every type of game that may be played. It is there you usually find the winning edge."

This remark of Mike Sweeney's gained new force when Notre Dame's football team stepped into action this fall. In two or three of the most important contests, the thousands who pack the stands whenever the South Bend Cyclone arrives began by commenting on the fact that the opposing team had material both larger and stronger-looking than Notre Dame. And this was true. But when the South Bend regulars stepped into the battle zone almost every spectator in the crowds immediately received an impression of Notre Dame's vital superiority in speed.

Most football teams carry a set of forwards and a set of backs. But, when the Flying Irish started to move, your first impression was that they had eleven half-backs on the field—half-backs at center, guard and tackle, half-backs tearing all over the lot. Rockne long ago discovered the value of speed, more speed and still more speed. He built upon this factor as the main ingredient in his team. For example, in the Navy game one of Notre Dame's ends was lagging by just half a stride.

"You'll have to step faster," Carideo, the crack quarter-back, called out.

"I'm traveling as fast as I can run," the end replied.

"All right," Carideo answered, "then keep out of the way. I'll cut in myself. We're in a hurry and can't be held up."

With Rockne teams, as with others, timing is the big factor and speed is the basis of timing. You see no big, powerful, lumbering guards or tackles in a Notre Dame battalion. They are not infantrymen nor yet artillerymen. They are all cavalry.

Yet many another team preferred to gamble on big, slow men for line play or big men who were only normally fast, where faster men weighing twenty or twenty-five pounds less would have been twice as valuable.

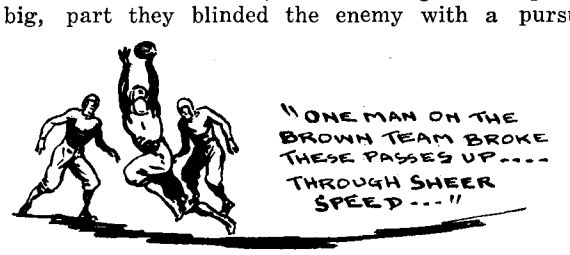
Some years ago Dartmouth had a forward-passing game that seemed to be almost impossible to stop when Oberlander was chucking the ball to Sage, Tully and Lane. Yet one man on the Brown team broke up most of these passes. His name was Keefer. And he did his damage through sheer speed, by quick starting and fast sprinting that carried him to the ball before the receiver had arrived.

Sizzling Supremacy

The last world series was a striking example of the value of speed in two respects. It was noticeable that smash after smash found holes through both infields that any number of infielders could have knocked down or picked up for easy outs. Three or four of these sailed by Jimmy Foxx, the Athletics' first baseman, who was one of the batting stars of the October show. Others sailed by Hornsby and several more ripped by McMillan, the Cub third baseman.

All these hits rippled along through safe territory because starting speed and running speed were both missing in the spiked feet of the men mentioned.

And, secondly, it had been said that the Cubs' right-handed sluggers would pulverize Mack's southpaws. This might have been true except for one factor—speed. When Grove and Walberg stepped into the picture they simply picked up a baseball and threw it by Cub bats. Here and there they mixed in a curve or two, but for the greater part they blinded the enemy with a streak ball that struck in the glove about the time some Cub bat had gotten halfway around.



During the same world series a number of old-timers were discussing Ty Cobb. They turned back to a day well over twenty years ago when a crack base runner gave Cobb a certain tip. The scheme was to take two lazy steps towards second as the pitcher looked over and, with this extra jump, it was no great trick to beat the throw. Cobb simplified this by not taking the two extra steps, by appearing to loaf where he was and then depending on his speed, which nearly always carried him safely through.

Old-timers are still discussing one of Cobb's first plays in the big leagues. That afternoon he tapped one to the right of the pitcher. With an easy out in sight, the pitcher reached for the ball, turned lazily and threw to first just in time to see Ty whirl across the bag for a base hit. That was the tip-off then and there that 175 pounds of raw lightning had arrived to annoy catchers, pitchers and infielders for the next twenty-two years.

Speed in the main is a natural gift, but it can be developed and improved when handled along right lines and the remarkable thing is that so few ever go in for this development. One of the main drawbacks to most of the heavyweights now shooting at a vacated million-dollar throne is slowness of feet and hands. They have about as much speed, most of them, as a fat poodle pursuing a meat wagon. Tommy Loughran had speed but most of it was used in going away, not coming in. Jack Sharkey has as much all-around speed as any of the bunch, including speed of feet, hands and body.

If some of these present heavyweights could have seen 183-pound Dempsey bewilder and pulverize 250-pound Willard they would have realized sooner just what speed means. As it is, most of them are going through the forms of learning to box and punch without developing any transportation to carry them into action or away from danger, which was the first of the ingredients that one James J. Corbett constantly worked for.

It is the control of speed that does the main business in golf. If you watch the average golfer you will see how much speed he puts into his back swing and how this speed steadily decreases as he hits the ball. A Bobby Jones, however, starts his back swing almost lazily and is then all set for the greatest speed just before and at the moment of impact.

I once asked Cyril Walker, weighing then 112 pounds and swinging a club that weighed but 12½ ounces, how he managed to keep on even terms, so far as long hitting was concerned, with Walter Hagen, weighing 180 pounds and using a 14-ounce club. "I merely use my hands and wrists to get greater speed into the club head than Hagen does," Walker said. "I keep the club head traveling at top speed toward the ball, for I have to use a light club and I haven't the bulk to get the punch in any other way."

The Long-distance Sprinter

A study of speed and its relation to the winning edge in almost every form of sport is something badly needed in the various competitions that appeal to so many millions today.

For example, Nurmi is known as a great long-distance runner through his form and stamina. How many realize that speed of foot was one of the main factors? How many entrants in 5,000- and 10,000-meter races can shave the world's record at 800 meters, as Nurmi could at his best?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Age of Youth

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

DONNA RAYNOR, a lovely but unhappy girl, and Jinny Loan, a worldly-wise product of Broadway, room together at a shabby New York hotel. Discouraged by a number of failures to make a living, Donna shocks and amazes the sophisticated Jinny by sending a letter to Randolph Granby, a wealthy and popular bachelor, whom she has never met. In the letter she mentions her failures; then adds: "I could get a rich husband if I had the proper setting. It would cost a thousand a month and I'd need two years to get the proper man. Will you give it to me?"

When he reads the extraordinary proposal, Granby is interested. But finally, feeling certain that the author is only another gold digger, he tears the letter up—and a few days later, prompted by curiosity, calls on Donna!

He is charmed by the girl. He is surprised to find her what she is: a thoroughly good girl not by any means an adventuress. He likes her. Together they discuss Donna's singular proposal. Then: "I'll guarantee," says the girl, "that within six months after you give me the money I need, you'll be taking me to dinner at—well, you name the house."

To test the girl, Granby takes her in his arms and kisses her. She promptly orders him out of her room. That settles it. Granby decides to accept her proposal. Giving a girl money each month is, however, dangerous. Donna owns 1,000 shares of low-priced common stock, which nobody wants. Granby instructs his brokers to buy them (from Donna's brokers) at twenty-five dollars a share. Then Granby answers an important question—and later on is heartily ashamed of himself for doing so. "If," he says, "you're not married and not engaged at the end of two years, I want you."

"Loveliest lady ever saw," he solemnly declared. "Believe I'll marry you. How would you like to be Mrs. Frank Gardner?"

III

ED CALLUM, of Callum and Rignaud, spoke to his partner: "That Amenia stock, Charley?"

"Yeah? What about it?"

"I told you an offer came in for it."

"Well, I'm no alienist, Ed. We can't help it if someone's gone crazy. Our job is to serve our customers. You delivered the certificate; you've got the buyer's check; all you have to do is send our check, less commissions, to the seller. Seems simple, like the buyer."

Callum stroked a wispy mustache.

"No alienist would get much change out of Blenkinstone, Birmingham and Magruder, boy."

Rignaud, a dapper gentleman who called himself of French extraction but who savored, in person, manner and mode of thought, more of the Levant than of France, stared at his partner.

"You got something on your mind, Ed."

"Amenia stock hasn't been bid for in years. Here come the shrewdest lawyers in the city and make an offer. *Twenty-five thousand* bucks for something they could have picked up for twenty-five hundred."

"MAYBE," Rignaud suggested, thoughtfully, "there ain't any left. Maybe it's all been quietly picked up, Ed."

Callum shook his head.

"I've been phoning around," he said. "No one seems to know much about it—but shares could be acquired O. K."

"Thinking of slipping in a cheap certificate instead of our client's?"

Callum's head-shake was more violently negative this time.

"They knew the exact certificate they wanted. I couldn't have got away with that even if I'd thought of it."

Rignaud snorted with amusement at this implication of virtue.

"Well, the incident's closed, ain't it?"

"It was Magruder who telephoned me," said Callum. "That old fox never made a move in his life that he didn't know just why he made it. Men like him don't pay ten times the most generous market price without—"

"Who is this Donna Raynor dame that owned the stock? Got any line on her?" Rignaud, the decisive one, interrupted his partner.

"Showing some interest, eh?" jeered Callum. "Sure, I've got a line on her. She lives at the Hotel Mercat, one of those gold diggers' joints on West Forty-seventh Street, and she used to be in the Frivols."

"How'd you find all that out so quick?" asked Rignaud.

"Magruder wasn't satisfied with the stock transfer. He wanted a receipt from the owner for the purchase price."

Rignaud whistled softly.

"That's kind of funny," he said. "Looks, Ed, as though the old bird didn't trust us."

Callum grinned. "You'd almost think he took us for a bucket shop."

"Suspicious, evil-thinking old man," agreed Rignaud. "So, fixing up the transfer with the dame—"

"Jimmy Zenda went up to her hotel. He came back with all that dope I just gave you."

"Smart boy," commented Rignaud. "Well, where do we go from here?"

CALLUM shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, Al. I thought maybe you might mull it over in your dome—information never does any harm, you know."

"Well," said Rignaud, "it don't seem to me there's much to it. Of course, though, that Magruder fox— You might tell Zenda to have another look—see about the Raynor dame."

"I'll do that thing," said Callum.

That was one incident of which Donna Raynor knew nothing. As she had told Ran Granby, she'd done a lot of thinking about the possibility—if other possibilities became occurrences—of attaining the rich marriage which was her goal. She had known that no fleck of scandal must be visible on her silken skirt, that no rumor affecting her present or her past must be audible. Men did not "put up" for girls without any return save the consciousness of a deed chivalrously done. If it became known that Granby had given her twenty-five thousand dollars. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

But, she innocently told herself, if she *sold* some stock at an agreed price, no one would question the transaction, or, if anyone ever did question it, the facts would be sufficient answer.

THERE was another incident.

Crandall was the most efficient secretary conceivable. There were, in Crandall's comprehension, no such things as worthless papers. Advertisements and such matters, of course, he committed to a wastebasket. But letters were documented and filed, no matter how trivial they might seem to be. So that neither Curtin, Granby's remarkably capable valet, nor the parlor maid, nor anyone else in the Granby establishment, ever found loose scraps of paper which might be pasted together again.

But Crandall, in the hectic days immediately preceding Ran Granby's sailing on the Ile de France, was ill at home. And while Granby was having his remarkable interview with Donna Raynor, Curtin, in the employ of a curiosity never sated while Crandall was on the job, was exploring the contents of Granby's wastebasket.

He was no crook, this valet. He was simply a weak man who had never been in a position of what he would consider desperate need. He put the letter together merely because he was without particular scruple, and because he had at the moment little to do. But having put it together, he gathered his wits together, too.

Granby was not taking him abroad. This was at Curtin's own wish. The valet, in partnership with a butler of his acquaintance, was about to found a little restaurant and catering business with an establishment just off Park Avenue in the profitable Sixties. Granby, as an acknowledgment of faithful service, was to present Curtin with a check for five hundred dollars on his departure. Curtin knew this. He did not know how a begging letter addressed to his master, of which his master thought so little that he carelessly tore it apart, could be of any possible future profit to himself. Nevertheless, he pasted the pieces together upon a piece of cardboard. A methodical, thoughtful, and—up to now—merely a weak character, was Curtin the valet.

And Donna Raynor knew nothing of this incident, either. She thought that she had severed completely any connection with her past by the mere transplanting of herself from one address to another. She was to discover that the underworld, or the middle world, merges so imperceptibly into the upper that one must have a remarkably developed sense of orientation to be always certain of one's exact whereabouts. She was to discover, also, that there is much more interest in the ascent than in the descent. In fact, she was to learn that life, which seemed as simple as A plus B, or Pretty Girl plus Money, is never simple, never straightforward, and frequently extremely mean and harsh.

SHE had finally, after the tearful departure of Jinny Loan, decided that she could retain practically nothing of her wardrobe. She was grateful that Ran Granby, having decided to do the incredible, had decided to do it in one lump, so to speak. The acquisition of a wardrobe a piece at a time meant the deferring of her assault upon the gates of matrimony. She wished to begin her campaign as soon as possible, realizing that it would be not merely difficult, but possibly long. Even the full two years. . . . But she refused to think that far ahead. Meanwhile, it was enough to know that she needn't confine her expenditures to so much a month, as an allowance came in, but could purchase for six months right away.

Granby's twenty-five thousand dollars, via Magruder, and via Callum and Rignaud and less the latters' brokerage commission, had arrived on the morning following Granby's visit. She had not held any doubt as to its coming; the sincerity of Ran Granby was written on his features. Nevertheless, realization was infinitely more overwhelming than anticipation, a consummation in which she was happier than most.

She stared at the incredible figures. Twenty-four thousand and . . . It seemed to transmute itself, this potent bit of paper, into all the fairy stuff of dreams. Let it be said—perhaps to her credit—that the check did not seem to represent money to her. Rather, it represented soft silks and satins, sheer underthings, smart little hats, ravishing ensembles, smooth stockings—some net, of course—and slippers that not merely were chic but were comfortable. An apartment of her own; a neat maid; decent food; an inviting bed. . . .

But beyond these comforts of the flesh there were comforts of the soul. Cultured people, gayety, laughter—and love. Oh, yes, the latter by all means. But it must be admitted that temporarily it was very much in the background, this thing of love. In the foreground were the needs of the moment.

Not knowing that Callum and Rignaud were interested in her, and never having heard of Curtin, Granby's valet, her future was unclouded by any shadow that these cast. She felt that she could trust Jinny Loan. But she certainly did not propose to move directly from the Mercat to her apartment. She had no wish that the staff of this shabby hotel should know where she went.

Of course—she looked this far ahead—these people of the hotel might see her, hear of her, even read about her. But hundreds of chorus girls drifted in and out of the theaters and hotels, and it would be a remarkable stage manager or hotel clerk who could remember her after six months. And her name would slip their memories even quicker than her features. She debated changing her name, but put the idea aside. Investigation might arise and the assumption of a false name might be fatal. No, she'd chance it. She'd remain Donna Raynor.

"And," she laughed gayly, "a very attractive name. To fit," she added, "an extremely attractive girl."

HER mirror, into which she was looking, seemed to assure her that she did not exaggerate. And it was a confident, assured-seeming girl who, dressed in the one pair of shoes, the one pair of stockings, the one frock and the one hat that she was certain would still pass muster anywhere, shortly after the arrival of Callum and Rignaud's check, left the Hotel Mercat.

Although her bank was on Fifth Avenue, she turned west, crossed Seventh Avenue and came out upon the northern end of the old Rialto, looking southward toward Times Square.

There was the doorway leading to the flight of stairs at the top of which were the offices of Snow and Durban, the theatrical agents. How many weary days had she sat in their antechamber, only to depart wearily when the office boy had said—kindly enough sometimes: "Nothing today, Miss Raynor."

There was the automat where she had eaten so many meals. There was the theater which had housed the Frivols, and over whose front she had dreamed her name might one day be printed in huge electric globes. There were the same group of actors beneath the Criterion's canopy, and the same important managers bustling into the Astor. This was a world of its own, the world of amusement, of entertainment, the world of the hardest-working and gayest people of all, the Thespians.

Well, she was happy that she had lived briefly and undistinguished in this little world. It had been fun. And there had been Jinny Loan, the bravest, merriest, honestest friend. . . .

WITH deliberation she turned her back on Times Square. When next she entered the square it would be in someone's limousine, and that someone would bear a name at mention of which the doorman at the theater would bend his obsequious back. . . .

Eastward she strolled now, and finally entered her bank. She endorsed Callum and Rignaud's check, made out deposit slips and approached a grated window.

"How soon may I draw against this?" she asked.

The teller cast a swift glance at her. He looked down at the check, then looked at her again with interest. He scribbled his initials on one of her deposit slips, stamped it with the date, and pushed it beneath the grating toward her.

Even tellers can be human, machine-like though their work is, and this was an extremely pretty girl.

"Lucky in the market, eh? Callum and Rignaud—brokers, aren't they? Well, invest it in something solid now. This market won't last forever, you know. Draw against it? Tomorrow morning."

As though (*Continued on page 36*)

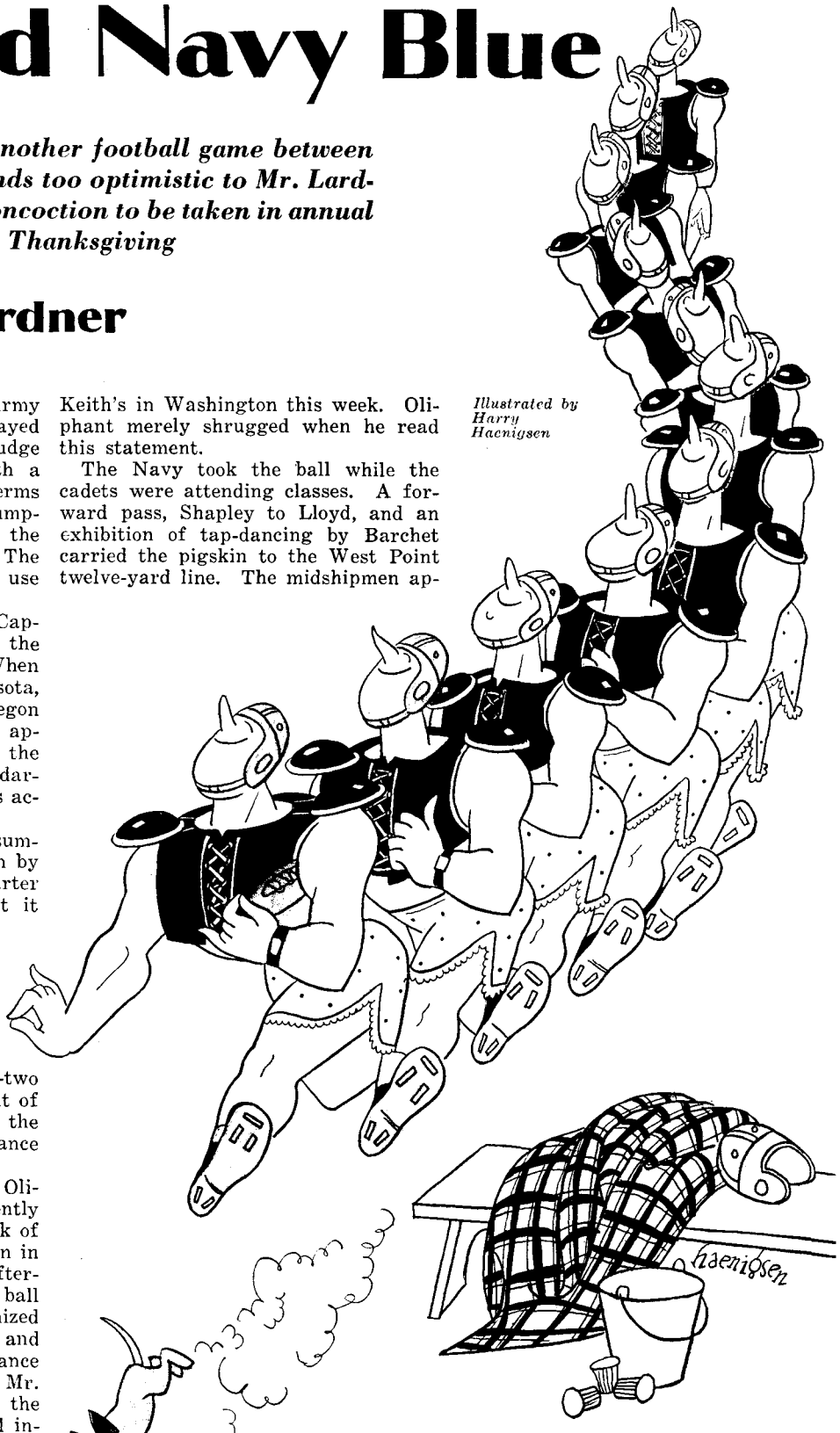
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Army Black and Navy Blue

Your children's children may live to see another football game between West Point and Annapolis, but that sounds too optimistic to Mr. Lardner, so he has shaken up this colorful concoction to be taken in annual doses the Saturday after Thanksgiving

By Ring Lardner

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen



When they had removed their Minnesota, Georgia Tech, Penn State and Oregon sweaters, they presented a striking appearance in buff step-ins

AFTER an armistice lasting two years the Army and Navy met in football at the Polo Grounds in New York, Saturday, and battled to one of their old-fashioned scoreless ties before a crowd that would have taxed the capacity of a station wagon and might have been even larger if people had thought Stanford was going to play Notre Dame. The stands were full of uniformed bell captains and half-dressed women who had left home in a hurry and were impatient to get back.

Only a small part of the entertainment was provided by the rival teams. Most of it was derived from the gala attire and holiday spirit of the spectators, the presence of internationally famous men, the drills and marches of the undergraduates, the music of the bands and the antics of the cheer leaders, who apparently had been studying new "stuff" to spring on this occasion. One of them almost stopped the show before it started by turning a "cartwheel"; it made such a hit with the crowd that, when the game was under way, in place of the usual cries of "Hold 'em!" and "Touchdown!" the air was rent with vague murmurs of "Cartwheel!"

The Gang's All Here

The cadets from West Point were first to reach the scene. They came down the Hudson in a canoe, disembarked at the corner of the Harlem River and 155th Street and marched into the grounds headed by a two-piece band consisting of an A cornet of which one musician carried the mouthpiece and headrest and another the valves. They stopped in front of General Pershing's empty box and sang "Old Nassau" to throw people off.

A few minutes later the "middies" arrived from Annapolis in a two-seated barracks, and immediately began kidding the cadets with such remarks as "Ah, there!" and "Skidoo!" The Army adherents replied in kind and displayed a surprising aptitude for banter. Judge Landis pounded Mrs. Landis with a gavel and explained briefly the terms of the compromise by which a resumption of football relations between the two schools had been effected. The Army, he said, had agreed not to use players who had gone to Oxford.

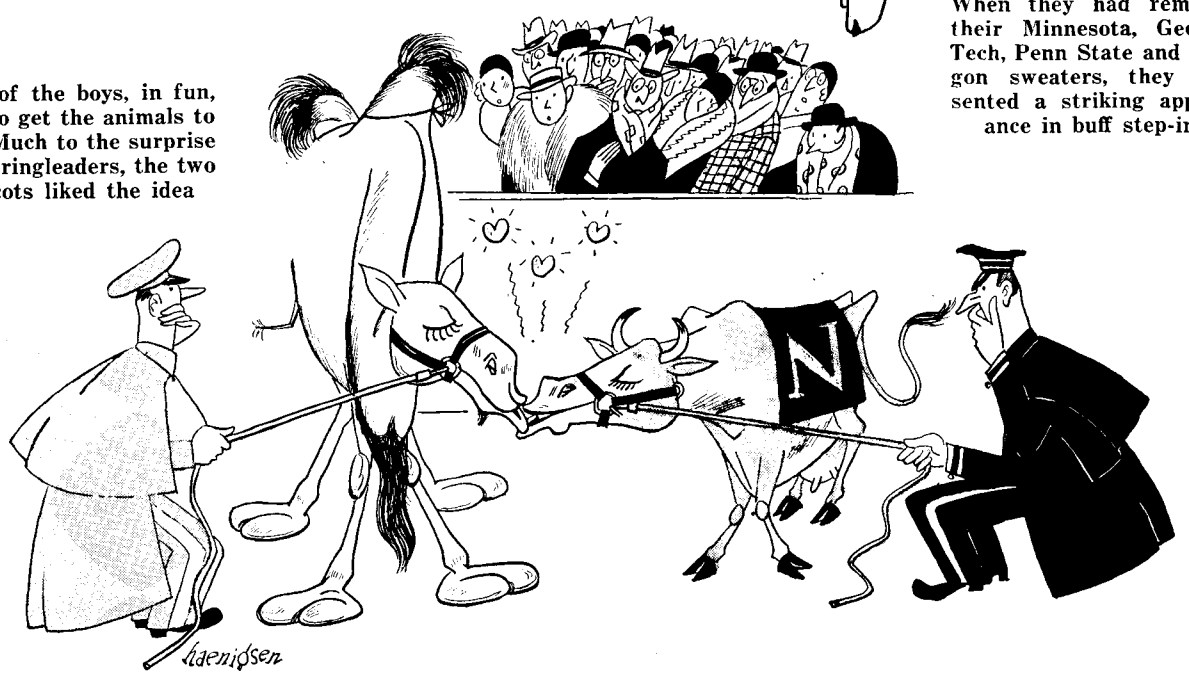
The West Point athletes, led by Captain Charles Daly, came through the west gate at 1:57, riding horses. When they had removed their Minnesota, Georgia Tech, Penn State and Oregon sweaters, they presented a striking appearance in buff step-ins, but the Annapolis cohorts were even more daring, dressed only in seal ring marks acquired in a game with Princeton.

Captains Daly and Dashiell were summoned to the center of the gridiron by Referee Tom Thorp, who took a quarter out of his overnight bag and bit it in two. He read the rules aloud and suggested that the periods be called chukkers as a tribute to the Polo Grounds. The captain seemed on the point of making no reply when John Brown of the Navy kicked off to Oliphant. "Ollie" ran the ball back ninety-two yards for a touchdown, but was out of bounds every step of the way and the Army was penalized half the distance to West Point.

French and Hackett replaced Oliphant and Cagle, who were evidently suffering from nervousness and lack of experience. Oliphant, who had been in the insurance business, explained afterwards that just as he caught the ball he looked into the stands and recognized Mr. Coolidge by his cowboy hat, and thought this would be a good chance to meet him and swap anecdotes. Mr. Coolidge gave out a statement to the effect that he was not there to sell insurance, but as a substitute for President Hoover, who is a headliner at Keith's in Washington this week. Oliphant merely shrugged when he read this statement.

The Navy took the ball while the cadets were attending classes. A forward pass, Shapley to Lloyd, and an exhibition of tap-dancing by Barchet carried the pigskin to the West Point twelve-yard line. The midshipmen appeared to be exposed to an almost certain touchdown, but Ingram called them into a muddle and the danger was averted by Jack Dalton, who drop-kicked back to his own thirty-yard line with his left heel.

The Army returned to the field and from then until the end of the half it seemed almost impossible for one team or the other to help scoring, but as is generally the case in this classic the rival elevens showed the results of long practice hours behind closed gates and were able to keep their offense a secret.



Some of the boys, in fun, tried to get the animals to kiss. Much to the surprise of the ringleaders, the two mascots liked the idea

An Embarrassing Moment

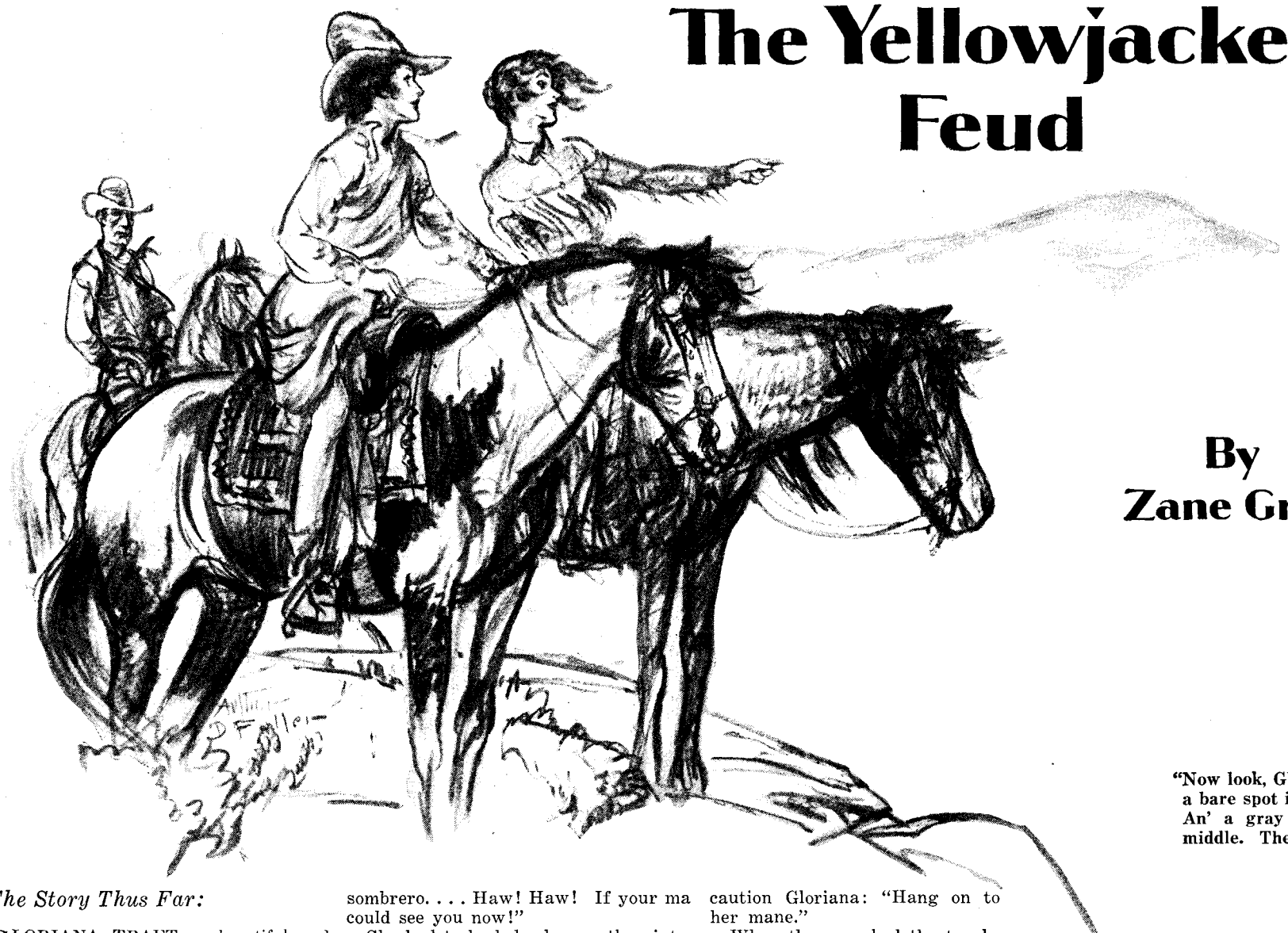
There was plenty to amuse and entertain the crowd between halves. The Flonzaley quartet (three drums and a ukulele), dressed in naval uniforms, marched to the middle of the field and formed a gigantic letter "H" as a token of respect to President Hoover, Hindenburg, Harvard, Henry Ford, Hope Hampton, the Happiness Boys and Clara Bow.

One of the cheer leaders (not the one that turned the cartwheel) then requested that the (*Continued on page 65*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Yellowjacket Feud

By Zane Grey



"Now look, Glory. There's a bare spot in the green. An' a gray dot in the middle. Thet's my home"

The Story Thus Far:

GLORIANA TRAFT, a beautiful and cultured Eastern girl, goes to Arizona to visit her uncle, old Jim Traft, a wealthy cattle king. She is followed by Ed Darnell, a scoundrel to whom she had once been engaged. Darnell goes to work for Bambridge, a crooked ranchman through whom the Hash Knife Outfit, a gang of desperadoes, has been disposing of cattle stolen from the Traft ranch—the Yellowjacket.

Young Jim Traft, Gloriana's brother, is leader of his uncle's men—the Diamond Outfit. He is engaged to little Molly Dunn, a lovely but uneducated Westerner.

Curly Prentis, a cowboy, who is in love with Glory, catches Darnell cheating at cards and orders him to leave town. Jed Stone, an outlaw who, after leading the Hash-Knifers for many years, has been succeeded by Croak Malloy, kills Bambridge.

Stone encounters old Jim Traft. "I'm leaving Arizona forever, an' this life I've led," he tells the ranchman. But what Traft tells him is even more amazing: while driving with Gloriana and Molly Dunn, he was held up and robbed by Croak Malloy. The desperado has ridden away with the two girls, whom he has promised to return, alive, only on condition that Traft go to Tobe's Well within three days and leave $10,000! Stone trails the bandit, finds him with his two terrified captives, and kills him.

In order to cure Gloriana of her Eastern pride and make her buck up against the real West, Jed and Molly pretend that Jed has rescued the two girls merely to have them for himself. He makes them cook for him and amuse him, and the next morning they are up early to be off for the Yellowjacket, though Gloriana does not know where they are going.

XI

PRESENTLY the girls appeared. Molly had taken the precaution to don a riding skirt and boots, but Gloriana wore the thin dress which Malloy had torn considerably.

"Where's your hat?" asked Stone.

"It blew off yesterday. . . . I—I forgot to look in my bag—and change. If you'll give me time—"

"Nope. Sorry, Gloriana. Didn't I tell you I was a hunted man? You'll have to ride as you are. Strikes me the Lord made you wonderful to look at, but left out any brains. You'll do fine in Arizona. . . . Here, wear Croak's sombrero. . . . Haw! Haw! If your ma could see you now!"

She had to be helped upon the pinto, which promptly bucked her off upon the soft sward. What injury she suffered was to her vanity. She threw off the old sombrero, but Stone jammed it back on her head.

"Can't you ride?" inquired Stone, gazing down upon her.

"Do you think I was born in a stable?" she asked bitterly.

"WAL, it'd be a darn sight better if you was. An' far as thet is concerned the Lord was born in a stall, so I've heerd. So it ain't no disgrace. . . . I'm curious to know why you ever come to Arizona?"

"I was a fool."

"Wal, get up an' try again. This little mare isn't bad. She was jest playin'. But don't let her see you're afraid. An' don't kick her in the ribs, like you did when you got up fust."

"I—I can't ride this way," she said, scarlet of face.

"Wal, you are a holy show, by golly," observed Stone. "I never seen so much of a pretty gurl. You shore wouldn't win no rodeo prizes fer modesty."

"Molly, I can't go on," cried Gloriana, almost weeping. "My skirt's up round my neck!"

"Glory, I don't see what else you can do. You'll *have* to ride," replied Molly.

"Thet's talkin'. Glory, you'll get some idee of the difference between a no-good tenderfoot from the East an' a healthy Western cowgurl. . . . Now, you follow me, an' you keep up, or there'll be hell to pay."

The ease with which Molly mounted her horse, a wicked black animal, was not lost upon Gloriana, nor the way she controlled him.

"Molly, you better lead this packhoss. I'll have to keep my eye on our cultured lady-friend hyar," drawled Stone, and he started off. At the gateway of the canyon, where a rough trail headed up toward the rim, he turned to caution Gloriana: "Hang on to her mane."

When they reached the top he had satisfaction in the expression of that young woman's face. Stone then struck out along the rim, and he did not need to pick out a rough way. The trail was one seldom used, and then only by riders who preferred to keep to the wilder going. It led through thickets of scrub oak, manzanita and dwarf pine, with a generous sprinkling of cactus. To drag Gloriana Traft through them was nothing short of cruelty. Stone kept an eye on her, though he appeared never to turn his head, never to hear her gasps and cries. Molly, who came last, often extricated her from some tangle.

Stone, from long habit, was a silent and swift traveler, and did not vary his custom now. But he had to stop more often to let the girls catch up. The condition of Gloriana's dress—what was left of it—seemed satisfactory to the outlaw. What a ludicrous and pathetic figure she made, hunched over her saddle, with the gunman's battered and bullet-marked sombrero on her head! She had pulled it down now, to protect eyes and face, thankful for it. Where was her disgust and horror? Nothing could have better exemplified the leveling power of the wilderness. Before Gloriana Traft got through this ride she would give all her possessions for a pair of blue jeans.

ABOUT the middle of the morning Jed came out on the high point of the Diamond Mesa. And he halted.

The girls came up, to gaze out and down.

"Oh—h!" cried Miss Traft, her voice broken, yet deep and rich with feeling. She did not disappoint Stone here.

"The Tonto!" screamed Molly, suddenly beside herself. "Jed, why didn't you *tell* me you were comin' heah? . . . Oh, Glory, look—look! It's my home."

"Home!" echoed Gloriana, incredulously.

"Yes. *Home!* . . . An' oh, how I love it! See thet thin line, with the white? Thet's the Cibeque windin' away down through the valley. See the big turn. Now look, Glory. There's a bare spot in the green. An' a gray dot in the middle. Thet's my home. Thet's my cabin. . . . Where I was born."

"I see. But I can hardly believe," re-

Illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plied Gloriana. "That tiny pin-point in all the endless green."

"Shore is, Glory. You're standin' on the high rim of the Diamond, a mile above the valley. But it looks close. You should see from down there. All my life I've looked up at this point. It was the Rim. But I was never heah before. . . . Oh, look, look, Glory, so you will never forget!"

The Eastern girl gazed silently, with eyes that seemed to reflect something of the grandeur of the scene. Stone turned away from her, glad in his heart that somehow she had satisfied him. Then he had a moment for himself—to gaze once more and the last time over the Tonto.

The Basin was at its best at sunrise or sunset, or in storm. Tranquil and austere now, it withheld something which the outlaw knew so well. The dotted green slopes from the rim merged in the green-black forest floor, so deceivingly level, but which in reality was a vast region of ridges and gorges. Molly called it home, and so it was for backwoodsmen, deer, bear and wild turkeys, and outlaws such as he. He liked best the long sections of yellow craggy rim stepping down into the Basin toward the west. They showed the ragged nature of the Tonto. Away beyond them rose the purple range, spiked as a cactus plant, and to the south, dim on the horizon, stood up the four peaks that marked the gateway of the Cibeque, out into the desert. But nowhere was the desert visible. Doubtful Canyon called to Stone. He had killed a man there once, in an argument over spoil, and he had never been sure of the justice of it. Doubtful had been well named. It was deep and black and long, a forest- and cliff-choked rent in the vast slope of the mountain.

"MOLLY, don't forget to show Gloriana some other places," said Stone, with a laugh. "There's West Fork, the village I used to ride through an' see you at Summer's store. An' buy you a stick of candy. . . . Not for years now. . . . An' never again. . . . There's Bear Flat an' Green Valley. An' Haverly's Ranch, an' Gordon Canyon. An' see, far to the east, thet bare yellow patch. Thet's Pleasant Valley, where they had the sheep an' cattle war which ruined your dad, though he was only a sympathizer, Molly. I reckon you never knew. Wal, it's true. . . . Miss Traft, you're shore the furst Eastern gurl ever to see the Tonto."

Though they wanted to linger, Stone ordered them on. Momentarily he had forgotten his rôle of slave-driver. But Gloriana had been too engrossed in her own sensations to notice his lapse.

Straight back from the rim he headed, through trailless forest of stunted pines and wilderness of rock and cactus, toward the far side of the mesa, which sloped to the east, and gradually varied its rough aspect with grassy levels and healthier growth of pine. When Stone crossed the drift fence, which along here had been cut by the Hash Knife, he halted to show the girls.

"Traft's drift fence. Gloriana, this is what the old man saddled on your brother Jim. There's nine miles of fence down, which Jim an' his uncle can thank Croak Malloy fer. But I will say the buildin' of this fence was a big thing. Old Jim has vision. Shore I'm a cattle thief, an' the fence didn't make no difference to me. I reckon it was a help to rustlers. But Malloy hated fences. . . . Wal, it'll be a comfort to Traft an' all honest ranchers to learn he's dead."

"Jed Stone, you—you seem to be two men!" exclaimed Gloriana.

"Shore. I'm more'n thet. An' I reckon one of them is some kin to human. But don't gamble on him, my lovely tenderfoot. He's got no say in my make-up."

Molly Dunn lagged behind, most intensely interested in that drift fence, the building of which had made her lover, young Traft, a marked man on the range, and which had already caused a good deal of blood-spilling. Stone had to halloa to her, and wait.

"What's ailin' you, gurl?" he queried, derisively. "Thet fence make you lovesick fer Jim? Wal, I reckon you won't see him again very soon, if ever. . . . Get off an' straighten thet pack."

While Molly heaved and pulled to get the pack level on the packsaddle again, Stone rolled a cigarette, and watched Gloriana. Her amaze at Molly Dunn amused him.

"Wal, Glory, she used to pack grub an' grain from West Fork on a burro, when both of them wasn't any bigger'n jack-rabbits."

"There's a lot I don't know," observed Gloriana, thoughtfully, as for the hundredth time she tried to pull her torn skirt down to hide her bare legs.

"Shore," agreed the outlaw. "An' when a feller finds thet out there's hope fer him."

HE LED on, calling for his followers to keep up, as they were losing time and the way was rough and long. As a matter of fact Stone could have led down into Yellowjacket that very day, but this was not his plan. He intended to ride these girls around, through the forest, up and down canyons, across streams, and among the rocks until one of them, at least, could no longer sit in the saddle. He was enjoying himself hugely, and when he saw how Gloriana had begun really to suffer, he assuaged his conscience in the same way that a surgeon excused his cruel bright blade. Stone believed now that the Eastern girl would come off in the end with flying colors, even if she went down flat on her back. She had something, he began to divine, and it would come out when physically she was beaten.

The rest of that day he rode through a maze of wild country, at sunset ending upon a weathered slope where he had to get off and walk.

"Hey, there," he called back. "Fall off an' walk. If your hoss slides, get out of his way. An' step lively so you won't go down in one of these avalanches."

All of which would have given a cowboy something to do. Molly had to stop often to rescue her friend, and more than once a scream rent the air. But at length they got across and down this long slant of loose shale, and entered a grassy wooded flat where water ran. Here Stone halted to make camp.

Gloriana came staggering up, sombrero in hand, leading her horse, and her appearance would have delighted even the most hardened Westerner who was inimical to tenderfeet. Her face was wan where it was not dirty, her hair hanging disheveled, and tangled with twigs, her dress torn into tatters. One stocking hung down over her shoe, exposing a bloody leg, and the other showed sundry scratches.

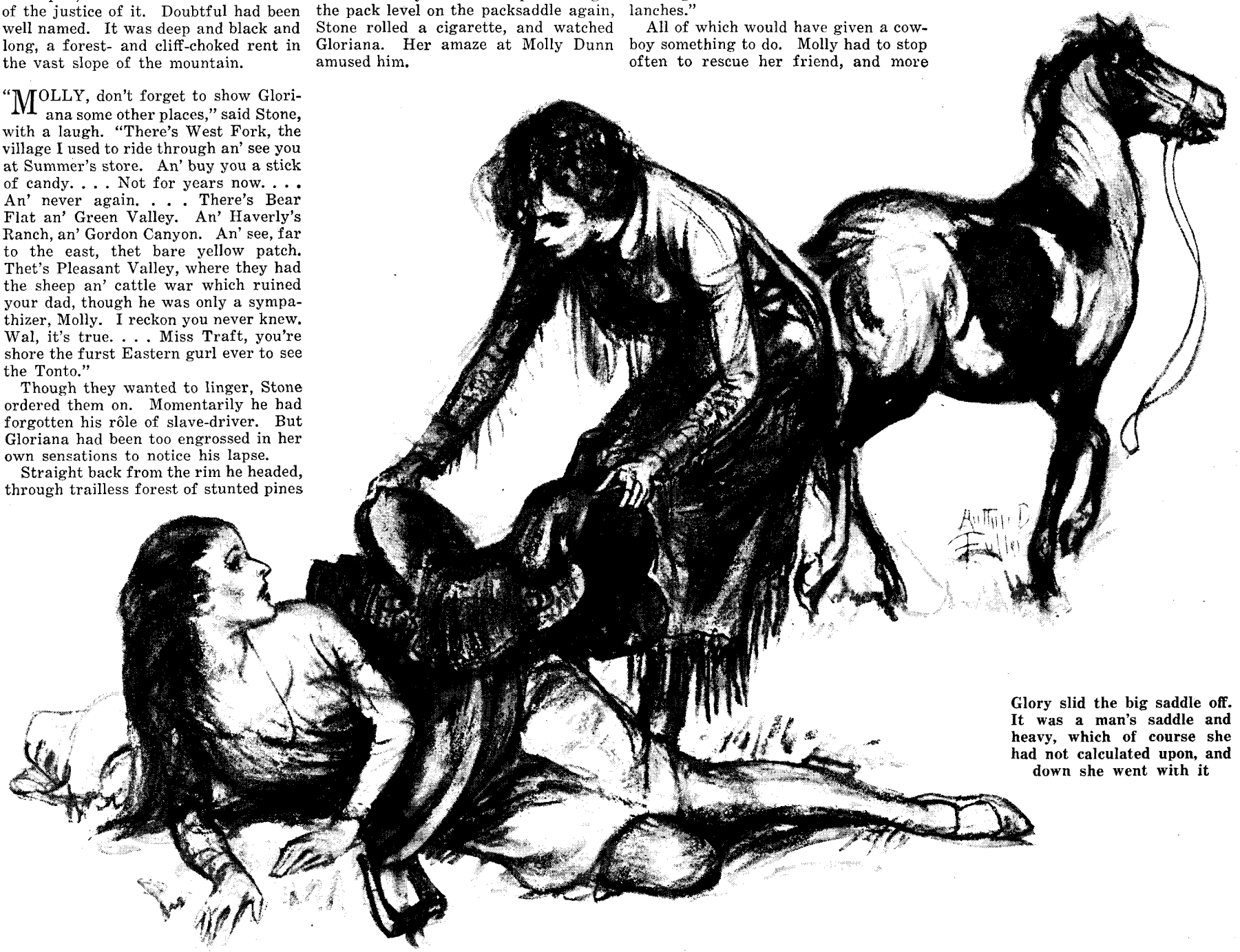
"Wat—er!" choked Gloriana, huskily, as she sank down on the sward.

"Aha! Spittin' cotton, my proud beauty?" ejaculated the outlaw. "Reckon you'd better have a drink out of my bottle." But she waved the suggestion aside with a gesture of abhorrence. And when Molly came carrying a dipper of water, Gloriana's great tragic eyes lit up. She drank the entire contents of the rather large vessel.

"Wal, Glory, you have to go through a good deal before you find the real value of things," remarked Stone, thoughtfully. "You see, most folks have life too easy. Take the matter of this drink of cold pure spring water. Sweet, wasn't it? You never knowed before how turrible sweet water could be, did you? It's the difference between life an' death."

"Thanks, Molly," said Gloriana, gratefully. "Aren't you—thirsty?"

"Not very. (*Continued on page 44*)

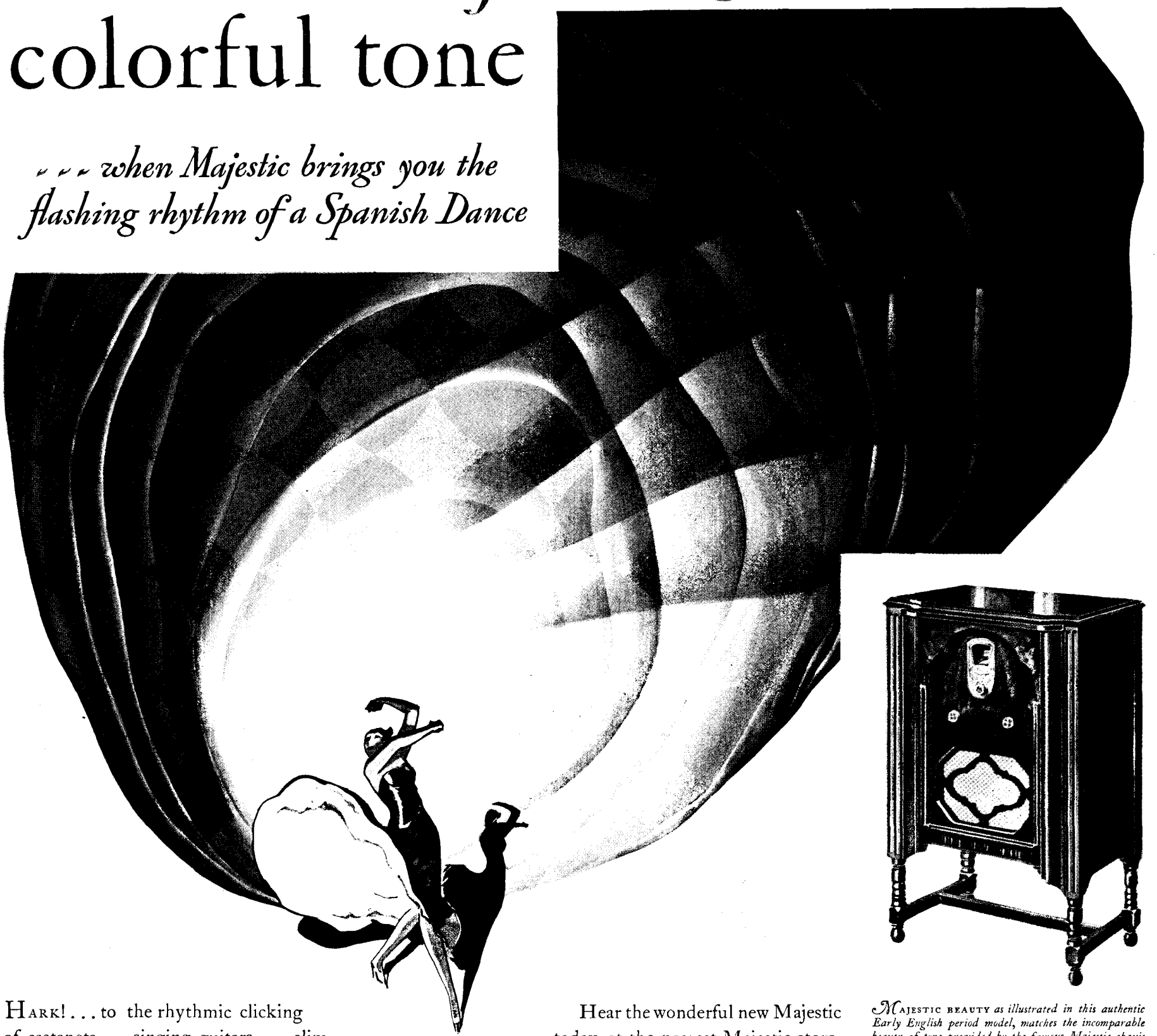


Glory slid the big saddle off. It was a man's saddle and heavy, which of course she had not calculated upon, and down she went with it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A *flaming* swirl of colorful tone

. . . when Majestic brings you the flashing rhythm of a Spanish Dance



HARK! . . . to the rhythmic clicking of castanets . . . singing guitars . . . slim Spanish heels beating staccato . . . rich Tango melody . . . and the dancer *there* before you. So gloriously real is Majestic's COLORFUL TONE that every note, every throb of melody, is lifelike, vivid, true beyond belief, beyond comparison . . . from deepest bass to highest treble.

Hear the wonderful new Majestic today, at the nearest Majestic store. Arrange for a home demonstration . . . no obligation, no expense. Test its sharp, single-channel selectivity . . . bringing in *only* the programs you *want*. Test its amazing range and glorious volume on distant stations. Learn how easily you can own it on Majestic's Finance Plan.

MAJESTIC BEAUTY as illustrated in this authentic Early English period model, matches the incomparable beauty of tone provided by the famous Majestic chassis and super-dynamic speaker . . . Tune in Majestic Theatre of the Air . . Wendell Hall, Director . . over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday evening from 9 to 10 Eastern Standard Time. Stage and screen headliners. $137.50 LESS TUBES

Jacobean Model, same chassis and speaker (less tubes), $167.50

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A. • WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF COMPLETE RADIO RECEIVERS

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

Majestic RADIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harber's gaze now shifted quickly from the dangling bare leg and passed to the picture that hid the silly little wall safe

Illustrated by Russell Patterson

Fatal Distinctions

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

FROM the doorway Harber's frowning gaze swept the room. Save for the still figure on the bed, the room looked as he had found it.

Never before had he struck a woman—let alone killed one. But there had been no alternative. She had surprised him, had come in suddenly when he believed her to be at the Mansion Club and good for two hours longer. When she switched on the lights he had been close enough to strike. And, as her eyes widened with fright, even as her lips opened for a scream, he had struck. Then, to keep those lips from ever telling what the startled eyes had seen, he stripped off one of her stockings and tied it tightly about her neck.

Harber's gaze now shifted quickly from the dangling bare leg and the satin slipper that lay, like a dainty caravel on its beam ends, where he had dropped it, and passed to the picture that hid the silly little wall safe. Reassured, he felt with gloved fingers the bulge of his breast pocket, switched off the lights, and went noiselessly into the night, confidently leaving another mystery for the police.

AT EIGHT o'clock in the morning a patrolman hurried to the apartment with the colored maid who made the discovery. And at his urgent summons Inspector Dan Starr hurried uptown, picking up Deputy Innis on the way. Their first impression when they entered the apartment of Mrs. Gillespie—formerly Countess d'Espar, and before that, two marriages earlier, plain Minnie Martin—was of a strangely powerful perfume that pervaded the place.

This scent was wasted on the officers. They looked for something more definite than a perfume. Yet they did not overlook the source of it. Starr picked up the delicate crystal bottle from under the dressing table and, after searching on hands and knees, found the jewel-like stopper, with its tapering dropper.

"Knocked off!" he announced. "See?" He indicated whitish spots on the front of the dressing table and on the floor where the alcohol had eaten away the varnish.

That was, however, all they found. There were no fingerprints, no clues of any kind. The night elevator man, roused from his sleep, insisted that he had taken up no strangers, seen none. He had snap-locked a rear entrance when he came on duty; investigation showed no sign of its having been forced.

Yet it was plain that someone had been in Mrs. Gillespie's apartment; as plain as the fact that she could not have strangled herself. Her wall safe was empty of all save a few valueless baubles; the jewels she always wore were gone from her person.

Starr and Innis searched and questioned and pondered—and got nowhere. They were on scratch, all set, but got no starting gun. For the moment it was just another puzzle. And the once obscure Minnie Martin, after many appearances, was first-page material for the last time.

At four o'clock, after a day of work in the dead woman's luxurious apartment, Dan Starr stopped at Temple's drug store. With the lemon-and-lime that he ordered at the fountain, he crossed to the toilet goods counter. A blond head appeared from behind a pyramid of bottles, and mischievous blue eyes smiled into his.

"Hello, Lou!" he said over his paper cup.

"Hello yourself!" the girl returned airily. "Phew! You smell like an afternoon bridge of the Ladies' Aid. Gee, Dan! You must have stuck awful close to her to carry away so much scent."

"Say," Dan rumbled indignantly, "where do you get that stuff?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. We've got nothing like it here." Then, as he bristled—"But maybe they've got up a distinctive perfume for men lately."

Dan Starr's red face grew redder. "What do you mean—men?"

"Well, you're the second one that's come in here wearing that perfume. It's certainly distinctive, Dan, but I didn't think—"

"WHAT'S that?" he broke in. "When was this?"

Lou looked at him wonderingly. "About the man, you mean?" He nodded impatiently. "Why, around quarter past one last night—or this morning—I dropped in here for a sundae—I'd been out to May's, you see—and this man came in. He's a regular, Harry says—comes in early about every evening—good-looking guy in dinner clothes. I got a whiff when he passed me, and say—the way he sprays himself must cost him plenty. That stuff's probably sold by the drop."

"You say it's unusual—and expensive?" Dan asked earnestly. Lou nodded agreement. "Well," Dan went on, "where would a dame with plenty of cash buy such stuff?"

"Hard to say," Lou replied, with a shrug. "But there's Ardnot's and there's Combray's. Then most beauty specialists carry special perfumes. What's up, anyhow?"

"I'll tell you later," Dan frowned. "I see that I got a lot of running around to do."

Inside of an hour Dan Starr, now belligerently jealous of his fragrance, set the crystal bottle before the experts in Combray's. They sniffed and smelled, and gave up. The perfume was of an exquisite rareness, but unknown to them.

At Ardnot's, however, he met better fortune, though the connoisseurs of scents were at first noncommittal, if not actually secretive. But, upon being desolated at learning their loss of a client, they admitted creatorship. The perfume had been invented and was manufactured exclusively for the Countess d'Espar!

Harber, immaculate in dinner clothes, came into Temple's drug store shortly before seven. He was suddenly seized from behind by a man who, at a wink from the soda clerk, strolled towards the cigar counter. His natural surprise developed into amazement when Dan Starr and Deputy Innis appeared from the rear of the store and manacled him to his captor.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Gillespie's maid came to Harber's room and identified the jewels which had been discovered at the bottom of Harber's trunk.

In the face of this evidence Harber, who had maintained a sullen silence, made full confession. "But what I can't understand," he wondered at the end, "is what led you to me. There wasn't a thing—"

"Oh, yes, there was," disputed Starr, drawing the crystal bottle from his pocket. "The private perfume of the woman. Here, smell of that. Why, you're drenched with it, man!"

Harber stared at the bottle. His head went back in a quick movement of resignation. "No use." With a hopeless gesture he waved the bottle aside. "I'm one of those freaks who never had the sense of smell."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Low Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters—$7.50

The Brunswick Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. It is sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment—available in six sizes, at $7.50, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (*prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada*)—at leading stores everywhere. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark in Gold, which is shown below.

BRUNSWICK
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MFG BY
THE BRUNSWICK BALKE COLLENDER CO

A Good Combination

WHETHER in a family group or in a game among friends—the companionship and enjoyable recreation to be found in billiards is a combination that's hard to beat.

Look at billiards from any angle and you'll call it the Greatest of Games. Amusement—Thrills—Exercise—Coordination—it gives you all—year in and year out—in any kind of weather.

And billiards is not hard to play. It comes to everyone—young and old alike—from the very beginning. The first game played demonstrates the fascination it exercises. Besides, it is an ideal form of health-building exercise that is sufficient to keep the average person fit. Billiards is rightly called—the King of Indoor Sports.

And billiards is quite inexpensive whether you play in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from $7.50 up. Each model, regardless of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (only a modest initial payment required) from the Brunswick branches, located in all principal cities.

Mail the coupon below for the "Home Magnet", a booklet of complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. There is no obligation implied.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 198, 623 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet", a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., *General Offices:* 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAXFREE MEANS THIS

OIL FLOWS AT 5 BELOW!

IT CIRCULATES AND LUBRICATES INSTANTLY

Think of being able to leave your car outdoors for hours in zero weather—and having your engine leap at the first touch of the starter without a grind or groan!

That is what the New Waxfree Havoline means in winter driving. It is a paraffin base oil that is free from wax.

Wax causes oil to congeal in freezing weather!

Because it is waxfree, this great new oil flows at five below zero. It circulates to every bearing at temperatures at which ordinary oils are stiff in the crankcase.

And because it is a pure, unblended paraffin base oil, it remains "oily" at high engine temperatures at which ordinary oils vaporize.

No other paraffin base oil flows at so low a temperature as the New Waxfree Havoline. It can be refined only by the revolutionary new *Govers Process*, exclusively controlled by the Indian Refining Company.

Change today to this ideal oil—if you would know summer convenience in winter driving. The New Waxfree Havoline retails for 35c per quart—it is worth far more in engine protection and peace of mind.

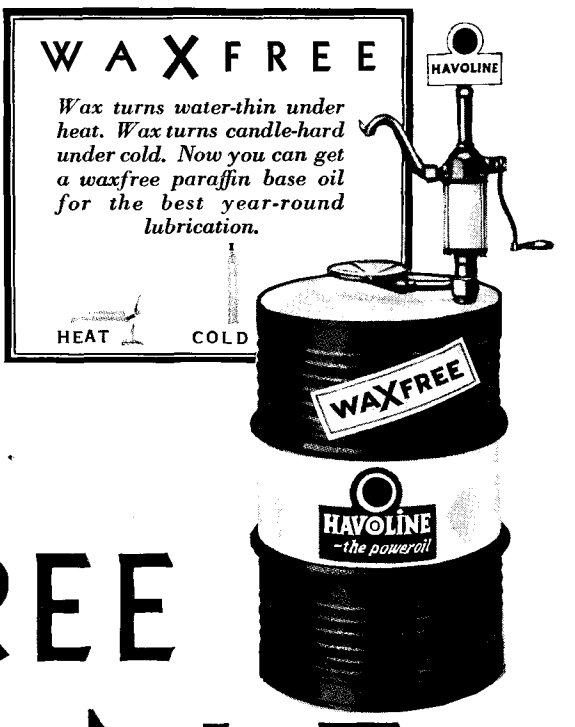
SPECIFICATIONS

The New Waxfree Havoline #30
*VISCOSITY STANDARD ESTABLISHED BY
the Society of Automotive Engineers

FLASH POINT	450° F.
FIRE POINT	520° F.
VISCOSITY at 130° F.	*220
VISCOSITY at 210° F.	58
COLD TEST	5 below zero F.

Specification figures for Havoline #30 are shown here because it is a popular grade of lubricant for a number of cars. Havoline dealers have the correct grade for every car.

Impartial oil experts can tell you these specifications show that the New Waxfree Havoline surpasses all previous standards of quality in oil.


WAXFREE
Wax turns water-thin under heat. Wax turns candle-hard under cold. Now you can get a waxfree paraffin base oil for the best year-round lubrication.
HEAT
COLD
HAVOLINE
WAXFREE
HAVOLINE
-the poweroil

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
LAWRENCEVILLE, ILLINOIS

The New WAXFREE HAVOLINE

35¢ a QUART *Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mule Man

Continued from page 11

Suster thought a while in silence. "How much do Billie Ball git?"

"He gits two-and-a-ha'f," Zeno told her. "'Cause he de driver, and dat's how much de boss man pay de drivers."

"Den whyn't you git one er dem two-and-a-ha'f jobs instid er dat dollar-six-bit job?" Suster asked suddenly.

Zeno all but lost patience with his wife. She was such a fool!

"'Cause I already got a job," he explained, patiently. "I'm de swamper, and de boss man—"

"Ef'n you was maybe a block setter or a driver, maybe," Suster interrupted, "you'd git two-and-a-ha'f?"

"Yeah, I reckon," Zeno admitted. "Ef'n dat was what I was, well, dat'd be what I'd git. But I ain't. I'm de swamper and de swamper gits—"

"Whyn't you git you one er dem jobs," Suster demanded, sharply, "and make dem two-and-a-ha'f wages, same like Tucker?"

ZENO became firm. "I'm makin' a dollar-six-bits, same as de yuther swampers," he said, "and hit ain't no need in makin' two-and-a-ha'f when I'm already makin' a dollar-six-bits."

"Hit's more gooder den a dollar-six-bits."

Zeno did lose patience! "For what?" he demanded. "Ain't a dollar-six-bits good enough? Ain't de man at de store sellin' you all de stuff you wants? Ain't us got plenty round de house? Ain't—"

Suster knew it was a fact. She had plenty. But still, she felt down in her heart that the higher wages were better. She searched for a reason to substantiate her intuition. "Us c'd buy more stuff," she said, lamely. "Us c'd buy me a new dress—"

"You got two dresses, now," Zeno reminded her gruffly, "and you can't wear but one er dem at de time." And he rolled over, turning his back to his wife, determined to end the foolish argument and sleep.

But he couldn't sleep. That sawmill man worried him. Suster was getting crazier and crazier all the time. He liked Suster when she didn't act a fool, but she had been acting a fool almost ever since he married her. He suddenly decided to kick Suster out of bed, put on his clothes, and go back to the Henning Farm that night, leaving his wife to get tricked by that lying, snake-in-the-grassing sawmill nigger!

He lay for a minute, trying to work himself into the proper mental state to kick his wife out of bed, but before he succeeded he noticed that Suster's breathing was interrupted frequently by stifled sobs. His heart melted. Once more he rolled over and tried to explain.

"You see, baby," he said, gently, "I'm de swamper. You got to have a swamper. S'posin' hit wa'n't no swamper? Who gonter find dem logs for ole Billie Ball? Who gonter clear de bresh away, and wade in de sloughs, and de cane, and fix de chains? You don't think Billie Ball gonter put dem mules in a mudhole to he know how deep she is, does you? Not Billie Ball. And who gonter lift dem skids off'n de couplin' pole and set 'em up so's de mules kin roll de log up?

"'Cause all dat stuff is what de swamper got to do. And dat's me. And de boss man pay de swamper—"

Suster deliberately rolled over and turned her back to him.

The next morning Zeno did not feel so well. Suster woke him up for breakfast about the time he got to sleep, it seemed like. She was silent during the meal, but she was not glum. Rather, she had the air of a martyr who was enduring torment and pitying her tormentor. It hurt Zeno.

"I wisht I'd kicked her outer bed," he grumbled as he threw the heavy harness on Dinah's back. "Didn't hardly gimme my breakfus'. Jest th'owed hit at me like I was a dog! And wawkin' 'bout de house spraddle-laigged so's she won't step on her lip!" But he knew he was lying to himself when he said it.

When the mules were harnessed and hitched to the wagon, and Billie Ball had inspected the collars, he mounted Sue and started for the woods.

"Which erway, dis mawnin', swamper?" he called cheerily to Zeno.

"Hit's some trees over back er dat cypress brake," Zeno mumbled. "Sixteen foots, all but de butts. Dat'll hold you all day long."

They rode in silence for nearly a mile. "I hates to put ole Rhody and Joe through dat swamp," Billie Ball said. "Wonder what de wawkin' boss'd say did I leave dem oaks for de bull teams and jump on dem ash logs over on de knoll?"

"He'd say a heap," Zeno predicted. "I axed him dat yistiddy, and he say dese oaks is for de six-mule teams, and de ash is for de four-mule teams, and de bull teams is snakin' out cypress. He say hit ain't gonter hurt yo' mules to git dey laigs muddy."

As the team left the principal road for the woods Billie Ball turned his attention to his mules and began singing his endless song:

"Grease on de axle; shackle on de hounds—
Captain-n-n-n!
Grease on de axle; shackle on de hounds—
Good ole waggin but she 'bout broke down—
Captain-n-n-n!"

The day wore on. Zeno worked hard. Frequently he was in mud up to his middle. He dragged chains, chopped brush, placed skids, and adjusted harness, while Billie Ball sat back and advised. It was hot, and the work was disheartening. He longed for his quiet, easy life at the Henning Farm where there was only one mule—his own special mule, and not Billie Ball's mules—to look out after.

"Hit's bad to git de mules' laigs all muddy and skunt up," he grumbled to himself. "But hit's good to git Zeno's laigs like dat."

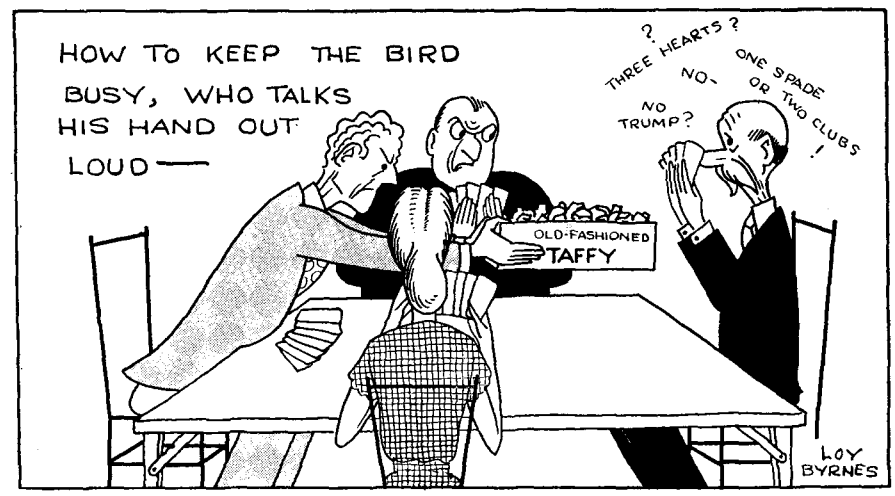
"SON, take dat swamp hook and de cross-haul and hook on dat log in dat mudhole. And git out de block and tackle. I'm gonter snake dat log up to my waggin. Hit ain't no p'int in sloshin' round in de mud, loadin' a log."

Zeno plowed through the rank, sticky blue mud, stumbled over buried cypress knees, tore his clothes and tore his skin, so Billie Ball's pet mules would not be inconvenienced.

By night Zeno was ripe for rebellion. He hated Billie Ball and he hated each of those six pet mules. He climbed atop the load for the ride to the mill, fully determined to leave for the Henning Farm as soon as the mules were fed and he got his supper.

But when the mules strung out on the long corduroy road over the sand the sight was too magnificent for him not to enjoy: Billie Ball sitting all humped over on Sue's back, as the big mule swayed from side to side, holding her doubletree even with the nervous Dinah's. The big tongue—as big as a

(*Continued on page 32*)



How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. 8-7-4 H. A-10-2 D. Q-J-9-8-5 C. 10-5	
West S. K-6-3 H. K-8-7-3 D. 6-4 C. K-8-4-2		*East* S. Q-9-5-2 H. 5-4 D. K-7-3 C. A-J-9-6
	South S. A-J-10 H. Q-J-9-6 D. A-10-2 C. Q-7-3	

THE above hand, given in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Auction Bridge. South bid one No Trump with no opposition.

If the game had been Contract, South would have bid one No Trump, North would have jumped him to two and South, with a hand which counted 15, would have bid three. When a dealer or second hand bids an initial one No Trump and his partner jumps to two, partner must have a hand that counts 9, 10 or 11; less than 9 would call for a pass, and 12 would call for a three-bid. If the original No-Trumper's count was 12, 13 or 14, he should pass; if his count be 15 or more he should bid for game. In this case South's hand counts 5 for his Ace and Jack of Spades, 3 for his Queen and Jack of Hearts, 4 for his Ace of Diamonds, 2 for his Queen of Clubs, and 1 for his pair of Tens—a total of 15.

The Play

West had an interesting choice between Hearts and Clubs in selecting his opening lead. If both suits had been either majors or minors there would have been so little choice that it could not have been considered anything more than a guess. But with one of the suits a major and the other a minor, it is advisable to lead the major because there is more probability of a No-Trumper having length and strength in a minor.

On West's lead of the Trey of Hearts, dummy plays the Deuce, East the Four and closed hand won with the Six.

Declarer then appreciated that he could take one Spade, three Hearts and one Diamond. If the adversaries should get in and lead Clubs, they might save the game by running that suit. It was probable that a shift of suit would follow the next adverse lead, so it was important that the Declarer cinch his game quickly and his best way to do so would be by winning five Diamond tricks. This would be possible with a 3-2 division of the adverse Diamonds, with the King held by East and with two leads from dummy; so, preparing to run the Diamonds, Declarer led the Nine of Hearts from the closed hand to trick 2.

This gave West the opportunity to make a keen play. He had every reason to expect the Five of Hearts to be in his partner's hand and to figure that South had the Queen and Jack. He also could be sure that if he played small, dummy would win the trick with the ten of Hearts and lead a Diamond. It was quite evident that Declarer was putting dummy in with Hearts for that object and consequently that he desired to finesse Diamonds. West knew that the finesse would succeed and Declarer's scheme would work unless he could block it by keeping dummy from getting in a second time to cash his Diamonds. If East has the Five of Hearts, as West figures, this can be accomplished by sacrificing a Heart trick by playing the King of Hearts on this trick. That one trick might be all Declarer needed to make game but West had every reason to figure that giving up one Heart would save two Diamonds. It was far from a cinch play, but West tried it.

As will be seen, it blocked Declarer's scheme. He won with the Ace of Hearts and then led the Queen of Diamonds from dummy. East, who appreciated his partner's clever play, did not cover the Queen; South finessed (playing the Ten) and the Queen won. The Nine of Diamonds came next as the lead to trick 4, but East again played small and South once more finessed. A third Diamond from dummy would catch the adverse King, but dummy would be left without a vestige of an entry to make his two established Diamonds; so Declarer's best chance was to lead a Spade. If East had both King and Queen, game might yet be won. When the Spade finesse lost, West led the Deuce of Clubs and game was saved by running that suit.

It was possible, of course, for Declarer to have prevented West from making the fatal King play by taking the first trick with the Queen or Jack of Hearts. Doing that and then leading the Six from closed hand would have given dummy two sure Heart entries, but very few players in the West seat would have had the acumen to do so.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

	North S. J-8-7 H. A-K-J-4 D. A-J C. A-J-10-3	
West S. None H. Q-10-9-8 D. K-Q-10-9 C. K-Q-9-8-2		*East* S. Q-6-5-3 H. 7-6-5-2 D. 8-5-4 C. 7-4
	South S. A-K-10-9-4-2 H. 3 D. 7-6-3-2 C. 6-5	

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page 31*)

man's body, and reënforced with iron strips, stuck straight to the front—was rigid with the force from the four mules that pulled steadily at the end of it.

Zeno grinned and slapped his leg in pure enjoyment. "Doggone ole Miz Mitchell!" he exulted. "All spraddled out!"

Suddenly ambition seized him! He wanted to drive a log team! He wanted to sit humped over on his saddle mule and talk to mules! It was the glory of it that appealed to him.

"Billie Ball," he said boldly, "I b'lieve I'll git me a job drivin'. 'Cou'se I can't drive good as you. Can't nobody do dat. But I driv mules back on de Hennin' Farm all my life, mighty nigh. And I been watchin' how you done, too."

"You like mules, hunh?" Billie Ball warmed with the compliment. "I knowed you was too good a swamper not to like mules." And without a word more Billie Ball threw his leg over Sue's back, stepped down on the tongue and walked back to the wagon. "Git on and drive 'em in. Lemme see kin you," he said.

Zeno had to clench his teeth to keep his heart from jumping out of his mouth as he climbed down and made his way to the saddle. But he made it all right, and he threw his leg over Sue's back with an affected boredom that would have done credit to Billie Ball himself. He squared himself in the saddle, humped over, and soon he was swaying easily with Sue's walk.

That accomplished, he decided to branch out a little. He cast an eye at his off-wheeler and saw that she was walking well away from the tongue, picking her steps gingerly over the ends of the poles across the road.

"Haw, Dinah! Haw a little bit," he said in his hoarsest voice. And when the big mule obediently obliqued toward him, his enthusiasm knew no bounds.

IMMEDIATELY he reached for the jerkline that hung loosely on Sue's hame. He shook the line ever so slightly and commanded: "Yeah, yeah, Rhody! Watch out, Joe!" And Rhody veered to the right, pushing Joe with her, just as he had expected.

But it put him in trouble so suddenly that he did not understand what happened, or how. All he knew was that for no apparent reason the right front wheel jumped from the substantial corduroy road hub-deep into the sand, and immediately two of the three logs bounded off the wagon!

Billie Ball explained afterward that the "swing mules was rattin', and you yeah-ed de leaders too hard." Which meant that the mules directly at the end to the tongue were not pulling as they should have been when the lead mules, who were pulling hard, suddenly changed direction to the right.

But Zeno never got into that much detail. He merely stopped the team and immediately began placing chains and skids for the reloading process.

Billie Ball never said a word. When they finished reloading, Zeno crawled back upon top of the logs, and Billie Ball mounted his mule. Unloading, unharnessing and feeding were accomplished in silence.

Zeno stumbled home from the corral in as much despondency as it was possible for a man his size to wade through. But Suster was all smiles when she saw him.

"Come on, Zeno, darlin'," she greeted. "Come and git yo' supper before hit gits all cold. Cabbages and fat meat, hon. You likes dat more gooder den fish, hunh? I bet you's nigh starved to death! Out yonder workin' like a dog and not gittin' but a dollar-six-bits when you ought to be makin' two-and-a-ha'f."

Zeno blinked. There it went again! "I ain't much hungry," he said.

But Suster was all a-flutter, "I got good news," she said. And when Zeno did not even ask her what it was, she was too enthusiastic to be disappointed. "Tucker, he was down here for dinner again today."

"Tucker, hunh?" Zeno grunted. "Dat no-count sawmill nigger?"

"He was sweet-tawkin' at me," Suster continued, ignoring Zeno's comment. "He say do I quit marryin' wid you and marry wid him, he say he gonter give me all his wages! And he makin' a natchal two-and-a-ha'f, settin' dem blocks!"

"Unh!" Zeno grunted as though a mule had kicked him in the stomach. "You likes dem two-and-a-ha'f wages gooder den you likes a dollar-six-bits?"

"Sho' I does—"

"WELL," concluded Zeno, "dat's you and him. I ain't studdin' no two-and-a-ha'f wages. I ain't even studdin' no dollar-six-bits wages. And I ain't studdin' you, too. When I married wid you I was makin' crops on de Hennin' Farm. But naw! You wanted wages! So I gits me dis job makin' wages! And now hit's got so dat you don't like dat. So you got to pick you out a sawmill nigger for a husband. All right, you got him. And how long you gonter keep him, well, dat's you and him. 'Cause I'm goin' back to de Hennin' Farm."

Suster sat through the speech with opened mouth and bucked eyes. Presently a little whimper escaped her lips, and then a hysterical scream.

"Not like dat, Zeno," she begged. "Now? You's tawkin' bad, now, hon. I ain't gonter marry wid dat lyin' scound'el—"

"You said," accused Zeno.

"Nawp!" Suster insisted. "Nawp! I said he was sweet-tawkin' at me. So I tole him I was gonter tell my big ole husband on him as quick as you got in f'm de woods. And I tole him you was powerful bad wid mens which sweet-tawked at me."

Zeno's interest quickened some. "You tole him dat?" he asked.

"Sho' I tole him dat," Suster declared. "I tole him you'd git yo' double-ba'el shotgun and cut him in two—"

Zeno became enthusiastic. "You tole him dat, sho' nuff, baby?" he grinned. "Tell him some more stuff, gal!"

"I didn't had time," Suster explained. "He jest got his hat and got on down de road. Put hisse'f in a skiff and paddled right 'cross de river to Arkansas."

"Wid me shootin' at him, ev'y jump!" beamed Zeno, loading and firing the non-existing shotgun with great rapidity and scattering buckshot all around the fleeing home wrecker.

"And dat ain't all, hon," Suster went on. "When he runned off to Arkansas, well, hit wa'n't nobody left to set de blocks for Mister Dick up at de sawmill. So I been up dar settin' dem blocks all evenin' and gittin' de job for you so's you kin start workin' for two-and-a-ha'f in de mawnin'!"

Zeno's enthusiasm vanished practically instantaneously. "Now, den," he said quietly, "I knowed hit was some bad luck somewheres. You was singin' at de table—"

"But dat's good, darlin'," insisted Suster. "I set dem blocks. Hit's easy. All you got to do is jest watch Mister Dick and he tell you what to do. He show you whar to put de pegs and den he hold up a finger and den you puts de peg in dat hole. Hit's easy, baby."

"Workin' in dat sawmill?" protested Zeno. "Wid all dat trash and stuff flyin' round?"

"'Cou'se you got to mind out," admitted Suster. "Dat big drivin' belt come right about whar you stand, and when de saw hit a knot de belt gits to seesawin' round you, and you got to mind out."

Zeno spent a very nervous night, and he was at the sawmill the next morning long before the whistle blew. He was jumpy around machinery, and he had a total lack of confidence in his ability to become a block setter. But he couldn't think of any way to get out of it.

Patient to surgeon (about to operate): "Does it make you nervous if I watch you operate?"

Mister Dick, the sawyer, came early too, and went over the details of the business of block setting with Zeno. "It'll be easy today," he said. "We're sawing mostly two-inch stuff, and all you'll have to do is yank this lever when I signal."

"Yassuh," said Zeno, without enthusiasm.

THE whistle blew at seven o'clock, and in less than a minute the machinery was whining. A big white oak log was rolled upon the carriage, Mister Dick signaled and Zeno pulled a lever. The log slid into place. Then Mister Dick pulled a lever, and the log moved slowly toward the big circular saw. Sawdust and bark flew—mostly down Zeno's back, he figured—and a huge slab fell away from the side of the log.

Back again the carriage went. Mister Dick signaled, and Zeno pulled the lever. Once more the carriage advanced and the sawdust flew. And a wider slab fell from the log. Again and again the operation was repeated. Then the log was turned, Zeno moved a peg and pulled the lever just as directed.

"You're doing fine," Mister Dick shouted at him above the noise.

Zeno didn't understand, and he turned to ask what the sawyer had said. But just then the mill foreman, coming from behind, yelled at him: "Watch out, boy! Don't back into that belt!"

Zeno jumped forward, and the foreman caught him and held him back. "If you jump on that saw, you fool," he shouted, "you'll be sausage."

Zeno's teeth clattered and he was looking for an approximately clear path to safety.

"Don't get rattled," soothed the foreman. "You're doing all right."

At that moment Zeno saw Mister Lee, the walking boss, come under the shed, and he ached awfully to explain his troubles to the woods foreman. But Mister Lee didn't notice him. He came up and started some kind of an argument with the mill foreman, and Zeno continued at his job of block setting, heartbroken.

Presently the saw struck a big knot in the log, and whined loudly. The carriage slowed down, the engine labored, and the drive belt zigzagged on the pulleys. About the same time a sizable chunk of wood whizzed through the air from the saw and struck Zeno on the shin. It hurt him, and he bent over to rub the bruise.

As he bent over, the edge of the drive belt swished across the seat of his loose overalls with blistering speed. Zeno shut his eyes and died.

When he came to, he was well out from under the shed, and the mill foreman was holding him vigorously by the suspenders. The walking boss was still arguing:

"Here, I drive clear to the Henning Farm to hire a swamper to take his place so I can put him on a team, and I find you've got him hired in the mill! I'm not rustling labor for the whole outfit, you know."

"I've got to have a block setter of some kind," insisted the foreman, "and this is the only nigger—"

"Whyn't you take on that nigger I'm firing?" suggested the foreman. "He ought to be good around the mill; he ain't worth nothing in the woods. And this boy is a good woodsman. And handier around mules than anybody in camp except, maybe, Billie Ball."

ZENO didn't understand what they were talking about, but he felt that the walking boss was his friend. "Cap'm, suh," he stammered, "kin I git my swampin' job back, maybe?"

"Nawp," said the walking boss. "I'm putting you on that team of grays that Link had. I got a boy to take your place with Ball."

"Me?" asked Zeno. "Gonter drive a team. You reckon I kin?"

"Sure you can," the walking boss said. "I've been watching the way you handled yourself, and I like the way you treat mules. You'll have to work hard with the grays, though, because Link's about got them ruined."

"Where is this nigger Link?" interrupted the mill foreman.

"He'll be in with a load in a short time. He doesn't know he's fired yet. I've been looking for this boy all morning."

The exchange of jobs was quickly accomplished. Link was as happy to get into the mill as Zeno was to get out. He climbed upon the big gray near wheeler, hunched over in the saddle just like Billie Ball, gathered his lines up carefully—this was his own individual touch—and whistled softly:

"Rock away, babies," he called. "Step around to I gits y'all named so's us kin haul dese logs and make dat two-and-a-ha'f for Suster's yuther dress! Haw, a little bit, gal. Don't git dem white footses in dat mudhole. I'm gonter put some silk stockin's on dem laigs er you'n quick as I gits you fatted up! Yeah, yeah, out yonder in front! Try dat yu-yu stuff on me, and I bet I raps on yo' ding-dong!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ITS OWNERS SAY *MY BUICK* MUCH AS THEY WOULD SAY *MY FRIEND*

GOOD FRIENDS: Man and man . . . man and his four-footed comrades . . . man and his Buick.

Men and women who own Buicks have more than a liking for their cars. They have a degree of loyalty and admiration amounting to real friendship. They look upon Buick as the only car in the world for them. . .

"The Buick I drive today is no longer modern (it will be eight years old next month!) but we shall continue to use it till next January, when we anticipate the purchase of a new Buick."

"Having driven Buicks for seventeen years—they are so endeared to my affections—such an integral part of my life—"

These quotations, from among the hundreds of letters which have poured in to the Buick factory, typify the attitude of Buick owners the world over. Buick, to them, is more than a medium of transportation. It is that, of course, but such *superb transportation* that it looms much bigger in their eyes.

They have driven this car for so many years—worked and played with it so intimately—found it such a worthy and dependable companion in all moods—that they have come to regard Buick as *an integral part of their lives*, and they speak of it accordingly.

These owners buy from 60 to 70 per cent of all the Buicks produced. They purchase more Buicks than the total annual production of any other fine car. They buy Buicks again and again. And, together with the steadily increasing number of new owners, they purchase from two to five times as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200.

The builders of Buick can do little to repay such friendship, except to produce the finest motor car it is humanly possible to build. This they will continue to do, in appreciation of that great family of owners and prospective owners who speak of Buick much as they would speak of a friend.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

Buick

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLYS-KNIGHT

SLEEVE-VALVE POWER

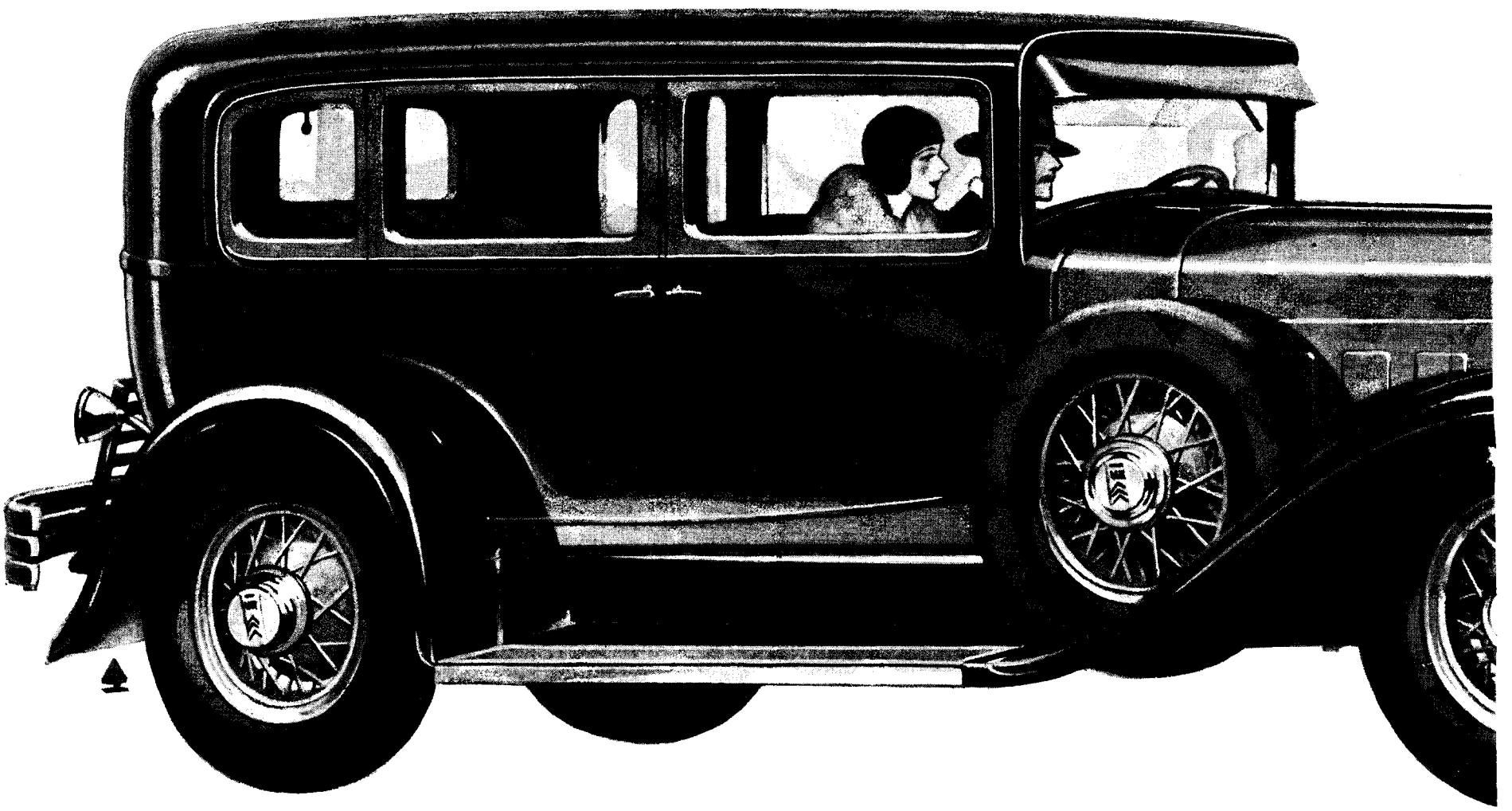
IN TWO SERIES OF FINE CARS PRICED

$1045 to $1895

THE thousands of new style Willys-Knights on streets and highways are revealing to America's motorists the achievement of higher ideals in fine car design. ¶ And the drivers of these Willys-Knights are enjoying an advanced type of motor car performance—such smoothness, such evenly flowing power, such brute endurance and operating economy as only the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine can give. ¶ Willys-Knight's beauty and power now distinguish two series of ultra-modern automobiles—the popular low-priced "70-B," the largest, smartest and most powerful Knight-engined car ever offered at such a low price, and the beautiful new Great Six, which in design, luxury and performance is the outstanding triumph of Willys-Overland's twenty-two years of building quality motor cars.

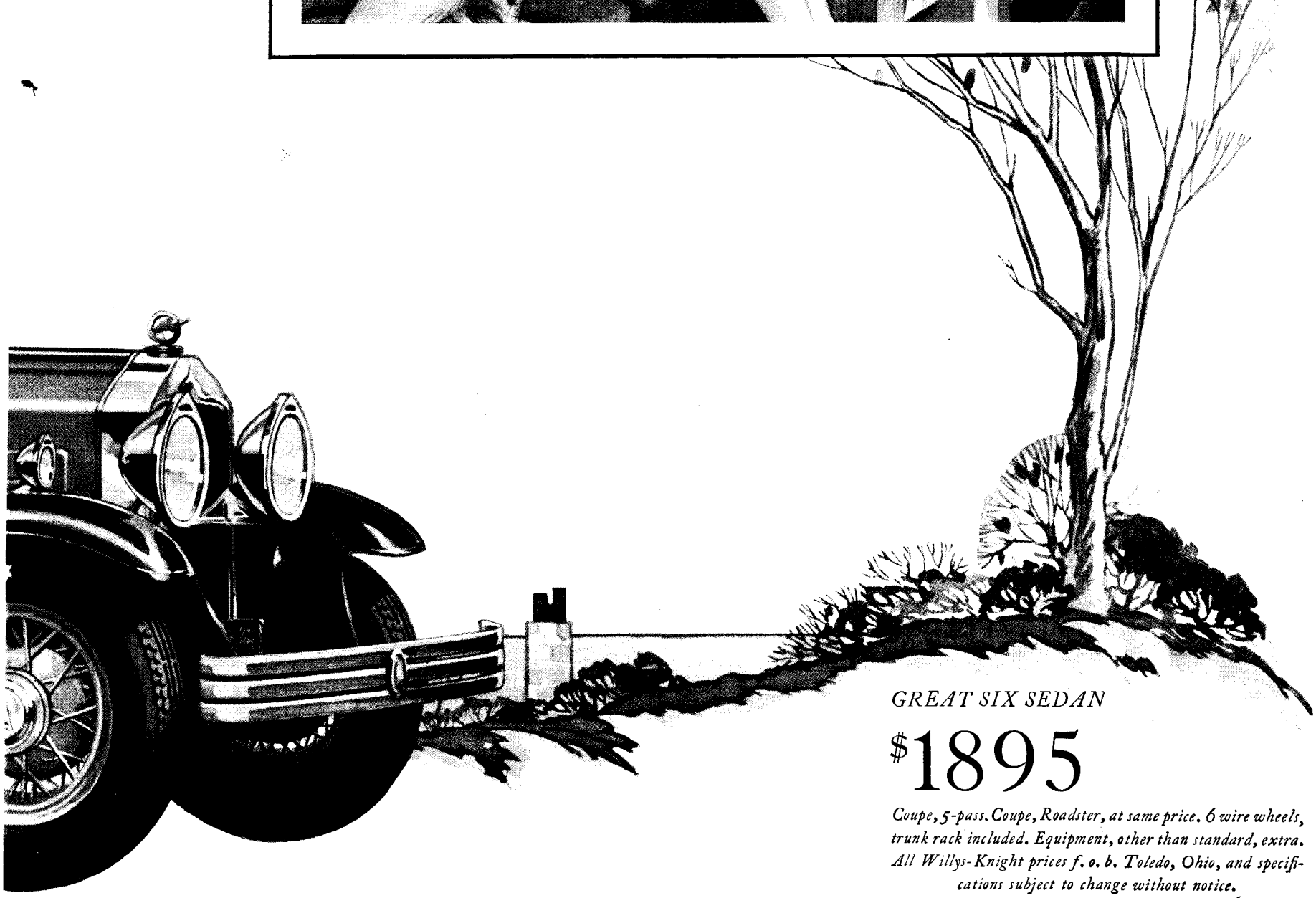
WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CUSTOM BEAUTY AND

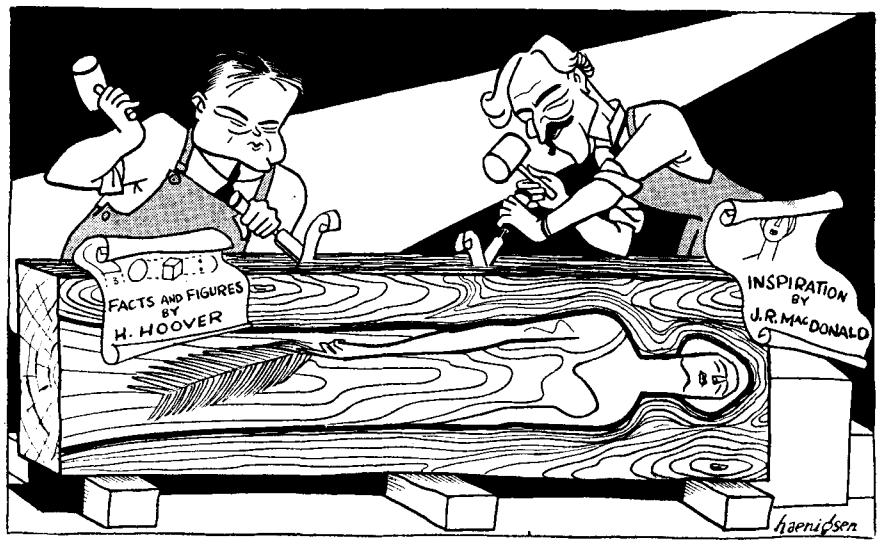


GREAT SIX SEDAN

$1895

Coupe, 5-pass. Coupe, Roadster, at same price. 6 wire wheels, trunk rack included. Equipment, other than standard, extra. All Willys-Knight prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Great Scot

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

WHAT one heard and saw of Ramsay MacDonald in Washington made one think of Woodrow Wilson. His visit to this country may be compared to Wilson's visits to England and Italy before the Paris Peace Conference began. Both had the same ideal of permanent peace. There was the same evangelical note about both of them, Wilson being the son of a preacher and MacDonald being quite evidently a deeply religious man.

Religion, lying somewhere near the surface of everything MacDonald said, was one unexpected element; one rarely gets such a sense of the vitality of a public man's religious faith in American public life. Here, religion among politicians is more or less a matter of correct deportment. In England it is common enough to find public men who are deeply religious. There was Gladstone. There is Lord Robert Cecil. MacDonald belongs to this tradition.

MacDonald has not Wilson's egotism. If his naval reduction hopes are frustrated it will be impossible for MacDonald to speak of those who may frustrate them as "breaking the heart of the world."

He believes that defeats and delays are inevitable in the accomplishment of the aims he has in mind. And he does not think of them as *his* aims. Being a Socialist, though a very moderate one, he has the somewhat fatalistic attitude of all Socialists. So he thinks of the processes that make for peace as inevitable and of himself as no more than the humble instrument in furthering them.

This humility is not mere deportment on his part. He has had too many hard knocks from life to take himself with great seriousness. "I have had my ups and my downs," he often says, "and I have been very far down." He takes the ups and the downs as part of what fate has in store for him.

Master of His Environment

In a measure the striking difference between Wilson and MacDonald in this respect is due to the different experiences of life of a Briton and an American. In America life is more plastic than it is in the older countries where solidification has taken place. Over here a man habitually regards himself as the master, at least potentially, of his environment.

As a result MacDonald has not the air of greatness, the consciousness of his intellectual and moral superiority, that Wilson had. Therefore he seems nearer to the ordinary man with whom he comes in contact than Wilson ever could.

His absence of self-consciousness makes one feel very strongly his simplicity and sincerity. He has a lively sense of humor; I am sure he can laugh at himself, which is something Wilson never could really do.

Placed in a situation such as Wilson was in when his League of Nations plan was before the Senate, he would unhesitatingly compromise, because, first, his ego would hardly enter the equation at all, and because, second, he thinks of the evolutionary process as a slow one in which steps are short and every one of them, no matter how disappointingly short, is worth taking. He has no idea that there is any short cut from war to peace. All of these are sane and valuable attributes.

Jumping to Conclusions

Like Wilson, like all idealists, for he is an idealist, he is vague. He has not the capacity for patient attention to details. Wilson went to Paris with a big idea of international organization but with no plans. And I doubt whether the coming international conference on naval disarmament would have worked in advance to the point of an understanding between Great Britain and the United States except for the patient insistence of President Hoover.

The communications between Hoover and MacDonald which preceded the visit to Washington must have been trying to the American with his blue prints and his statistics before him. MacDonald is reported to have made mistakes even about the size and number of British cruisers. He had a cheerful way of jumping to the conclusion that the differences between this country and his own were negligible—somewhat disconcerting to Washington, which must see everything in black and white.

But personal contact with MacDonald removed all of Washington's feelings of impatience and uncertainty. The charm of the man is extraordinary. His sincerity is beyond question. President Hoover expanded before his idealism, for Mr. Hoover is fundamentally an idealist whom training and experience of life have tied down to facts and figures.

I doubt if the President ever delighted so in a visitor as he did in the British Prime Minister. Working together they make a great pair, for each supplements the other. If there had been a Hoover in the Peace Conference to work with Wilson the result might have been different.

The Age of Youth

Continued from page 23

suddenly appalled at his own unbending, he clicked his teeth upon the final "g" and turned back into the depths of his cage. *Tomorrow morning!*

Donna had vaguely thought that it might be longer. She had an idea that the larger the amount of the check, the more trouble and delay there was in getting hold of the money. Tomorrow morning, eh? But there was no reason on earth why she should stay until then at the Hotel Mercat. She had three hundred dollars which she had offered Jinny—she blushed as she realized that Jinny had thought it was offered as a bribe—and she went to another window and drew two hundred of it.

THREE blocks from the bank was a luggage shop. She bought an excellent suitcase, without fittings, for eighty-five dollars. She paid cash for this, and then asked to be shown trunks. She selected two, one with drawers and compartments only, and one equipped only with hangers for frocks. They came to three hundred and twenty-five dollars. They were by no means the most expensive in the shop, but were serviceable as well as good-looking.

"Send the trunks to me tomorrow—at the Herndon," she said. "Miss Donna Raynor."

The salesman reached for a pad and pencil.

"You have an account here, Miss Raynor?"

"Why—er—no," she said. "But—I bank at the Fifteenth National, and—"

The salesman appraised her.

"It would be a pleasure to open an account for you, Miss Raynor," he said. "The Fifteenth National, I think you said. And there's really no need for you to pay for the suitcase. Let that go on the bill, Miss Raynor."

She was pretty, looked honest, must have clothing or she'd not require two expensive trunks and a suitcase, and she banked at the Fifteenth National. Charge customers buy twice as much as those who must pay cash. The salesman sold her a plain black leather bag, equipped for bottles but not fitted, for one hundred and forty dollars on her way to the door. That also was charged.

She took a taxi back to the Mercat, went to her room and in the one bag managed to crowd the few personal effects which were to attend her on her migration. Then she rang for the slatternly colored chambermaid who intermittently attended the wants of the Mercat's guests. To the grateful maid she presented her shabby clothing and also the battered trunk. Then, in too much of a hurry to escape these drab surroundings to wait for a dilatory bellboy, she carried her bag to the elevator. She paid her bill—it amounted, for the four days since it had last been paid, to a trifle over sixteen dollars—and stepped into a taxi outside.

It was on the tip of her tongue to tell the driver to take her directly to the Hotel Herndon, but the bellboy who had carried her bag from the desk to the street lingered within earshot. It would be as well to throw what obstacles were at hand in the way of any possible prying curiosity. The Herndon was the most fashionable hotel in the city. It would arouse a certain interest if it were known that a resident of the Mercat moved thence to the Herndon.

"Grand Central Station," she said to the driver.

She felt like the heroine of the latest newspaper triangle as she thus covered her tracks.

At the station she merely transferred herself to another taxi, and ten minutes later she was registering at the Hotel Herndon: "Miss Donna Raynor, New York City." The clerk eyed her speculatively. The Herndon could afford to be selective, and while its attitude toward single women from out of town was cordial, it was not anxious to fill its rooms with young women who were native to the city. In the case of a spinster, if the outmoded word still has meaning, there is virtue in an out-of-town residence.

However, the clerk was as generous in his estimate of her as had been the salesman at Bleakie and Company's shop. She was a well-bred young woman, of modest and pleasing demeanor, with plenty of good looks, and he summed her up in the one word, "class."

From the window of her room Donna looked out upon Central Park. Immediately below her hummed the traffic of Fifth Avenue, its raucous noises diminished by height to a pleasant murmur, punctuated by an occasional staccato back-fire. But beyond, the trees were burgeoning in early summer green. Boats plied the waters of a little lake, propelled by shirt-sleeved youths who sought an exercise denied them through the chill winter. A few antiquated hansoms moved sedately amid the throng of motors.

Reluctantly she turned away from the entrancing view. She went to the telephone and asked that a hairdresser and a manicure be sent to her in exactly thirty minutes. The half hour intervening she spent in the bath, and she was fresh and dainty in a simple dressing gown when she gave herself over to the ministrations of the two beauty specialists. Hair waved, manicured, massaged, soothed by the ministrations of deft fingers and the applications of cream and lotions, she picked up the telephone two hours later and asked for a number.

ONCE a week, religiously, during her residence in New York, Donna had made a point of going to a good restaurant at the luncheon hour. Attired in her best, it had given her a subtle feeling of self-assurance to enter Pierre's, Sherry's, the Marguery or the Colony, and to permit herself an extravagance utterly unjustified. She knew better than to make frequent appearances at any one place; to be noticed means to be remarked upon, and speculation is not good for a girl even though the speculation be done by complete strangers. But she read the papers, and frequently she saw pictures of men or women next to whom she had lunched the previous week. She knew the names and features of a score of smart people. And one young woman she had spoken with.

A week ago, indulging in her desire to be—even remotely—of the smart world, Donna had lunched at the Colony. She had recognized—as who that read the tabloids might not—the extremely chic and equally unconventional Libby Prentiss.

Libby Prentiss had divorced herself from the laws of decorum as casually as her parents had divorced themselves from each other. Not, as people too swiftly pointed out, that Libby ever did anything *wrong*, but. . . . She refused to live with either parent; she insisted that she would not be bored, and surrounded herself with what she termed "amusing" people. But it is

(*Continued on page 38*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sunlight that comes up from the Sea in ships

Who would think of finding summer sunshine deep in the icy waters of the northern seas? Yet here it is that hardy fishermen run their nets—here they seek the codfish whose livers yield the precious oil which brings to us in winter many of the benefits of the warm summer sun.

Physicians say that next to summer sunshine, pure cod-liver oil best promotes the normal development of strong bones and sound teeth in babies and growing children. This is because cod-liver oil is rich in the rickets-preventing Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin.

But cod-liver oil is doubly important because it contains *two* vitamins—not only Vitamin D, but also Vitamin A, which promotes general body growth and builds up resistance to disease.

That is why physicians often recommend cod-liver oil for children at this time of the year to help them through the winter—to help keep them free from colds and other illnesses. Grown-ups, too, whose resistance to cold and inclement weather is low, are finding cod-liver oil a dependable winter safeguard.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is beautifully clear, highly refined, fresh and pure. It may surprise you to find how easy it is to take—also how readily your children will take it.

And here's another fact worth remembering: *In Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil the quantity of vitamins is definitely measured.* Each teaspoonful contains as much resistance-building Vitamin A as one pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 7½ eggs.

Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. He has it in two sizes—4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles.

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Parke-Davis

STANDARDIZED

Cod-liver Oil

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Age of Youth

Continued from page 36

an unfortunate fact that respectability and the quality of being amusing do not too often go hand in hand, and Libby's friends figured frequently in the press in scandals. She was herself a most prolific source of copy for the society columns, and apparently took an unholy delight in shocking her somewhat solemn relations. For all that, she was too strongly entrenched to become *déclassé*, unless she did something quite outrageous, and thus far Libby had avoided that.

"When are you sailing, Libby?" her companion had asked.

"I've bookings on the Ile de France," Libby had replied. "But I'm economizing, my dear. I'm trying to rent my apartment, and if I don't do it—" she shrugged her pretty shoulders. "I've put it with Cromwell and Magann, and they say they'll get a tenant."

"Of course they will," her companion had assured her, and that was all the talk that Donna had overheard.

But, because she had suddenly become determined to get out—somehow or some way—from the life she was living, she had paid a visit to Cromwell and Magann, received a list of apartments from them, and called upon Libby Prentiss. She had not the slightest idea that she could lease the apartment, but it was in satisfaction of a craving—not snobbish in its origin—to see a girl like Libby Prentiss in her own home that she pretended a desire for an apartment.

The Prentiss girl had received her in friendly fashion.

"It's really a duck of a place, Miss—Raynor, is that it? I'm perfectly happy here, but I've a million things to do on the other side, and don't expect to come back for a year or so, so—it costs me exactly twenty-four hundred a year, and I'm willing to let it go, with my own things in it, for that amount."

Outside, Donna wanted to sob. This gem of an apartment, in which she could be unbelievably happy, and debarred from her possession simply because she didn't have money! Why, if Libby Prentiss felt like it, she could abandon an apartment that cost her twenty-four thousand a year, and still not be forced to practice economy.

She found herself railing at Fate, and it did no good to tell herself that she was an absurd young woman, demanding things which Fate evidently did not intend to grant her. She was no better—nor worse—than thousands of young women who wanted luxury and position and things like that, but who had not happened to be born of rich and securely placed parents. She might just as well make up her mind to plod along. . . . It was within twenty-four hours after looking at Libby Prentiss' apartment that Donna wrote her letter to Ran Granby.

NOW she called the Prentiss apartment. Somehow, it soothed her soul to be able to do so. After her noncommittal departure from the little flat, she had felt—in addition to other emotions—a bit of a sneak, of a peeper. She had entered the apartment under false pretenses, merely to gratify a cheap curiosity, to strengthen her own importance by pretending, if only for a moment, that she was of Libby Prentiss' own station and class. Now—she would be of Libby's station, would be, by virtue of aggressiveness, of Libby's class.

"This is Miss Raynor," she said, when the apartment's owner came to the telephone. "I've decided to take your apartment if it's still for rent."

The always merry voice of Miss Prentiss took on an added glee.

"Miss Raynor? Oh, yes. Of course. I'd about decided to close it up and sail without renting it. Why—er—shall I send the agents around, Miss Raynor, with the lease? I suppose there are matters of reference and that sort of thing . . . and about my goldfish! Could you keep the poor dears? They really cost nothing, and . . . I wish I could keep one closet—"

"Come and have tea and we'll arrange those things," said Donna daringly.

SHE felt, almost, the chill at the other end of the wire. Then Miss Prentiss assented.

"Where?" she asked.

"I'm stopping at the Herndon," said Donna.

"I'll be there in half an hour—shall I bring the lease with me?"

"Certainly," said Donna.

What had the teller said? That her deposit could be drawn against tomorrow morning? Well, it was after banking hours now, so no check could be presented. Further, she'd date it tomorrow. . . . She drew a check, payable to the order of Elizabeth Prentiss, for twenty-four hundred dollars. *That* should be convincing enough.

She was fully dressed thirty minutes later when the telephone rang.

"Miss Prentiss calling," she heard the clerk announce, and there was deep respect in his tones.

"Sorry," Libby greeted her. "Really can't stay for tea. Million things to do. But my agents sent up the lease to me, and here it is. Er—they seemed to think that a year's rent in advance—"

To be seen taking tea with Libby Prentiss meant a great deal to Donna. But her voice was casual, and her manner unperturbed.

"I'd thought that myself," she said. She led the way into a reception-room where were ink and pens. She signed the lease, received a copy from the Prentiss girl, delivered the made-out check, and received a receipt.

"I'm sailing day after tomorrow, Miss Raynor," said Libby. "You can move in that afternoon."

And so it was settled. Donna shook hands with the other girl, wished her a pleasant trip abroad, and went back to her room. She read and re-read the clauses in the lease. This was to be her home. More than that; it was to be the vantage point from which she assaulted—life itself!

"Wassa matter—doncha feel good?"

Forty-eight hours later she moved into the East Fifty-seventh Street apartment. It was as charming as she had first thought. Libby Prentiss had brought taste to the aid of money in furnishing the three rooms. The dining-room was dainty and cheerful; the living-drawing-room was delightful; and the bedroom was charming. The little kitchen, the bath appointments—everything was all that Donna could desire.

SHE had spent two days of hectic shopping. Black's, on hearing of her bank and the fact that she had a charge at Bleakie and Company, offered credit to her. She bought three day frocks and two evening gowns. Luckily, her slim figure was in the mode and the garments needed no alterations. She bought underthings, stockings, blouses, a coat-suit, an evening wrap, a light day coat, shoes. . . . Two thousand dollars she spent for garments, and stayed up half the night at the Herndon putting the things in the two trunks.

Now she was in her own home. Libby Prentiss' maid had agreed to stay on, and Donna had leaped at the occasion for retaining her. From the maid she could judiciously extract information that might prove priceless.

With the maid's aid she put away her fresh things; she sent the trunks to the storage-room; upon a dressing table she laid out the pretty but not too expensive toilet things she had purchased. She ate, with a relish she had not experienced in months, the grapefruit, the filet of sole, the chop, the salad and the stewed fruits that the maid prepared for her. Then, equipped with half a dozen magazines, a case of cigarettes, and a couple of books, she went to bed. She composed herself for a delightful evening. Tomorrow she would definitely take the first step in the journey toward her goal, but tonight. . . .

She felt a sudden compunction for her treatment of Ran Granby. He had been the magic prince who had rescued the fair maiden from the dragons of poverty and despair. She thought it was her resolution not to see him until they met, casually, at some dinner table that had weakened, whereas it was really her loneliness that made her reach out for a kind word from someone.

SO SHE called him up. A caretaker, though she didn't know who it was, answered. No, Mr. Granby was not in. Mr. Granby was sailing on the Ile de France tonight and had already left his apartment on the way to the boat.

Donna hung up. Well, perhaps it was as well. When she considered how much she owed him. . . . She felt a certain sympathy for the girls who bartered too much in return for such surroundings as these. Presciently, she knew that she would find it hard to give up these things. . . .

The doorbell rang. Idly she heard the maid's footsteps as they went down the little hall from the kitchen. She heard voices at the front door in indistinguishable murmur. Then she heard heavy footsteps, saw, framed in the doorway to her bedroom, an extremely handsome, but somewhat disheveled youth.

Beyond him, clawing furiously at his shoulder, was the maid.

"I'll ring for the police," she was crying. "I'll have you arrested."

The youth stared at Donna. That young lady sat bolt upright, drawing her negligee closer about her.

"Thought good old Jennie here was lying," said the youth. "Libby never said she was going. Never said she was letting her apartment. Find same maid, think same mistress . . . mosht embarrassing. Always gentleman. Never let be said Frank Gardner anything but gentleman. Sorry. Disturb charming lady in dishabille—not done. No need for police. Retire gracefully and with distinction. Diff'cult task but can be done. Apologies offered—trust graciously received."

Despite herself Donna smiled. The boy—he was few years beyond that age—beamed upon her.

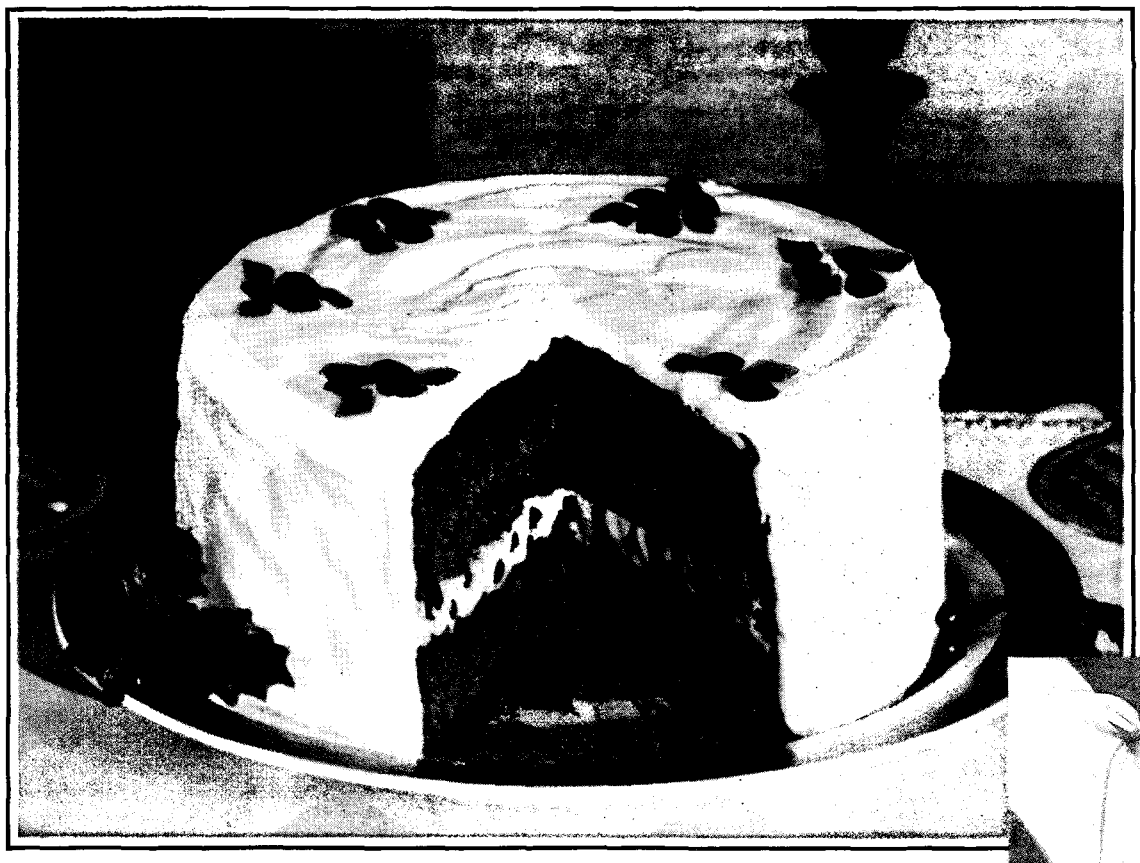
"Loveliest lady ever saw," he solemnly declared. "Believe I'll marry you. How would you like to be Mrs. Frank Gardner?"

Incongruously, through Donna's mind, ran the thought: "If only he were sober and asked that question."

For Frank Gardner's name was the best known, almost, in the country.

(*To be continued next week*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Eventually
Why Not Now?

Betty Crocker broadcasts her Gold Medal Home Service Talks Tuesday and Thursday mornings.
10:45 A. M. Eastern Time 9:45 A. M. Central Time
9:45 A. M. Pacific Time

2 CAKES MEN LIKE

Easy to make,
New *Simplified Way*

. . . Mixing Time Less Than 6 Minutes, Either One! A New Development in Baking—"Kitchen-tested" Flour

HERE are two cakes that men seem to like better than any others. Jam Cake and Chocolate Roll. Both, thanks to a new development in flour milling, are easy to make and virtually 99% certain of "coming out" perfectly.

By the development of an utterly new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife, *and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.*

"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been *"Kitchen-tested"* in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking*, as every batch comes through the mill. Tested for cakes, pastry, biscuits and bread by a number of experts under the direction of the noted Cooking Authority, Betty Crocker, before it goes to you.

Thus GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour acts the *same way* with your recipes every time you use it. Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

"Kitchen-tested" Flour, being unvaryingly uniform, eliminates that chance—eliminates "Good Luck" and "Bad Luck", guesswork and uncertainty, from home baking. That is why women by the thousands are flocking to its use.

SPECIAL *"Kitchen-tested"* RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special *"Kitchen-tested"* Recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour exactly, and *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

You will find 12 new and unusual *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Recipes that cover cakes, cookies, bread and pastry. The ones for Chocolate Roll and Jam Cake, illustrated, are among them. Try them. They will prove a revelation.

Get GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour at your grocer's. Use it for *all* baking, from bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries.

906

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

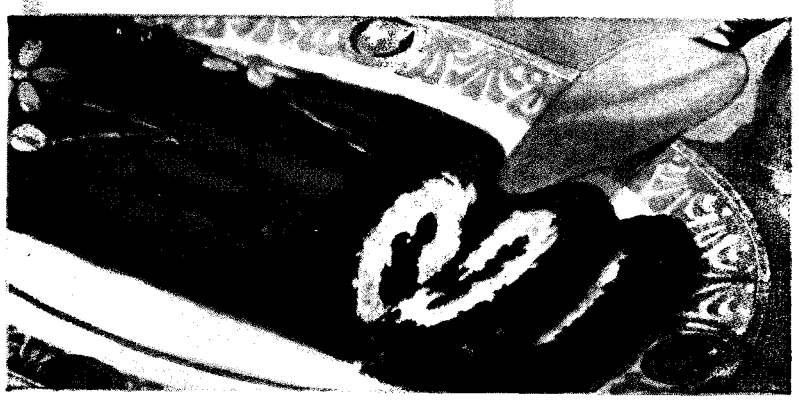
"Kitchen-tested" Recipes For Chocolate Roll, Jam Cake and 10 Other New Recipes Inside Every Sack of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour

Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads.

Famous recipes are *simplified* until thousands of women declare this new method makes success easy.

All 12 of these simplified *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes are inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. To get a full set today—simply ask your grocer for GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour.

Recipes Change Every 3 Months



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATWATER KENT RADIO

WILL this help you in choosing: Atwater Kent Radio has been chosen for nearly 3,000,000 homes. There are owners of the new Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Sets all around you. Why not talk with them—listen with them—find out for yourself how good a radio can be?

On the Air: Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Time), WEAF network of N. B. C.

SCREEN-GRID

ATWATER KENT RADIO

You reach out for far-away stations and pick the one you want as a telescope picks a distant star. For here is a radio with *both* mighty power and needle-point selectivity—as well as tone so real it's uncanny. No trouble—nothing but fun. Try it yourself—you'll see!

On the Air: Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

SCREEN-GRID

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATWATER KENT RADIO

If it's beauty you seek, have that, too. More than a score of famous furniture designers make cabinets for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Sets. Some are simple, some elaborate. Choose according to your own individual good taste to suit the room in which you want your radio.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio.

SCREEN-GRID

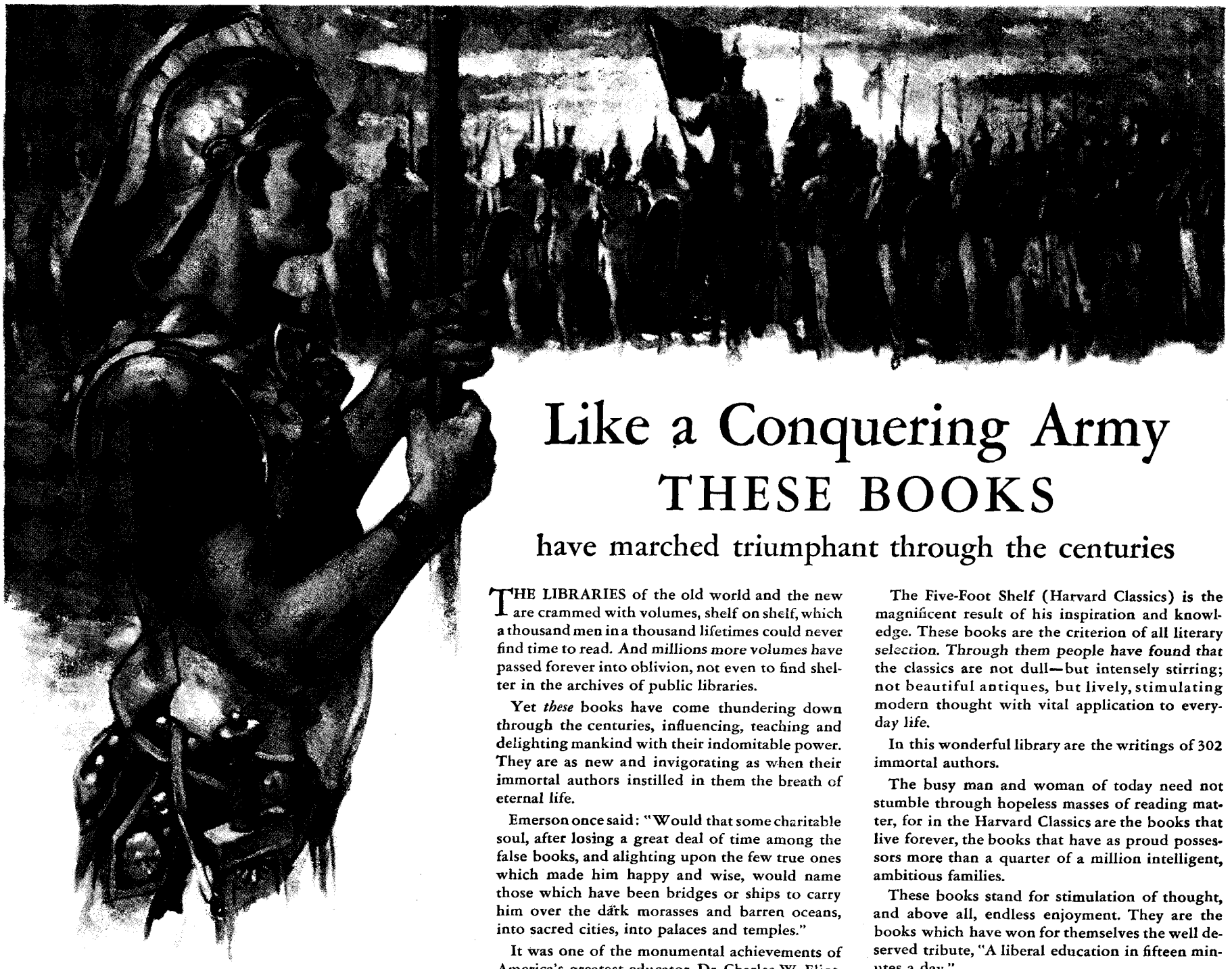
ATWATER KENT RADIO

The compact Screen-Grid table model shown here is $88, without tubes. The Electro-Dynamic speaker is $34. There are cabinet models only slightly higher. Public preference, creating the largest radio factory in the world, makes Atwater Kent prices reasonable.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4752 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

SCREEN-GRID

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Like a Conquering Army THESE BOOKS

have marched triumphant through the centuries

THE LIBRARIES of the old world and the new are crammed with volumes, shelf on shelf, which a thousand men in a thousand lifetimes could never find time to read. And millions more volumes have passed forever into oblivion, not even to find shelter in the archives of public libraries.

Yet *these* books have come thundering down through the centuries, influencing, teaching and delighting mankind with their indomitable power. They are as new and invigorating as when their immortal authors instilled in them the breath of eternal life.

Emerson once said: "Would that some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon the few true ones which made him happy and wise, would name those which have been bridges or ships to carry him over the dark morasses and barren oceans, into sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

It was one of the monumental achievements of America's greatest educator, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, to bring together the truly great books, to sift the pure gold from the mass of writings the ages have produced. For forty years President of Harvard University, Dr. Eliot realized the need of a library offering everyone the culture which a university strives to give.

The Five-Foot Shelf (Harvard Classics) is the magnificent result of his inspiration and knowledge. These books are the criterion of all literary selection. Through them people have found that the classics are not dull—but intensely stirring; not beautiful antiques, but lively, stimulating modern thought with vital application to everyday life.

In this wonderful library are the writings of 302 immortal authors.

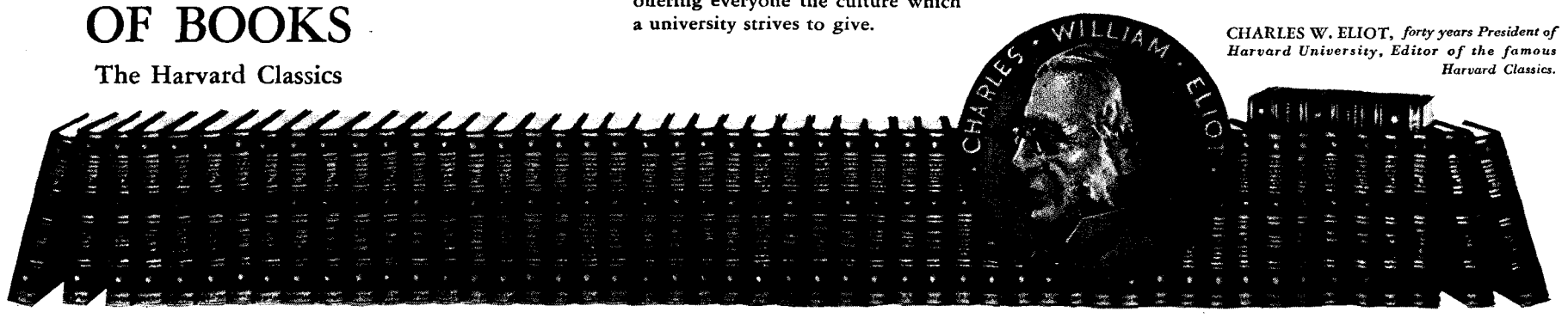
The busy man and woman of today need not stumble through hopeless masses of reading matter, for in the Harvard Classics are the books that live forever, the books that have as proud possessors more than a quarter of a million intelligent, ambitious families.

These books stand for stimulation of thought, and above all, endless enjoyment. They are the books which have won for themselves the well deserved tribute, "A liberal education in fifteen minutes a day."

P. F. Collier and Son Company has published good books since 1875. By the famous Collier plan, you can pay for these books while you are reading and enjoying them.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The Harvard Classics



CHARLES W. ELIOT, *forty years President of Harvard University, Editor of the famous Harvard Classics.*

No. 7211-HCA

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

BY MAIL, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and contains Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

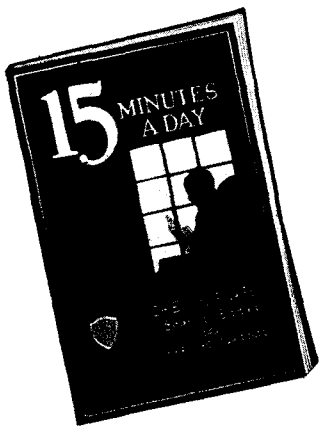
NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

ADDRESS _____

THIS IS YOUR CERTIFICATE FOR THE FREE BOOKLET

This FREE *booklet*

The certificate is for your convenience. Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous booklet that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Royal Good Fellow

Continued from page 17

Kitchener: "I don't want to take an ornamental job, where I shall be in the way all the time and just have my photograph taken. I want to go out and fight like anyone else."

Lord Kitchener sensibly said: "You better go away and learn a little bit more about soldiering." He thought that would finish the Prince of Wales. It didn't. In a few months' time the Prince came back and told him that he had learned a little more about soldiering and was now ready to go to the front.

"Well," said Lord Kitchener, "I'm not worrying about your being killed, because you have four brothers, but I cannot have you taken prisoner," and he gave the Prince a job on the staff in France.

Not content with what he got, the Prince tried to get some more. On one occasion he ran away from his staff friends, and on his motor-bike set out for the front line. Fortunately his motor-bike hit a shell hole before he got to his goal, and he spent the night in comparative safety with some poilus, playing cards in a dugout where an anxious searching party found him early next morning. After that the Powers-that-Were gave it up and allowed the Prince of Wales, while he was not engaged in diplomatic missions in Italy, Egypt and elsewhere, to behave like an ordinary human being instead of a little tin god.

"Our Democratic Prince"

The result was that men out at the front used occasionally to find themselves being visited in the most unconventional manner by the Prince of Wales, and the spirit of comradeship, that was never very far away from the men in the trenches, made them treat him as one of themselves, and made him treat them in a like manner. The news of this was not very long in reaching newspaperdom, and newspaperdom did not take long to appreciate the publicity value of the situation. The Prince of Wales from being just like other princes in the royal family became "Our Democratic Prince."

That was a perfectly reasonable picture and deservedly popular; but when the war was over, newspaperdom just could *not* give it up; they persisted in keeping on with their war-time conception of him as a democratic young man.

His trips to the various parts of the empire and to the United States did nothing to cure this. The newspapers imagined that the empire and the United States were the most democratic countries in the world instead of being precisely as snobbish as England, and they described the popularity that the Prince, because of his genuinely likable personality, achieved there as being due to the fact that he was "Our Democratic Prince."

From America originated that photograph that started all this inane smile business. The Prince of Wales was at some country club there and was signing the visitors' book. He was (will you believe it?) actually looking profoundly bored. A photographer waiting to take his photograph whispered to one of his staff, "Say something to make him smile." And the friend shouted out suddenly, "Look out, you're signing the pledge." The Prince smiled, and has lived to curse the day that he did so.

After that, when he was in South Africa, the crowd lining the route used to shout, "Why, he isn't smiling. Show us your smile, sir." And thus the smile became an official habit.

The trouble is that the democratic-smiling-prince-charming sort of publicity was founded on fact, but it has been done to such an extent that it has become not a picture but a caricature. Actually the Prince is a little unconventional, but he can be dignified as well. He does smile genuinely, sometimes, for he has an acute sense of humor, but he does not grin foolishly at everyone he meets.

When you come to ask me why this conception should make him popular, the answer is not quite so easy to find. But there is one remark that I can make straightaway. Though it has made him popular as Prince of Wales, it has not made him popular as the future King of England. Such little idiosyncrasies as are very proper in a "young man" would be undignified in a monarch of a mighty empire.

There is something very significant in the attitude of the public toward him as the heir to the throne. The suggestion does not get into the newspapers, but it is there none the less surely for not creeping into print. It is, to make no bones about it, the impression that the Prince of Wales is not *fit* to be King of England, and that he realizes this himself, and would much prefer to let his brother, the Duke of York, come to the throne in his stead.

The result is that the public, taking its conception of the Prince from the caricatures that appear in the newspapers, is very fond of him who fulfills its conception of all that a gay but tactful young spark should be, and at the same time, is naturally very much afraid that he has neither the dignity nor the wish to make a suitable king.

Tragic Potentialities

That is the reason for the vast popularity of the Prince that exists alongside this none the less deep distrust of his capabilities.

Rank heresy, you will be tempted to say. All I want you to do is to make this simple test:

Ask the first friend what he thinks of the Prince of Wales as King Edward VIII, and you will find he thinks exactly what I have said. Then ask yourself frankly whether the same thought has not crossed your own mind, and if you are honest with yourself the chances are about ten to one that you will admit that it has.

The pity of it is that the real Prince of Wales is as unlike the press pictures as chalk is unlike cheese, and also that the real Prince, if newspaperdom had the sense to paint him as his friends know him, would be very nearly as popular as, and very much more respected than, the grotesque caricature that they have evolved in his stead.

There is in the possession of the royal family a book of press cuttings very much treasured by the princes. It is labeled "Things we have neither said nor done," and it contains very nearly every gossip column article that has ever appeared about them. Let me anticipate that book that will never be published, and attempt to kill one or two myths about this Prince Charming.

In the first place he is not always smiling; he is as serious about his job as a successful stockbroker is about stockbroking.

In the second place, that famous smile is part of his stock-in-trade. The public expects to see it and the Prince obliges. But next time you see him close up at an official function when he is smiling, just look at his eyes. Unless something really humorous has happened, there is no smile in them.

In the third place, though the Prince is fond of dancing, he very frequently goes for weeks without putting a foot to the dance floor. Dancing is a recreation and business comes before pleasure. Further, when he does dance until three o'clock in the morning, he does not get up at six-thirty to run around Buckingham Palace gardens.

In the fourth place, he is neither a reckless nor a bad horseman. Unfortunately, as he has admitted to me himself, he has bad hands.

In the fifth place and most important of all, he *does* want to be King of England. He wants to be more than any other man on this earth, and he has not the least idea of letting his brother take over the job for him.

What he has done is to take advantage of the newspaper opinion of him when it is convenient for his amusement, and he allows himself rather undignified pleasures common to most people of his age, because he knows that even if he did not the newspapers, having got the idea firmly into his head, would say that he did anyhow.

Popular! Of course he is popular, just as Charlie Chaplin is popular, because he is a free entertainment to a tired public!

A Popular Show

Popular! Of course he ought to be popular, because he happens to be a perfectly normal intelligent Englishman who happens to be efficient at his job, and at the same time to have the normal human characteristics. He has tact, he has a good appearance, he has dignity, he has talents, he has brains.

On his own qualifications he could be as popular as any good fellow in New York, Chicago or Cincinnati, because just as they are efficient bank clerks, dock laborers, cotton operatives or stockbrokers, he is an efficient prince. Being a prince, the circle of his popularity would be infinitely wider than theirs. But he would be popular on his scale for precisely the same reasons as they are on theirs. Because they are likable fellows and remarkably efficient.

Instead of that, newspaperdom has turned him into a popular entertainment, at which, like Charlie Chaplin, they can weep or laugh, and while it has made him a general favorite, it has made him ridiculous. More's the pity. But there it is and there's an end on't, as Dr. Johnson would say.

Mr. Dent's third article, The Prince of Pleasure, will appear next week.

Copyright, 1929, Alexander Lichtentag. All rights reserved. Patent (as a game) pending

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded.

In the English language there are

THREE

words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters

—FRU—

One of them is FRUIT

(In the widest sense, any product of plant growth useful to man or animals. Also, the effect or consequence of any action, operation, etc.)

You supply the others

2. FRU_____	A cross, old-fashioned person, especially an old woman.
3. FRU_____	The frog of a horse's foot.

The answers to this Word Hunt will appear in next week's Collier's

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Neap	3. Neat	6. Ne'er	9. Newt
2. Near	4. Neck	7. Nest	10. Next
	5. Need	8. News	

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 "Word Hunts" with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 26

You see, out heah we train ourselves to do without water an' food. Like Indians, you know, Glory," replied Molly.

Plain indeed was it that Gloriana did not know; and that she was divided in emotion between her pangs and the surprise of this adventure.

"Hey, Molly, stop gabbin' an' get to work," ordered Stone, dryly. "Our Saint Louis darlin' here will croak on us if we ain't careful."

He slipped the ax out from under a rope on the pack, and proceeded to a near-by spruce, from which he cut armloads of the thick fragrant boughs. These he spread under an oak tree, and went back for more, watching the girls out of the tail of his eye. Once he caught Gloriana's voice in furious protest: "The lazy brute! Look at the size of him—and he makes you lift those packs." And Molly's reply: "Aw, this heah's easy, Glory. An' I'm tellin' you again—don't make this desperado mad."

Then Stone slipped behind the spruce and peered through the branches. Molly did lift off those heavy packs, and unsaddled the animal. Next she turned to remove the saddle from her horse. At this Gloriana arose with difficulty, and limping to the horse she had ridden, she tugged at the cinches, and labored until she got them loose. Then she slid the big saddle off. It was a man's saddle and heavy, which of course she had not calculated upon, and down she went with it, buried almost out of sight. Molly ran to lift it off. Stone saw the Eastern girl wring her helpless hands. "Dog-gone tough on her," he soliloquized, and proceeded to get another load of spruce boughs, which he carried over to the oak tree.

"Hey, Gloriana, fetch over thet bedroll," he called.

SHE paid no attention to him. Then he bellowed the order in the voice of a bull. He heard Molly advise her to rustle. Whereupon Gloriana lifted the roll in both arms and came wagging across the grass.

"Untie the rope," he said, not looking at her, and went on spreading the boughs evenly. Presently, as she was so slow, he looked up. She was wearily toiling at the knot.

"I—I can't untie it," she said.

"Wal, you shore are a helpless ninny," he returned in disgust. "What in Gawd's name *can* you do, Miss Traft? Play the concertina, huh? An' fix your hair pretty, huh? It's shore thunderin' good luck for some fine cowboy thet I happened along an' saved him from marryin' you."

The marvel of that speech lay in its effect upon Gloriana, whose piteous mute appeal to Molly showed she had been driven to believe it was true.

"See heah, Jed Stone," demanded Molly, loyally, "how could Glory help the way she was brought up? Everybody cain't be born in Arizona."

"Misfortune, I call thet. . . . But see heah, yourself, Molly Dunn. The more you stick up fer this wishy-washy tenderfoot the wuss I'll be. Savvy?"

"You bet I savvy," rejoined Molly.

"Wal then, rustle supper. I'm tired after thet ride. My neck's stiff from turnin' round to watch Miss Traft. It was a circus, though. . . . Gather some wood, start a fire, put on the water to boil, mix biscuits, an' so forth."

In a low tone Gloriana whispered: "Molly, I thought Ed Darnell was a villain. But, my, oh!—he's a saint compared to this desperado."

"Oh, no, Glory. Jed Stone is an honest-to-Gawd desperado," expostulated Molly.

"What's she sayin' aboot thet feller Darnell an' me?" demanded Stone, going to the fire.

"Jed, she knew Darnell back in Missouri," explained Molly.

"You don't say. Wal, thet's interestin'. Hope she didn't compare me to him. Two-bit caird-sharp before he hit the West. An' then, like a puff of smoke, he lit into crooked cattle dealin'. . . . An' did he last longer than any of them dude Easterners who reckon they can learn us Westerners tricks? He did not."

"What do you mean, Jed?" queried Molly, who divined when he was lying and when he was not.

"Croak Malloy was in thet outfit Traft's cowboys rounded up in a cabin down below Yellowjacket. They'd been rustlin' the new Diamond stock, an' had to ride fer their lives. Wal, they didn't ride fur, not with your redskin brother an' Curly Prentis an' thet rodeo-ridin' bunch after them. Croak said they set fire to the cabin, an' burned them out, an' he got shot in the laig. But he escaped, an' it was when he was hidin' in the brush thet he seen the cowboys string up Darnell, along with two rustlers."

Gloriana's eyes were great black gulfs.

"Mr. Stone, among other things you're a liar," she said, deliberately.

"Wal, I'll be dog-goned," ejaculated the outlaw, genuinely surprised, and not a little hurt. "I am, am I? Wal, you'll see, Miss Traft."

"You're trying to—to frighten me," she faltered, weakening. "Have you no heart—no mercy? . . . I was once engaged to—to marry Darnell, or I thought I was. He followed me out here."

"Ahuh. What'd he foller you out heah fer?"

"He swindled my father out of money, and I suppose he thought he could do the same with Uncle Jim."

"Not old Jim Traft. Nix come the weasel! Old Jim cain't be swindled. . . . Wal, Miss Glory, I must say you was lucky to have Darnell stack up against Curly Prentis. I remember now thet Madden was in Snell's gamblin' den when Curly ketched Darnell cheatin' an' drove him out of Flag. Funny he didn't bore thet caird-sharp. Reckon he savvied how soon Darnell would come to the end of his rope. He did come soon—an' it was a lasso."

"I don't believe you," replied Gloriana, steadily.

"Sweet on him yet, huh?"

"No, I despise him. Any punishment, even hanging, would be too good for him," retorted Gloriana, with passion.

"See there, Molly. She's comin' round," drawled Stone. "We'll make a Westerner of her yet."

"Jed, was there a—a fight down below Yellowjacket?" asked Molly, with agitation.

"Shore was. Malloy said he seen two cowboys shot, one of which he accounted fer himself. But he didn't know either. An' so they couldn't have been Jim or Slinger or Prentis."

"Oh—how'll we find out?" cried Molly, in honest agony. And the tone of her voice, the look of her about finished Gloriana.

"WAL, what difference does it make?" queried Stone, "to one of you, anyhow? One of you gurls is shore goin' with me, an' cowboys won't never be no more in your young life. Haw! Haw!"

"I could stick this in you, Jed Stone," cried Molly, brandishing the wicked butcher knife.

"Call me when supper's ready," he ordered. "I smelled a skunk out there, an' I'm afeered it's one of them hydrophobia varmints. They shore stink wuss."

As he strode off he heard Gloriana ask in Heaven's name what he would think of next, and what was a hydrophobia skunk anyway. Luckily Stone had smelled a skunk, and any kind of one would serve his purpose, so presently he fired his gun twice, and then went back to camp.

"Missed him, by gosh," he said greatly annoyed. "An' it shore was a hydrophobia all right. Molly, you gurls will have to sleep with me tonight. 'Cause thet skunk will come round camp, an' it'd be shore to bite Glory's nose. Hydrophobia skunks always pick out a fellar with a big nose. An' I'll have to be there to choke it off."

"I'll be eaten up by skunks with hydrophobia and lions with yellow fever before I'd obey you," declared Gloriana.

"Haw! Haw! Yes, you would. Wait till it gets dark an' you smell thet varmint."

While they sat at the meager supper Stone bedeviled Gloriana in every way conceivable, yet to his satisfaction it did not prevent her from eating her share.

Darkness soon settled down, and twice Gloriana fell asleep beside the fire. "Let's sit up—all night," she begged of Molly.

"I'd be willin', if he'd let us. But, Glory dear, you jest couldn't. You'd fall over. An' by mawnin' you'd be froze. We'll *have* to sleep with Stone. He's put all the blankets on thet bed. An' I'll sleep in the middle—so he cain't touch you."

"*You'll do nothing of the sort*," retorted Gloriana. And when they reached the wide bed under the oak tree, she crawled in the middle and stretched out, as if she did not care what happened.

"Wal, now, thet's somethin' like," declared the outlaw, as he saw the pale faces against the background of blankets. He sat down on the far side of the bed and in the gloom contrived to remove his boots and spurs. "Gurls, I'm liable to have nightmare. Often do when I'm scared or excited. An' I'm powerful dangerous then. Shot a bedfellow once, when I had nightmare. So you wanta kick me awake in case I get to dreamin'. . . . An', Molly, don't forget if thet skunk gets its teeth fastened in Glory's nose you must choke it off."

It was not remarkable to Stone that almost before he had ceased talking Gloriana was asleep. He knew what worn-out nature would do. Nevertheless as soon as Molly had dropped off he made such a commotion that he would almost have awakened the dead. Then he began to snore outrageously, and between snores he broke out into the thick weird utterance of a man in a nightmare.

"Molly—Molly!" cried Gloriana, in a shrill whisper, as she clutched her friend madly. "He's got it!"

"Sssh! Don't wake him. He won't be dangerous unless he wakes," replied Molly.

Jed made the mental reservation that his little ally was all right, and began to rack his brain for appropriate exclamations: "*Aggh!* I'll—carve—your—gizzard!" And he sprang up to thump back. Then he gave capital imitations of Malloy's croaking laugh. Then he shouted: "You cain't have the gurl! She's mine, Croak, she's mine! . . . I'll have your heart's blood!" After which he snored some more, while listening intently. He did not hear anything, but he thought he felt the bed trembling. Next he rolled over, having thrown the blankets, to bump hard into Gloriana. But that apparently did not awaken him. He laid a heavy arm across both the girls and went on snoring blissfully.

"Molly," whispered Gloriana, in a very low and blood-curdling voice, "*let's—kill him—in his sleep!*"

"Oh, I wish we could, but we're not strong enough," replied Molly, horrified. "Don't you dare move!"

Stone could scarcely contain himself, and wanted to roar his mirth and elation. So his acting had been so good, so convincing that it had driven this lovely tenderfoot to consider murder! He could not have asked more. She was responding nobly to the unplumbed primitive instincts which, happily for her and those who loved her, she shared in common with the less sophisticated characters of the West.

IN THE gray of dawn he got up, pulled on his big boots, and went at the campfire tasks, careful not to make any noise. His two babes in the woods were locked in sleep, also in each others' arms. Stone cooked the last of the meat and boiled the last of the coffee. A few biscuits were left, hard as rocks. Then he went to awaken the girls. Their heads were close together, one dark, the other amber, and their sweet pale faces took the first flush of the sunrise. It was a picture the outlaw would carry in his memory always and he found himself thanking God that he had come upon Croak Malloy before they had suffered harm.

"Gurls, roll out," he called.

(*Continued on page 46*)

Nameographs

"Launch," by R. M. Sebald, 17th Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Self-expression is the order of the day. It's only fair that words should have a chance at it too. Give some worthy word a helping hand! Let it show what it means.

We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

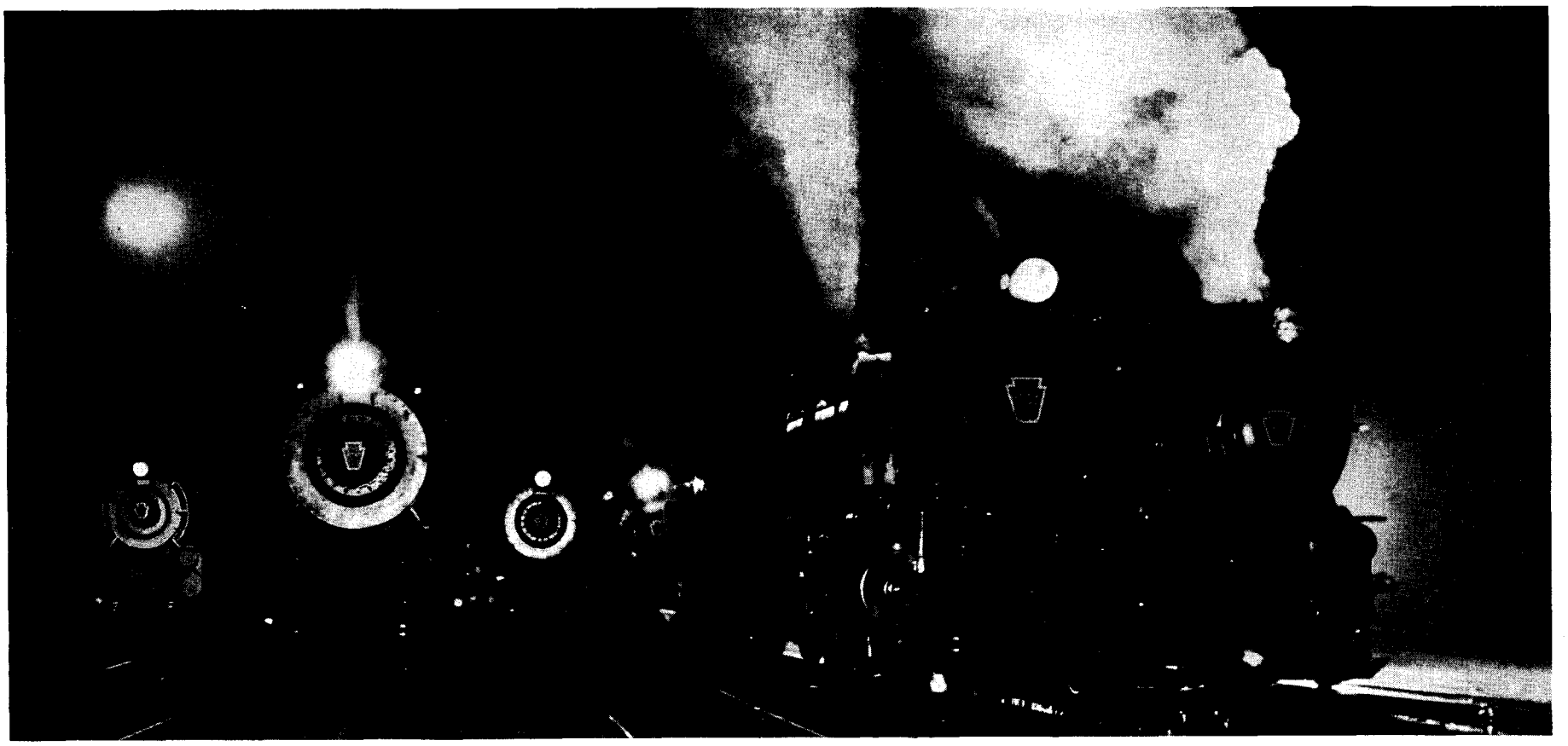
"Motor Cop," by Addie Palmer, 2750 Louise Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

"Shovel," by C. G. Leonard, 939 Ellis St., San Francisco, Cal.

"Turtle," by John Thompson, 235 Hood St., Lynchburg, Va.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reflecting the growth of America's Southwest



The mounting stream of fast Pennsylvania limiteds between St. Louis and the East

Consider these figures:

1925—The fastest trains between St. Louis and New York were the Pennsylvania's *St. Louisan* and *New Yorker:* 25 hours de luxe.

1927—The Pennsylvania placed *The American* on the hitherto unattained schedule of 24 hours—in each direction.

1929—Now six 24-hour limiteds, on fastest schedules made between St. Louis and New York, lead 14 fast Pennsylvania trains—daily—between the two centers.

• • •

IN the adjacent territory, served by these fast Pennsylvania trains, is such a domain as Charlemagne might have dreamed of!... comprising one-seventh of the population of the United States... covering a territory almost as large as Germany, France, Italy and England combined!... All tribute to the pioneers!—who carved out of this rich Southwest: Arkansas, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas.

The development of these six states is a conspicuous example of the tremendous growth which has marked the whole West. From 1909 to 1927 the value of manufactured products in these states trebled! The production of crude petroleum jumped from 59,218,000 barrels in 1910 to 546,987,000 in 1927. And in this decade the value of agricultural products has reached the amazing total of over three billion dollars.

The people themselves who live in these states have prospered. Total Bank Deposits in 1924 were $2,773,292,000—in 1927, only three years later, $3,347,777,000.

Naturally, increasing wealth has resulted in an increased demand for fast, de luxe service. There can be no more accurate barometer of the growth of the Southwest than is to be found in the development of the Pennsylvania's limited service between St. Louis and New York.

On fastest schedules made between St. Louis and New York

9 o'clock... THE AMERICAN
Lv. St. Louis—9.00 A.M.... Ar. New York—9.50 A.M.
12 o'clock... SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS
Lv. St. Louis—12 Noon... Ar. New York—12.50 P.M.
6 o'clock... GOTHAM LIMITED
Lv. St. Louis—6.00 P.M.... Ar. New York—6.50 P.M.

New York and St. Louis

2.15 o'clock... SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS
Lv. New York—2.15 P.M.... Ar. St. Louis—1.20 P.M.
6.05 o'clock... THE AMERICAN
Lv. New York—6.05 P.M.... Ar. St. Louis—5.10 P.M.
9.20 o'clock... THE PILGRIM
Lv. New York—9.20 P.M.... Ar. St. Louis—8.30 P.M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 44

Molly awakened first and was bright and quick in an instant. She smiled, and Jed thought he would treasure that smile. Then Gloriana's eyes popped open. Dim gulfs of sleep! Stone turned away from them with a conscience-stricken pang.

"Rustle an' eat. I gotta hunt the hosses," he said.

Upon his return they had finished eating. Molly said: "Glory's bag is missin'. With all her outdoor clothes!"

"Shore. I hid it. I don't want her dressin' up. She looks so cute in thet outfit," he replied. "Saddle your hoss, you starin' idgit," he said to Gloriana. "An', Molly, rustle with the bed an' packs while I eat."

Molly proved as capable as any cowboy, but poor Gloriana could not get the saddle up, and when the pinto bit and kicked at her, which was no wonder, she gave up coaxing and struck it smartly with a branch.

"Hyar! Don't beat thet pony," expostulated Stone. "Who'd ever think that you'd show cruelty to a poor dumb beast?"

"Dumb! He sure is," replied Gloriana, "and he's not the only thing around that ought to be beaten."

"Molly, you cain't never tell aboot people till you get them in the woods," said Stone, reflectively. "Their real natoor comes out. I reckon Glory hyar would have murdered Croak Malloy in cold blood, if he'd got away with her. It's turrible to contemplate."

SOON they were mounted and riding in single file, as on the day before. Stone led them out of this gorge, miles and miles through the forest, out into the sunny desert, and back again, and finally, without a halt, to the rim of the Black Brakes. He followed along that until mid-afternoon, when he came to a trail he knew, which was seldom used even by rustlers, unless pressed. Here they had to walk down and it was no fun.

"Don't let your hoss fall on you," was all Stone said. At a particularly bad descent Gloriana and her pinto both fell, and she miraculously escaped being rolled on. "Whew!" ejaculated Stone. "I reckoned you was a goner then. The Lord shore watches over you."

"I don't—care," panted the girl. "I'd sooner die—that way—than some other way." Her spirit was hard to break. She seemed to recover her courage after each successive trial. But her strength was almost spent. Once down in the brakes Stone eased up on rough going, and wended a leisurely course through the labyrinthine glades and aisles, groves and fields of broken cliff. The gold slants from the westering sun fell across their path, and the wilderness appeared more than usually beautiful. Stone calculated their position at that hour was less than a dozen miles below Yellowjacket, and his intention was, if Gloriana could stand it, to climb out of the brakes and ride to the head of Yellowjacket, where he could show the girls their way, and then take leave of them. There was a risk of being held up along the trail by one or more of the Diamond outfit, but since he had the girls to credit him with their rescue he had little to worry about. Still, he did not want that to happen. He had planned a climax to his plot.

The sun set behind the western wall of the brakes; a mellow roar of running water filled the forest with dreaming music. Stone thought it about time to choose a place to camp, and he desired it to be remote from the trail, which he believed ran somewhat to his left along the stream. With this end in view he wormed his way through the woods toward the wall they had long since descended.

It loomed above him, gray and lofty, always silent and protective. And suddenly he emerged into an open space where tall spruces and wide-spreading sycamores dominated the green. The glade appeared familiar, and as Gloriana and Molly rode out of the forest he reined his horse.

"Oh, my God—look!" cried Molly, in accents of horror.

Simultaneously then Stone's senses accounted for a smell of burned wood, the pile of charred logs that was once the trapper's cabin, and three grotesque and hideously swaying figures of men, hanging limp by their necks from a prominent branch of a sycamore.

Stone's shock had its stimulus in Gloriana's shriek. She swayed and slid out of the saddle. He caught her and lifted her in front of him, a dead weight.

"Jed—this heah is too much," expostulated Molly, hoarsely. She looked as if she too would faint.

Cursing under his breath, he turned to the girl. "I swear it was accident," he avowed, earnestly. "We were east of the trail, an' if I thought aboot it at all, I reckoned we were far from thet range riders. Prentis an' his pards are back of thet. . . . An' see there. Graves! But wait, Molly."

The outlaw's sharp eyes, in further survey of the glade, had fallen upon freshly made graves.

"Wal, there are no cowboys buried here, thet's shore. . . . Ride on, Molly."

STONE halted in the first likely spot for camp, and slipping out of his saddle with Gloriana in his arms he laid her down on a soft pine-needle mat. She was conscious.

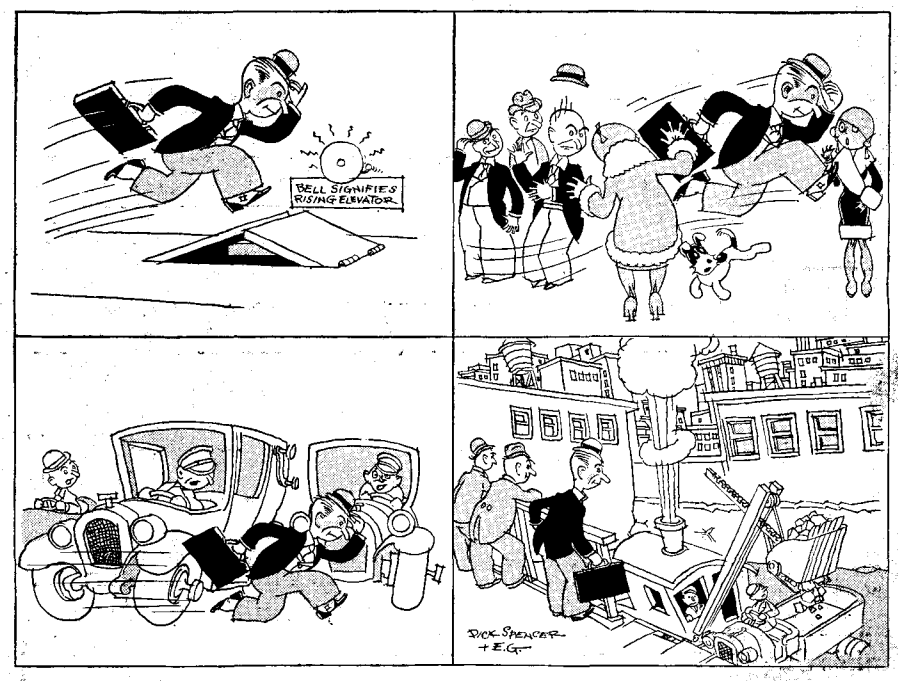
"Tend to her, Molly," said Stone, briefly, and he turned to look after the horses. Then he cut ample spruce boughs for two beds, and made them, one of which, for the girls, he laid in a protected niche of the cliff. Having finished these tasks he approached his prisoners.

"There's nothin' to eat."

"Small matter, Jed. Our appetites are shore not a-rarin'," replied Molly.

Gloriana transfixed him with solemn tragic eyes.

"I take back—calling you a liar," she said, simply.



old cabin. By Gawd, I'm sorry, Molly. It *is* too much."

"Jed, I'll be—keelin' over, too," gasped Molly. "Thet's a hard sight fer *me*, let alone Glory. . . . If I recognized Darnell, *she* recognized him, you bet."

"Shore she did. I never seen him but once, an' I knew him. An' there's my old sheriff Lang, his star still a-shinin' on his vest. An' Joe Tanner. . . . Wal, thet's shore a cowboy job, slick an' clean. Thet's the way of the West!"

Darnell's distorted and discolored features had been stamped by an appalling surprise and terror, something wholly wanting from the visages of the other two dead men. They swayed as the evening breeze moved the sycamore branch. Darnell's watch fob dangled from his vest.

"Jed, come on—fetch her," implored Molly. "I'll hate you forever—if she doesn't get over this."

"Molly, it's shore sickenin', but mebbe jest as well she seen it."

"I—I wasn't above bein' took in myself—by thet handsome gambler," admitted Molly, with intense humility. "What an end! . . . An' Jim an' Slinger were responsible. I'll never get—"

"Don't you believe it," interrupted Stone. "Thet's the work of Arizona

"Thanks. I accept your apology."

"Who—who did that?" she asked, with a gesture to indicate the tragedy down the valley.

"What? Who did what?"

"Hanged those men?"

"I reckon thet was Curly Prentis an' his pards. Shore young Jim had a hand in it, unless, of course, Curly an' Jim got killed by the rustlers. Some of the Diamond were done fer, thet's shore."

"But—you—said—" she faltered, piteously.

"Shore. I said I reckoned it wasn't Jim or Curly. I forgot thet. Must have been one or more of them dare-devils Bud or Lonestar—an' mebbe Slinger. I seen where blood had dripped on the leaves, about saddle-high, along the trail. Some cowboy packed out, shore."

That surely finished Gloriana and all but did the same for Molly. She just had strength left to help Stone carry Gloriana to bed. The outlaw then sought his own rest, and the meditations inspired by the latest developments. This adventure had not lost its sting, despite the knocking at the gate of his conscience. Tomorrow would see the end of it and he must not fail in the task he had set himself.

Morning disclosed Molly to be herself again, and Gloriana able to get up, though she could not stand erect. She could do nothing but watch the others saddle and pack. Still her perceptions were all the keener, and she paid Molly mute and eloquent tribute of appreciation.

"I'm made of straw and water," she said, humbly.

"Wal, Gloriana darlin', a thing of beauty is a joy forever," rejoined Stone, with gallant cheerfulness.

Once more they were mounted and off. Stone led up out of the brakes through a narrow hidden crack in the east wall, a secret exit known only to outlaws. It was a long gloomy ascent which took an hour of labored climbing on foot. From the outlet Stone made his way along the rim, north, and in the direction of Yellowjacket. He led the packhorse, while Molly supported Gloriana in her saddle. Stone kept close to them, fearing Molly might weaken and betray him. But she did not. And the outlaw recalled what she had confessed about her brother giving up rustling. Slinger had once belonged to the Cibeque Outfit, and the years were not many since Stone had tried to get him into the Hash Knife. Molly could be generous and strong.

Before they reached the head of Yellowjacket, which Stone was approaching, he had fears that the Eastern girl would not make it. Yet a little rest enabled her to go on, without complaint, without appeal for mercy.

At last Stone espied the new road, where it turned to go down into the canyon. He halted before the girls noticed it and dismounted near the rim.

"Wal, we've reached the partin' of the trails," he said. "There's a ranch down heah where one of you can go an' send word to the cowboys. 'Cause I cain't take you both with me any farther. I'm a hunted desperado, you know. An' I've gotta hole up till all this blows over. One of you goes with me."

"Take us both—Jed," implored Molly, and that plainly was her last word in this trick perpetrated upon an innocent tenderfoot.

"No, Molly, *I* will go," interposed Gloriana. "You love Jim. He worships you. . . . There's no one cares for me or —or whom I care for. . . . And I'm not strong, as you've seen from my miserable frailty on this ride. I won't live long, so it'll not matter much."

Molly, with eyes suddenly full of tears, averted her gaze. Stone regarded the Eastern girl with poignant emotion he gladly hid.

"Ahuh. So you'll go willin'?"

"Yes, since you compel me. But on one condition."

"An' what's thet?"

"You must—marry me, honestly. I have religious principles."

"Wal, I reckon I could fetch a padre down into the brakes—where we'll be hidin'," replied Stone. "An' so—Miss Gloriana Traft—you'd marry me—Jed Stone of the Hash Knife—thief, killer, outlaw, desperado—to save your friend?"

"Yes, I'll do even that for Jim and Molly."

SUDDENLY Jed Stone turned away, gripped by a whirlwind of passion. It had waylaid him, at this pathway of middle life, like a tiger in ambush. All the hard bitter years of outlawry rose like a hydra-headed monster to burn his soul with the poison of hate, revenge, lust, and the longing to kill. To wreak his vengeance upon civilization by despoiling the innocence and crushing the life of this young girl! The thing roared in his brain, a hell-storm of fury. He had never realized the depths into which he had been thrust until this madness wrapped him in a whirling flame.

(*To be concluded next week*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK

Gifts

WINCHESTER

GIFTS FOR MEN AND BOYS

Repeating Shotguns
Big Game Rifles
.22 Caliber Rifles
Winchester Shotshells
Winchester Staynless Metallic Cartridges
Bamboo Fishing Rods
Steel Fishing Rods
Precision-Built Reels
Spoon Bait
Flashlights
The Headlight
The Focusing Searchlight
The Focusing Lantern
Flashlight and Radio Batteries
Ice Skates
Roller Skates
Carving Sets
Pocket Knives
Hunting Knives
Knives adapted to trades and occupations
Hammers
Hatchets
Screw Drivers
Pliers
Chisels
Auger Bits
Wrenches

WINCHESTER

GIFTS FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS

Sewing Scissors
Shears
Stainless Steel Kitchen Knives
Fruit Knives
Slicers
Stainless Steel Carving Sets
Carvers
Exquisite Pocket Knives
Deluxe Flashlights with hammered cases in gold, silver and copper plate and in ivory finish.
Focusing Lantern with blue crystallizing lacquer case and nickel plated fittings.
Ice Skates
Roller Skates
Bamboo Fishing Rods
Steel Fishing Rods
Reels and Baits
.410 bore and other shotguns
Sporting Rifles
.22 Caliber Rifles
Winchester Shotshells
Winchester Staynless Metallic Cartridges

—all pleasure-bringing or essential gifts—all members of the Winchester family of Quality Products.

Sure to be appreciated

The gift that brings the greatest *pleasure* is the *best* gift that you can give—or get. It is not the price you pay in money but in *thought* that kindles lasting appreciation. A fine gun, for instance, or a beautiful fishing rod, is the most prized possession of a sportsman. It's something intimate for which he holds a deep personal affection. And for the man who really loves fine tools—for the woman who appreciates the fine appointments of her kitchen—for any boy or girl to whom a pair of ice or roller skates, a knife, a fishing rod, a flashlight or gun means more than untold riches—the thoughtfully chosen gift has a value far exceeding its actual cost.

It is just *that* kind of gift which Winchester presents for every member of the family. When it's Winchester, moreover, their pleasure in the *kind* of gift is heightened by appreciation of its long established quality.

There's a happy Winchester suggestion for nearly everyone you know. You will find, moreover, that sporting goods and hardware stores which sell Winchester Quality Products are a most comfortable and convenient rendezvous for Christmas shopping. Write for the Winchester booklets—a new answer to the age-old question of Everybody's Christmas.

Dept. C.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wanted—

an inspector (need not be human) who can test blades for the new Enders Razor. Must be able to tell instantly when a blade has the keenest edge steel will take . . . . and must pass *only* such blades as come up to this exacting standard.

Found—

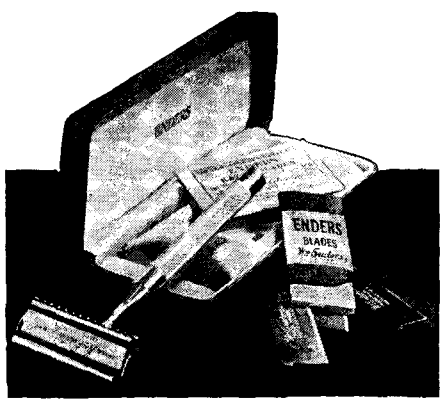
the ideal inspector for which we searched:—a human hair! Comes from Missouri . . . . Has to be *cut in two* by a blade (as illustrated) before it will believe the blade is super-keen.

Now, thanks to this hair test we *know* that Enders blades for the perfectly balanced Enders Razor have the keenest edge steel will take. Try this beautifully balanced shaving instrument. You will find it gives a very remarkable shave. ENDERS RAZOR CO., INC. 105 West 40th St., New York City, N. Y.

The beautifully balanced new Enders Razor, with six super-keen blades $1.00
Extra blades, 5 for 35

NOTE: *If unable to secure an Enders or blades, write us, enclosing purchase price.*

Enders RAZOR



Making Money

Continued from page 14

return for the surrender of a number of engraved plates, which, should they happen to pass into the hands of someone less honest than the man who had made them, would cause the government a lot of embarrassment.

This demand, however, which was based on a precedent which we will discuss later, was refused. Pictures of the four members of the Ohio River Bureau of Engraving and Printing were duly hung in the "little museum."

Then one day, not so very, very long ago, there came to the city of Washington, along with other members of his high school class from the small home town, a bright-eyed, happy boy of fourteen. This "gang" took in the sights of the national capital and at last found their way to the Treasury building and drifted into the "little museum."

It was the most interesting place they had seen. The business of counterfeiting is one that to minds of all ages has always carried the tinge of romance and the spirit of adventure.

Before one of the pictures they stopped; they stopped suddenly, and so did their conversation.

Involuntarily the boys all glanced at their fourteen-year-old companion. His face was white, his lips were trembling and with staring eyes he was gazing at the picture before him. It was the picture of the man who caused the withdrawal of the $100 silver certificate; it was the picture of the man who had made the "twenty" while in prison, and it was the picture of *his father.*

The child left his "gang," caught the train, went back alone to his home town, and a few days later the Chief of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department received a letter.

An Engraver of Note

That letter closed the little museum; and right here would be a proper place in which to go on with a general discussion of counterfeiters and counterfeiting. However, that will be postponed for a few paragraphs in order that one or two more striking illustrations of outstanding ability may be presented.

Take for example the case of Mr. William E. Brockway. Mr. Brockway was an engraver of note, and of notes also. His specialty was the hundred.

The fact that a new, unauthorized issue of money was on the market was made known to the Secret Service boys, and after that it was not long until one of Mr. Brockway's "passers"—although he didn't know anything about it—was chaperoned all the way from New York to Chicago by a pair of operators.

Before taking the train, however, these operators, in order that they might search their fellow traveler, had wired ahead for a reception committee to meet them with some kind of a trumped-up warrant for the man's arrest. This was done; the man was arrested and searched; concealed upon his person was found what the operators were looking for—several thousand dollars in new but worthless notes—while in his grip, where his dress shirts should have been, something was discovered that almost knocked the breath out of the detectives.

The department apparently had entirely underestimated the ambitions of Mr. Brockway. With that gentleman the manufacture of currency was nothing but a side line for the production of chicken feed, as was evidenced by $308,000 worth of U. S. government bonds which the "passer" was nonchalantly packing around with him in his valise.

When these bonds were first examined in Washington, without the aid of identifying serial numbers, the experts pronounced them genuine, and later on, when Mr. Brockway was arrested, he capitalized this known excellence of his work by establishing the precedent previously referred to in this article. When Brockway was captured his plates were not—he was far too cunning a gentleman to let anything like that happen and hence, before he was through with the government, he had managed to make a trade whereby, in consideration of his promise to be good and his surrender of his entire outfit, he was given his liberty.

But Brockway was an artist. Within him was the urge that makes any man forget a promise. So it befell that in a short year or so those exclusive circles in which large bills are wont to circulate were handling a new $500 note of which he was the author. However this note didn't circulate long, and neither did Mr. Brockway. For this creation he got five years in the Federal penitentiary and when he emerged he was a wiser, if not a better man.

Times Have Changed

One morning a man walked into a large department store in New York City, made some slight purchases, paid for them with a $100 bill, received his change and walked out.

After he had gone the girl cashier who had made the change, counting the money with the aid of a wet sponge, picked up the note and as she went to deposit it in the cash drawer, she drew it through her damp fingers to straighten it out. As she did so she noticed that the ink in the serial number smutted and instantly she recalled having read, only a day or two before, in a circular issued by the Treasury Department, a warning to the effect that one of the cleverest current counterfeits could only be detected in this way.

The girl rushed to the clerk who had taken in the note, the clerk rushed to the street and there, still standing in front of the store, was the man who had given it to him. Entirely unperturbed, this gentleman went back inside and when shown the note he readily admitted that it might be a counterfeit, but how could he tell it? He had gotten it, he said, from his bank, and if the store would return it to him, he would give them back their change, pay for his purchases and look to the bank to adjust the matter.

This was satisfactory to everybody except the girl cashier. Something within her whispered to her to insist upon an investigation. She did insist, the man was searched, upon him evidence was found that he had that same day made purchases at several other stores, and a further search revealed that in each one of those stores he had changed one of his beautiful, hand-drawn $100 notes.

And now let us look, in a general way, at this entire matter of the making of bogus money.

To begin with, in Washington they speak of it as the "counterfeiting industry" and they look with a considerable degree of respect upon some of the old-time skilled workers who were celebrated captains in the game. This feeling is a natural one. Counterfeiting is the most deliberate crime that any man can possibly commit. To falsify the currency requires a lot of careful and painstaking preparation, plenty of artistic ability, some mechanical skill and a certain amount of scientific knowledge.

Hence no man has ever even partially succeeded as a counterfeiter unless he has been a man of intelligence with whom it has been something of a pleasure for the department to cope.

In recent years, though, conditions have changed considerably and the "industry" is not nearly what it used to be. Photographic methods, which are easily learned but which produce shoddy notes, have taken the place of hand work, with the result that a very inferior line of crooks, peddling an inferior line of goods, has now gotten into the game. The success of these moderns, however, is very limited and, were it not for two interesting reasons, the probabilities are that the counterfeiting industry would die out entirely.

The first of these reasons, which can readily be construed as an unconscious tribute which we pay to the efficiency of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department, is that we hardly ever look at the money which comes into our possession. We merely take it and pass it along.

But—and this is reason number two—if we are suspicious, and if we do look at the note, we merely run it through our fingers and hold it up to the light to take a squint at the quality of the paper.

Of course we don't really know anything about the paper but we think we do and if it looks all right we then take it for granted that the note is genuine.

This fallacious notion regarding the impossibility of duplicating the paper with which our legitimate currency is made, coupled with our national carelessness in money matters, is, more than anything else, the factor which the present independent maker of money relies on to get by with his product. He does, he can, and he has successfully imitated the paper used in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and with that accomplished he is now quite satisfied because he knows that we are not going to take the trouble to look carefully at the excellence, or the lack of it, of his photo engravings.

Countering the Counterfeiter

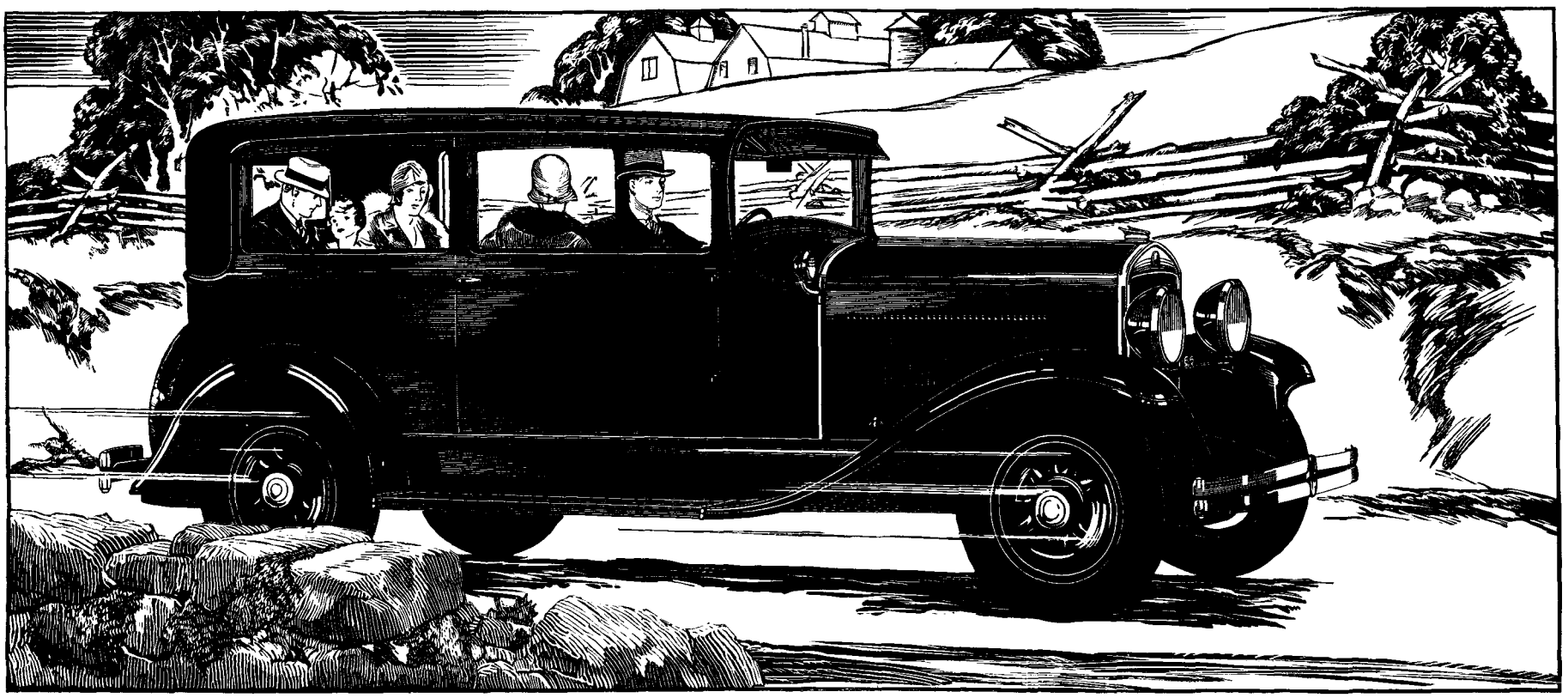
The government is no longer relying to any great degree on the quality of the paper used in making its currency. Experience has shown that to do that is to disarm the public and so now, when you want to know whether or not any of the new small notes are genuine, you scrutinize and admire the excellence of the workmanship displayed in the engravings. This is the outstanding feature of the note which cannot be successfully duplicated by mere photographic processes.

For the note-raisers, that is, for men whose livelihood it is to turn ones into tens and fives into fifties, the Department has prepared a very simple and efficacious dose. This consists in merely restricting the use of any portrait to notes of a certain denomination. For instance, the features of George Washington look out at you only from the face of a one-dollar bill. If you see George on a five, you can know that the note has been raised.

Hereafter, when we have learned that George represents a one, Abe a five and Alexander Hamilton a ten spot, it will be our own fault if we get nicked through the efforts of anyone who attempts to promote them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOUSANDS ARE PREFERRING THIS NEW CHRYSLER SIX



© 1929 Chrysler Corporation

NEW CHRYSLER "66" BROUGHAM, $995

WITH the entrance of the new Chrysler "66"—lowest-priced six ever to bear the name of Chrysler—there is simply no question as to what is the biggest value and best investment among lower-priced sixes.

Into the building of this car, Chrysler has marshaled the full force of Chrysler engineering science, Chrysler manufacturing experience and Chrysler success.

Compare the beauty of design, the richness and roominess of the bodies. See what you get in engineering efficiency: High-compression power with any grade fuel; oversize 7-bearing crankshaft; Iso-therm Invar Strut aluminum alloy pistons; impulse neutralizer; rubber engine mountings; positive fuel pump instead of a vacuum tank; weatherproof internal-expanding four-wheel hydraulic brakes; rubber-core spring shackles that never need adjustment or lubrication.

$985

AND UP . . . F. O. B. FACTORY

Feel the big difference in ease of handling—in acceleration—in smoothness and swiftness—in the flood of power that masters all hills. This is a Chrysler. You know it the moment you take the wheel.

NEW CHRYSLER "66" PRICES

Business Coupe	$985	Brougham	$ 995
Roadster (with rumble seat)	995	Royal Coupe (with rumble seat)	1045
Phaeton	995	Royal Sedan	1065

F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)

CHRYSLER "66"

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indigestion . . . *thief of pleasure goes Quickly—Quietly!*

The Cholic by Cruikshank - 1835

DON'T let heartburn, acidity or indigestion—those troubles that come from imprudent eating—punish you as they do so many!

Take Gastrogen Tablets at the first sign of distress. They're pleasant in taste. They bring relief in five minutes. And they work quietly, efficiently—without belching or distress from gas or hiccoughs.

For Gastrogen Tablets contain no soda bicarbonate—that's their great advantage over other methods! Read carefully the Vinegar Test to the right and you will quickly see why this is so!

Indigestion stops but digestion goes on!

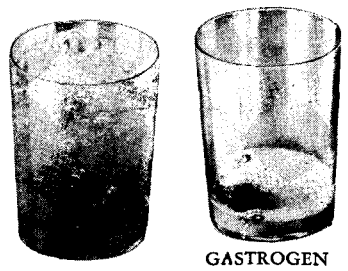
With Gastrogen you get quick, effective relief—free from the embarrassing aftermath of hiccoughs, belching or internal rumblings so often caused by soda. Normal digestion isn't held up—the stomach is soothed, not irritated.

Except in severe cases three or four of these harmless, spicy tablets will relieve you in five to ten minutes. Remember the name—Gastrogen Tablets! And the next time you are afflicted with heartburn, acidity or indigestion, have them on hand. In pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ and in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢. At your druggist's.

Make the Vinegar Test!
It shows Gastrogen's
Quiet Power over Acids

1. Take two tumblers. Pour a little vinegar into each.
2. Into one tumbler drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.
3. Into the other, drop three or four Gastrogen Tablets.

SODA BICARBONATE



GASTROGEN

Notice the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the "bicarb". Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen!

The same thing happens in your stomach when you take soda or preparations containing it. You see the reason for the disturbance that soda causes—the embarrassment of hiccoughs and rumbling.

But Gastrogen Tablets have no bad after-effects. They set free *less than half* as much gas as soda, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid.

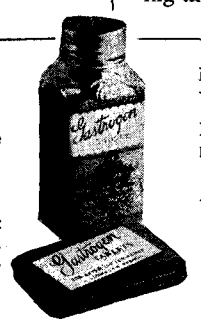
Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists.

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$$HCl+\tfrac{1}{2}CaCO_3=\tfrac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\tfrac{1}{2}CO_2+\tfrac{1}{2}H_2O$$



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-119
73 West Street, New York City

Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© 1929

Words on the Wing

Continued from page 13

did not read is more significant. For in practical use the radio equipment on his plane, and on others like it, while passably good for sending, was utterly useless for receiving. Nothing was known—at least, nothing had been done commercially—about shielding and bonding. And those hapless flyers could not have installed sets powerful enough to receive by sheer strength through the wall of interference set up by the ignition systems of their motors and the unbonded structures of their ships without sacrificing lift, gas capacity, and airworthiness they sorely needed.

If you were to put on the headphones of a receiving set in a plane whose motor was unshielded you would simply hear a storm of unintelligible crashes. If the ship, further, were unbonded, the din would be increased. A slight scraping together of two metal parts somewhere in the structure of the ship, for instance, would resound in your headphones like the crack of doom.

The ignition interference would be caused by the electrical activity inherent in the magnetos, the sputter of the spark-plug flames, and the like. Shielding means the covering, or encasing, of the ignition system so that these noises do not leak into a receiving set located near by. This covering must be effected as simply as possible, so that it presents no mechanical difficulties in the servicing of the planes. If it took a mechanic twenty minutes to remove a fouled spark plug from beneath its shielding, there would be scant commercial advantage in the shielding.

"Bonding" a Plane

Bonding is a separate problem. You have probably noticed big gasoline trucks rumbling along with chains dragging on the ground behind them. It is an annoying racket; you have perhaps attributed it to imps of perversity in callous drivers. As a matter of fact they were taking scientific precautions against explosion and fire. Large metallic bodies become charged with static—i. e., electricity—from the store always present in the atmosphere. If you touched an ungrounded truck with your finger you might notice a spark. The chains ground the truck, draining off the static it has gathered, and preventing the possibility of sparks causing trouble when the gasoline is being drawn off. Bonding is the connecting of the metallic parts of a plane so that these are continuous, leaving no gaps within the structure where sparks might jump, causing fire or interference in radio reception. During a thunderstorm, for instance, a great amount of static might be gathered by a plane flying close to or through it. Static might also be built up within a plane by the electrical activities aboard—the radio reception and transmission, and the ignition systems of the motors.

Bonding is essential on dirigibles such as the Graf Zeppelin and the Los Angeles, as well as on planes. Every part of the metal framework, or skeleton, must be joined so that it forms a single structural whole. Otherwise the tiniest gap might create an arc—a static spark, and—another air disaster.

When the Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce was organized in 1926 it saw in radio a major aid of the many it planned to foster in the interest of commercial flying. And it discovered that, while little in the way of aviation radio equipment was commercially available, a great deal of splendid groundwork had been laid within the government by the experimentation and discoveries of the Bureau of Standards and the Army Air Corps.

As early as 1921 two scientists attached to the Bureau of Standards—F. W. Dunmore, physicist, and F. H. Engel, assistant physicist—fell to scratching their heads and their pencils over the idea of a directive radio beacon forming an invisible pathway through space over which a ship or an airplane could be driven as accurately as an automobile on a well-posted cement highway.

If you had been along the banks of the first great bend in the Potomac River, thirty-five miles below Washington, in May of 1921, you would have been puzzled by the maneuvers of the U. S. lighthouse tender Maple, unless you knew what was up—and few people did. Hour after hour she fussed between Metomkin and Mathias Points like an old woman hunting a lost pin.

Once aboard the tender, however, you would have seen earnest men bending over a portable radio receiving set. A theory was in the balance. The theory, shorn of technique and wordage, was this: that at an equal distance between two radio signals, sent out from transmitting coils placed at a certain angle with respect to each other, there is a line or band between the two waves or beams whereon both signals are received with equal volumes of sound. That equal-signal line, followed by an airplane in flight, should lead directly to the transmitting station.

Dunmore and Engel had set up such coils at the Bureau of Standards, on the heights northwest of Washington. They oriented or pointed the coils so that the signal beams streaming out from them, spreading with distance like a charge from a shotgun, would cross the Potomac at the point where the Maple was cruising. From one coil the letter *A* was wirelessed; from the other, the letter *T*.

The scientists, alert at the receiver on the Maple, looked up at one another presently and smiled. They had found beyond all doubt that their theory was correct. While the Maple steamed back and forth across the pathways of the *A* and *T* signals there was a mile-and-a-quarter band between them where the *A* and the *T* sounded with equal distinctness and emphasis. Once that imaginary band was crossed to the left—the side of the *A* signal—the Maple came into the sector dominated by *A*, and that letter increased in volume while *T* diminished. When the path was crossed to the right the opposite effect was secured.

A Shock from Germany

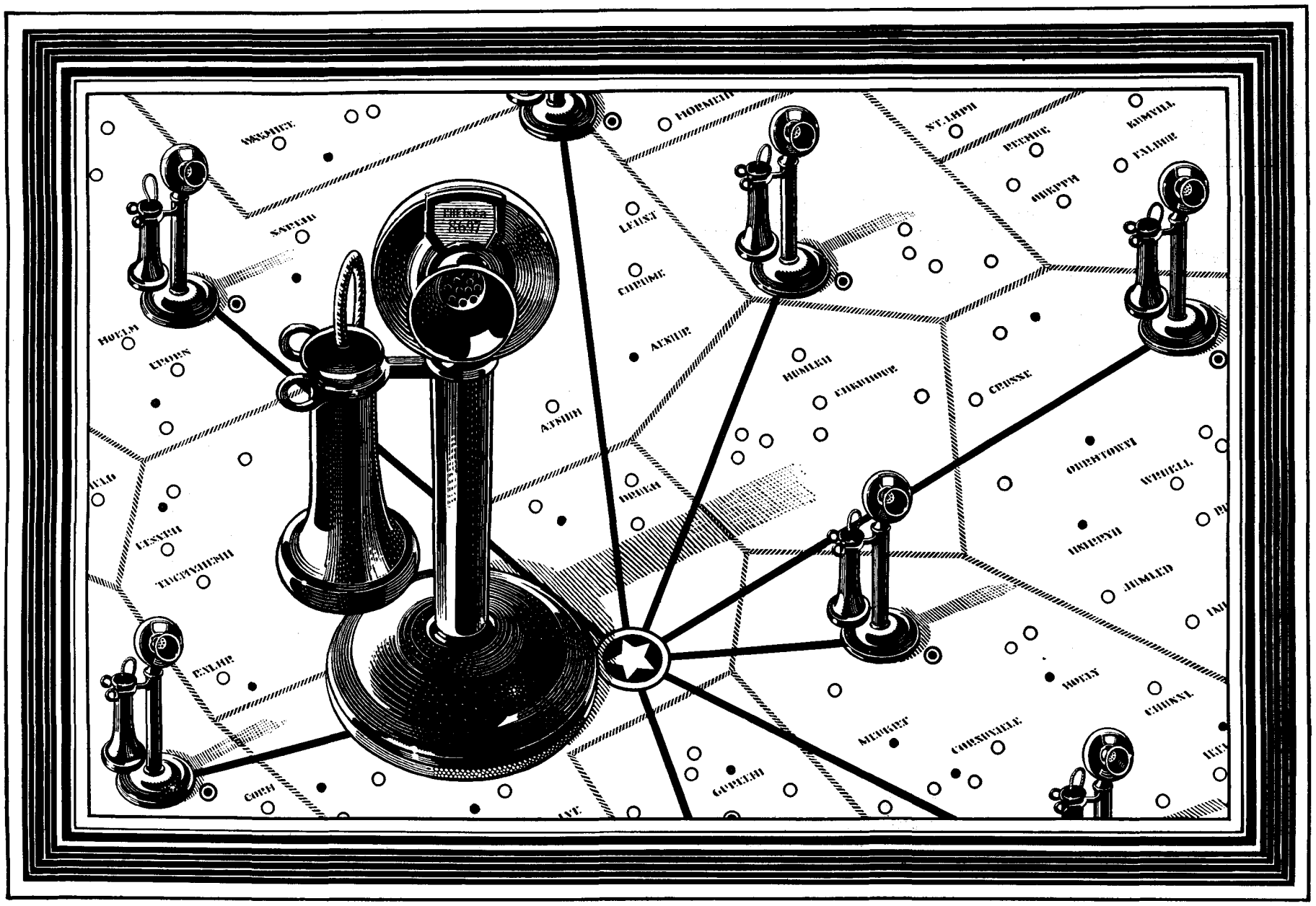
Dunmore and Engel transferred their experiments to McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, where the advantages of this radio directive beam to aërial navigation could be explored with the coöperation of the Army Air Corps. Improvements were reached. A switch was devised which made code signals from the two coils merge into a constant dash on the equi-signal line. This eliminated the possibility of a pilot's errors of judgment in estimating the sound equality of the signals. He simply held his ship's nose so that *dash-dash-dash* sounded in his headphones. If he got *dot-dash*, say, he knew he was off to the left. If he got *dash-dot* he knew he was veering to the right. This is the method used today in the aural beacon system.

Meanwhile, Dunmore and Engel pub-

(*Continued on page 52*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cover your Sales areas by Telephone ... the Key Town plan



THE modern way to keep in touch with customers is by telephone from centrally located towns. For information and arrangements about the Key Town plan, go right to your local Bell Telephone Business Office.

A soap salesman went to the telephone office in Forest City, Arkansas, and placed 30 calls to 10 surrounding towns.

Twenty-five sales resulted in $2000 worth of business in 3 hours. Cost of the calls, $12.90. The salesman estimated it would have taken him 2 weeks plus traveling expenses to visit the towns and dealers individually.

The Bell System has prepared national and regional Key Town maps suggesting convenient centers for reaching the entire country by telephone.

Sequence lists filed with the operator in advance enable calls to be put up quickly, one after another.

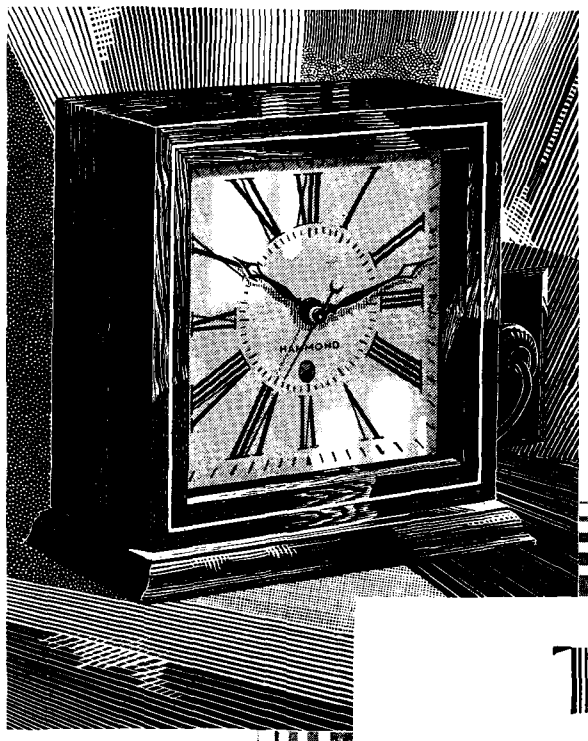
Classified telephone directories help in developing prospects and new outlets.

The credit plan used in connection with the Key Town plan, obviates carrying cash for telephoning and keeps a detailed record of the calls.

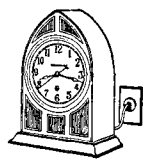
Why not telephone your local Bell Telephone Business Office now for the Key Town maps and information? They are free. Bell Telephone Service is *Convenient . . . . Economical . . . . Universal.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

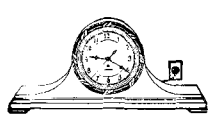
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



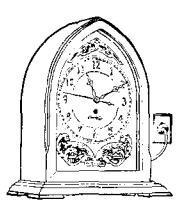
THE COLONIAL MODEL has a case of walnut with white inlay. Dial is bronze with artistic etched numerals finished in black. This clock has been favored by thousands—and provides a beautiful, interesting, and a lasting gift at any time. The overall height is 6 in., width 5 in. Complete with cord and plug, $14.50.



The Ravenswood is small, neat, compact and, of course, a perfect timekeeper. Bakelite case, 7 in. high, dial 3½ in. diameter. Complete ready to be plugged in the light socket, $9.75.



The Cambridge, for the mantel—21 in. long, 5½ in. silvered dial. Hand carved bezel ring; convex crystal. A beautiful tambour model to grace any mantel. Priced at $32.50.



The Gothic Model, another De Luxe mantel clock, is 12 in. high: base, 4¾ x 9¾ inches; dial diameter 5½ inches. Case is solid walnut, of exquisite design. Like all other Hammond Models this clock gives exact time to the second. Priced at $29.50.

The

LIGHT SOCKET

now gives

EXACT TIME

Plug in a Hammond Clock ...Set the Hands...Flip the Starter...and Electricity keeps the hands in exact step with Observatory Time ...No Springs...No Winding

IT'S the new way to tell time, convenient of course, but what is more important, it is *correct* time. The Hammond Clock and the electricity that comes from your light socket is the combination that now makes it possible for you to have a timepiece you can trust.

You want a dependable clock—everyone does. It must be the all-electric type because only by electricity can you get the accuracy that is measured in seconds.

This new product of electrical engineering is available wherever clocks are sold and prices range from $9.75 to $32.50.

HAMMOND

ALL-ELECTRIC CLOCKS

A clock that contains no clockwork but an electrical device that is automatically regulated by electricity (metered cycles). The booklet explains how it operates and illustrates the complete line in colors.

The Hammond Clock Company, (38)
4115 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Words on the Wing

Continued from page 50

lished a description of their experiments. From this came the greatest shock of the experimental period. A letter reached Dunmore. It was from Fritz Kiebitz, a German physicist. He enclosed a scientific pamphlet written in 1907 in Germany by Otto Schiller, who in that country and in that year had obtained a patent for a radio directive beacon he had devised. This was a year before the Wrights flew their first army tests, and only four years after they had flown at Kitty Hawk!

Herbert Hoover, Jr.

Braced by the knowledge of these experiments, the newly-organized Aëronautics Branch formulated its radio program. There would be two divisions of radio aid: the radio beacon, or range; and radio telephony from ground to plane for weather and safety information broadcasts. The cost of establishing, equipping, and maintaining the beacons and weather broadcast stations would be a government expense. A radio beacon station alone costs about $12,000 to establish. The addition of ground-to-plane and point-to-point communication equipment brings the cost up to $30,000. A main station, such as the one at Hadley Field, requires a chief and three men, who work eight-hour shifts. The airways are never without beacon and weather service.

The governmental help could only go so far. It was a spine. The commercial carriers had to rib it. So they hurried to sign up the best radio engineers they could find, and told them to take off their coats and get to work. There was an enormous amount of work to be done, and it had to be done fast if the establishment of widespread air passenger service were not to be aborted. Helping hands were by now reaching out from the big electrical laboratories, which saw in commercial air transportation a field worth sowing.

The responsibility for the radio work of the air transportation companies fell to men like Herbert Hoover, Jr., of Western Air Express; Thorpe Hiscock, radio engineer of Boeing Air Transport; E. W. Proctor, holding a similar office with Transcontinental Air Transport, and their colleagues. These workers—young, most of them, and aflame with enthusiasm—set up experimental ground stations, keeping them mobile and shunting them back and forth across half a continent. They equipped experimental planes. In many instances they had to make the gadgets necessary to complete these primary sets. Each man had to test, to select, and to build with an eye toward the peculiar conditions of his company's runs; toward weather circumstances, kind and class of ships, and load restrictions.

They hurried out into the mountains and the deserts. Day after day they droned above painted canyons, extinct volcanoes with black lava flows extending like dead tongues to the horizon, and parched salt beds. They trailed their antennas up remote gorges on stormy nights. They braved incredible heat in winter on desert sinks below sea level, and shivered in summer where snow lay in lost hollows of the high Sierras. They plumbed and classified and analyzed the air above their routes more thoroughly than oceanographers chart the sea deeps. They encountered strange phenomena. They found bends in the radio waves, caused by ore beds. Over the deserts patches of terrific static would be met; in isolated puckerings of the highlands curious dead spots would be found. A point 400 miles away would hear the experimental ship; a point four or forty miles away, with similar apparatus and listening on the same wave length, might as well have been on Saturn for all it could hear.

In the face of these difficulties frequencies were experimented with, ground stations to round out the available or forthcoming government services were built, organizations were formed, personnel trained, systems and methods practiced, equipment ordered.

Companies like Pan-American Airways and Universal Air Lines, in addition to those I have mentioned, surrounded themselves with organizations that for elaborateness in conception, thoroughness in practice and smoothness in operation are unmatched in the history of transportation. They have to be. They realize that you are demanding more from air travel than you have ever demanded from any other mode of travel—100 per cent safety. You will never get that in this world—where human and mechanical qualities enter, and where "acts of God" is a clause not yet stricken from shipping manifests by scientific progress. But you'll get as close to it as is possible.

The Department of Commerce, in all this scramble, has not lost its place in the van. While expanding its airways radio services it has continued to experiment with the beacon. The result is a new type of indicator in the pilot's cockpit—visual.

Once again we have to turn to F. W. Dunmore, physicist of the Bureau of Standards. One day he fell to considering nothing more nor less than a simple musical tuning fork. He recalled the phenomena of kindred pitch. If you strike a piano key in one room the wire of the similar key on any other piano within reach of its sound wave and tuned to the same pitch will vibrate. Why not a radio "note" or pitch from a beacon transmitter that would cause keys on all airplane receivers locked on that same pitch to vibrate? The "key" became a pair of metal reeds—one for each transmitting coil—and the visual beacon indicator was born.

The scientists of the Bureau of Standards believe that the visual indicator is an improvement which antiquates the aural. In fairness, however, the Department of Commerce is conducting a comparison of the two in practical use in coöperation with the two carriers that pioneered the radio beacon experimentation: the aural, with National Air Transport between Chicago and New York; the visual, with Pitcairn Aviation, Inc., on its New York-Atlanta run.

Your Country Below You

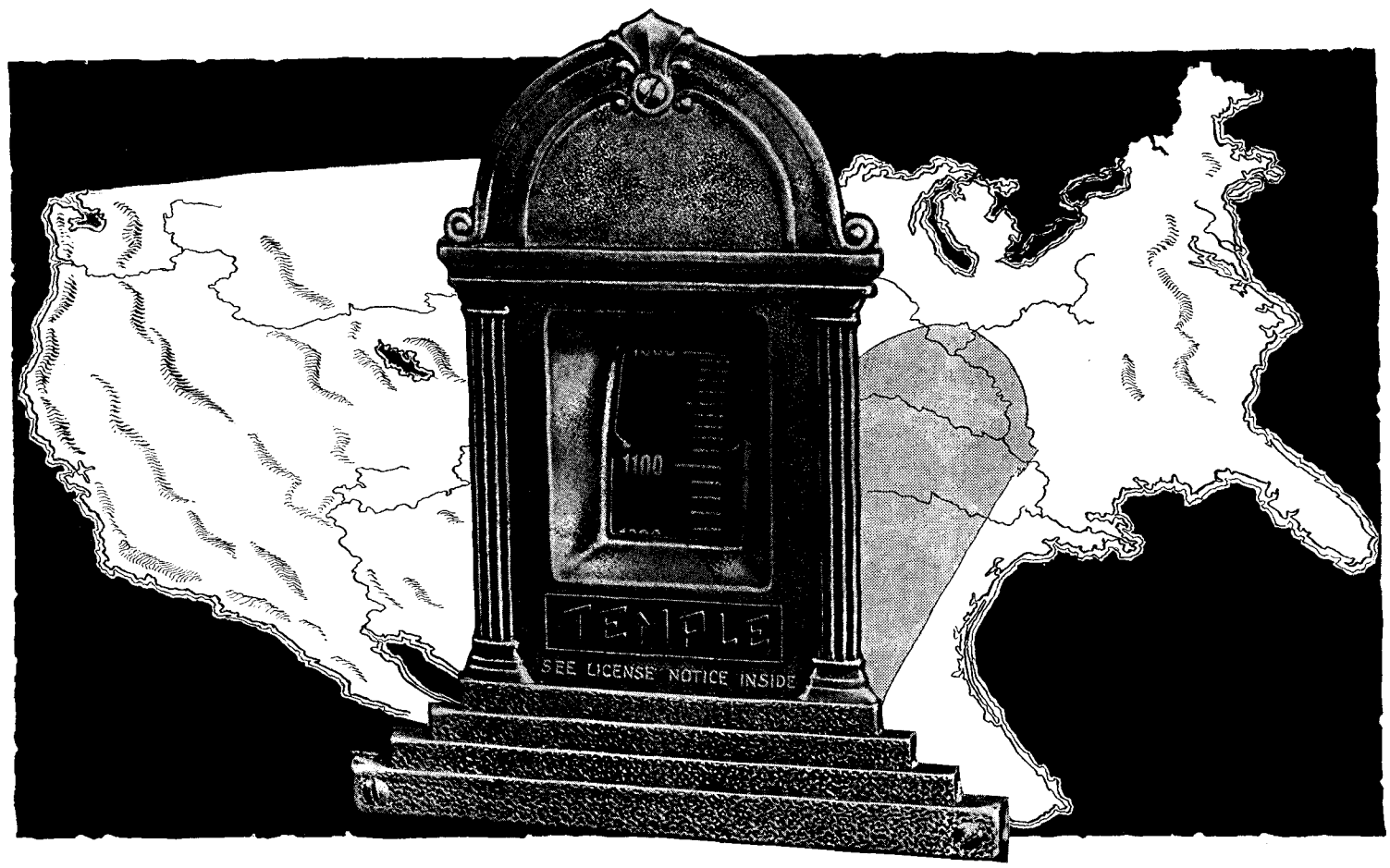
The upshot of all this work has been the development of an everyday routine on the airways through which radio serves your safety, convenience and comfort when you travel by air as it serves your leisure hours at home with education and entertainment. I can best explain this routine if you will take an imaginary air trip with me.

Selecting our route will remind you that we have in the United States a wealth of scenic riches. We might take a Western Air Express liner from Kansas City to Los Angeles, and have unrolled beneath us in twelve hours a cyclorama of natural grandeur that could not be matched elsewhere in the world in a month's travel. Or we might

(*Continued on page 54*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

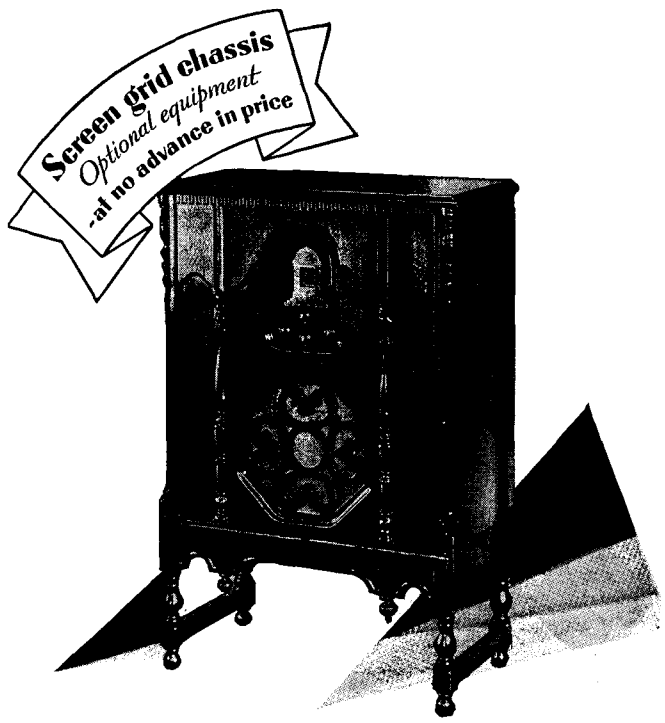
the SWITCHBOARD of a NATION



FLICK the switch and dial the number . . . Temple is the switchboard that will link you with a wonder-world of words and music . . . It is too magnificently powered to be blanketed . . . so uncannily selective it impales each station on a needle point. It is consoled in beauty as admirable in any setting as a curly maple highboy in an old New England homestead. It is tonally superb in its mellow, natural clarity. Temple never says "Excuse it, please", but always, "There's your party". And Temple says it with a voice that will thrill your senses. . . . . Temple ought to be your set.

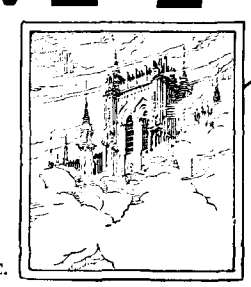
Temple is all-electric. The standard chassis has six 227 tubes—push-pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply oversized in every respect, in combination with the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker, assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled, ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console . . . $149; the Temple 8-80 Grand Console . . . $169; the Temple Combination . . . $269. All prices less tubes. Slightly higher on the Pacific slope. Licensed by R. C. A. and associated companies.

TEMPLE CORPORATION, CHICAGO, U. S. A.



TEMPLE

TEMPLETONE Radio



TEMPLE NIGHTS

Every Thursday Night at 10 Eastern Time—Over Columbia Network.

© 1929, T. C. "THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

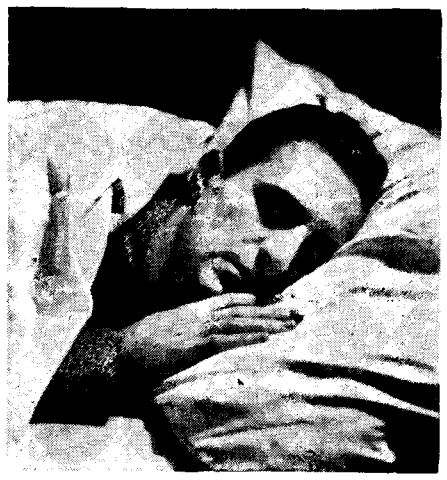
SEND THE COUPON

Accept 3-Day Test—It May End for You the Restless Nights That Wreck Nerves and Health

Here Is Sleep

Immediately You Go To Bed

New Energy, New Vitality All Next Day



An Utterly Drugless Way to Induce Sleep That 20,000 Doctors Are Advising

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day, teem with new energy and "pep." You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then, *while* you sleep, Ovaltine resupplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep. You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain today at any drug or grocery store—or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. C-17 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(One package to a person) 518

Words on the Wing

Continued from page 52

take the Transcontinental Air Transport and have practically the same thrills—the Painted Desert, the Petrified Forest, Meteor Crater, ancient Indian villages on sun-baked mesas.

We might thread over the tailored Middle West with Universal, or cruise above the lovely West Indies with Pan-American. We might fly with Pacific Air Transport above clouds that blot out the west coast, yet see the peaks of Mounts Shasta, Hood, Rainier and their fellow giants of the Cascades. Or we may fly over the "Hump"—as pilots call the Humboldt Range—with Boeing at night, from San Francisco. Perhaps it is a moonlit night, and the Sacramento Valley floods westward under your sleepy eyes like a world of dreams. Later pale phantoms rise about the ship's windows, shrouds glistening over their sharp heads: the high Sierras. You will have a moment of pure spiritual exaltation. In an elusive flash you will understand the tenacity and fascination of the age-old aspirations behind flying. You will not retain that understanding, of course, but you will feel washed and scrubbed inside.

Saving the Pilot's Nerves

Well, we've selected our route and are off. After a while we stroll up front at the invitation of the pilot or his mate and enter the control cockpit. This is akin to "slumming" on the ocean liners. First you notice two pairs of headphones and one pair of microphones; one of each for the pilot and the co-pilot. The microphone is a light, fragile thing held in place before the user's mouth by a harness strapped over his chest. Or it may be fixed to his helmet, so that the mike follows his mouth whenever he turns his head. The headphones are skimpy too: each one weighs about three ounces.

The pilot's headphones dangle. He is not using his radio now. It is a clear day and for the most part he looks through his window. He has a singularly calm face, cool eyes. But on his daily trips before radio came into his cockpit you would have seen considerable tension behind his alertness.

Then, when the pilot took off, he was out of reach of his superiors, out of touch with his ground organization, until he arrived at his next scheduled stop. He would have a pre-flight weather report and analysis, but weather is subject to unexpected tricks. And to be caught in thick flying with a shipload of passengers would keep any pilot from growing fat. Of course there were the compass and the instruments. The pilot could concentrate on them. But the best he could hope for in the nastiest conditions would be safe altitude. For even his magnetic compass might fail to keep him in a generally accurate direction.

The pilot might easily get into an accidental "bank," or turn, in fog. And the compass is not effective in steep banks. It sticks. When the ship is leveled off again the needle oscillates. The pilot might mistake this to mean he had swerved from his course. He would bank to get back. The card would stick again, and when he leveled off would oscillate worse than before. A little more of this performance and the needle would begin to revolve. Thus you can see that even with a compass it was possible for a good pilot to become hopelessly lost in clouds or fog. These hazards are forever banished.

"One of radio's greatest contributions to passenger safety," Herbert Hoover, Jr., told me, "is that it takes some of the responsibility for his decisions from the pilot's shoulders and shifts it to expert observers and officials on the ground who are in a better position than he to judge conditions."

Radio even helps a pilot judge his ground speed—something impossible in instrument flying heretofore. Spaced along the airways are "marker beacons"—low-wave, low-power stations, operated by remote control, which send out distinctive signals that can be caught within a radius of several miles, and enable a "blind" pilot to locate himself.

One of the first things to catch your eye in the cockpit of our ship is the visual beacon indicator, a dial about the size of an automobile speedometer. It is in the center of the instrument board, facing the pilots. In the dial you see what appear to your slow human eyes to be two vertical chalk marks, of equal size. In reality these are the tiny tips of metal reeds, vibrating up and down so fast that they appear to be solid lines.

The pilot sees you staring at the visual indicator, and smilingly demonstrates it for you. He steers the ship to the right and very soon the white line on the right side grows longer, while the one on the left shortens. He swings the ship back to the left until the lines are of equal amplitude again. If he were to steer farther to the left the opposite of this performance would be recorded.

He pulls out the indicator and shows it to you. You notice that the hole into which it plugs as easily as an electric light cord has a framework suspended on wires. That is to avoid the danger of any period of vibration in the plane which might match the pitch of the reeds and thus give a false recording. In fact almost every bit of radio equipment on the ship is suspended, somewhat as the ordinary microphone you have seen in broadcasting studios is suspended within its frame. This gives greater sensitivity.

Looking back over the roof of the passenger cabin from your vantage point in the cockpit you see the aërial—a rodlike mast, some six or eight feet high. This has replaced the old trailing-wire antennas, which swayed in the wind and gave deceptive direction, and constituted, further, a hazard in low flying.

Conversation Alow and Aloft

There are two receiving sets and one transmitting set aboard. Aëronautical radio is above and below the entertainment and general broadcasting ranges. The company's own receiving and transmitting is done with a low-wave set, somewhere between fifty and one hundred meters, on frequencies between 1,600 and 6,500 kilocycles. The second receiving set gets the government beacon and voice broadcasts, on wave lengths between 850 and 1,100 meters, with frequencies between 285 and 350 kilocycles.

The company's transmitting is accomplished with a power plant of 200 volts and up. This power, and the power for the receiving sets, is stolen from the generators on the ship's motors. Perhaps there is a wind-driven generator located on the leading edge of a wing to add a horsepower or so to the plant. In the event of a forced landing, with all motors dead, enough power could be coaxed from the storage

(*Continued on page 57*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The unmistakable evidence of engineering Leadership

..... Now found in more than twenty leading automobiles

HERE is an easy way to judge the engineering perfection of the car you buy. Look at the front end. See if the manufacturer has provided a Pines Automatic Winterfront. A simple test. Yet, the fine records and reputations of the cars which have been given this protection, prove it a most reliable one.

The manufacturers who build Pines Automatic Winterfront into their cars, know that their precise engineering and manufacturing would be needlessly jeopardized to the fatal dangers of improper operating temperatures—*if they did not provide this entirely automatic protection.*

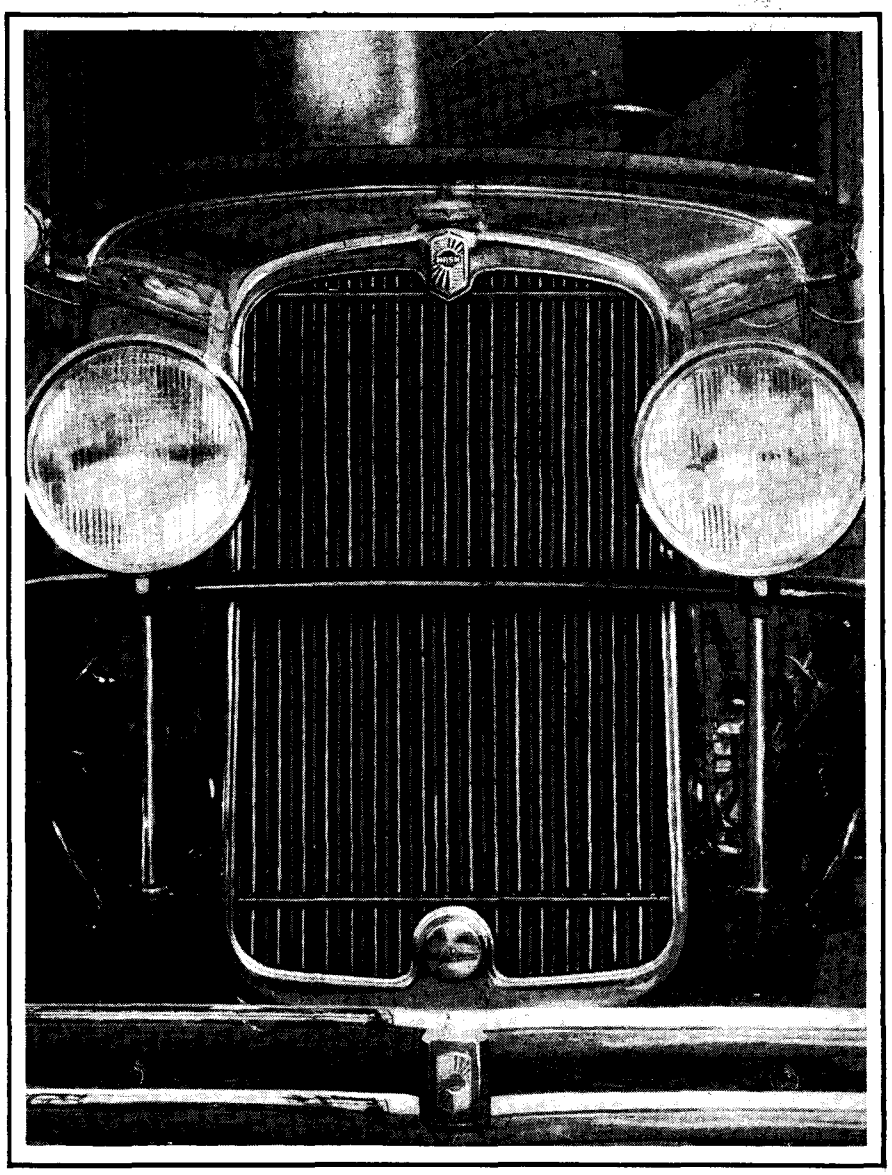
Experience and tests have convinced leading automotive engineers that you as a car owner need this insurance against the many serious damages to which cold motors are exposed. Their adoption of this device is all the proof you need that motor protection—*automatic protection*—is an engineering necessity. Note the list of cars. It shows plainly that the Pines Automatic Winterfront has made an important contribution to engineering progress.

Are you buying a new car?

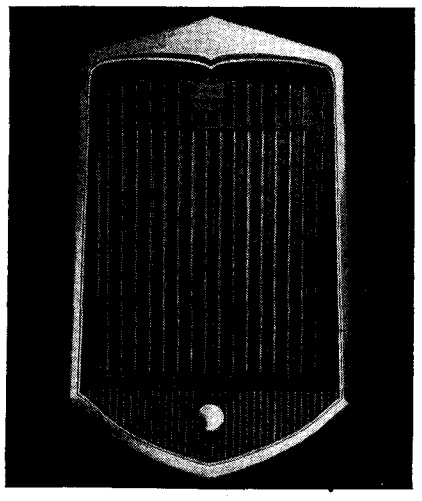
If you are—look for the Pines Automatic Winterfront over the radiator. It is unmistakable evidence of engineering progress.

True — Pines Automatic Winterfront has brought a degree of beauty to the front end of the motor car, impossible to attain with the radiator exposed — as well as warmth and freedom from front end drafts inside the car.

But its vital function is one of absolute protection to the motor and all its parts. It has won its enviable place in the automobile industry because it definitely prevents the damage that results from operating an underheated motor. Damage—experts agree—which is responsible for 50 to 75% of all repair costs.



Illustrating the Nash New 400 equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront. Fulton Sylphon Thermostat is used in this Winterfront



The new vertical Detachable type

If the new car you are considering is not already equipped with an Automatic Winterfront, assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may then purchase a detachable type Winterfront which gives you the same advantages as the built-in Winterfront.

Do you own a car?

If you do—watch the thermometer—and equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront as the weather begins to get cold, or at temperatures ranging 60° Fahrenheit and below.

No car is immune. No more tangible evidence of the necessity for this vital protection could be offered you than the fact that these leading manufacturers take this vital precaution into their own hands — and make Pines Automatic Winterfront an integral part of their cars.

Bring *your* car up-to-date. And remember—there is only one automatic radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us, Pines Winterfront Company, 1133 N. Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

These fine cars are equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfronts

NASH—NEW 400 BUICK 40-50-60 JORDAN 8
PIERCE-ARROW 133-143 PEERLESS 125
ROLLS ROYCE HUPMOBILE 8 STUTZ
STEARNS-KNIGHT DeLuxe 8-90 GARDNER 130
DURANT 66 and 70 DODGE SR. SIX
CHRYSLER 77 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CORD
BLACKHAWK CHECKER CAB
BRADFIELD CAB WILLYS-KNIGHT 66B
GRAHAM-PAIGE 621, 827, 837
and others—names on request

Authorized Winterfront Service is available through the National Pines Automatic Winterfront Distributing Organization

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cold Facts *from* 3576 families on the advertising of FRIGIDAIRE

"If you have an electric refrigerator, did two or more members of the family influence its purchase?"

"Which magazine is the favorite with your family as a whole?"

. . . were two of the questions asked.

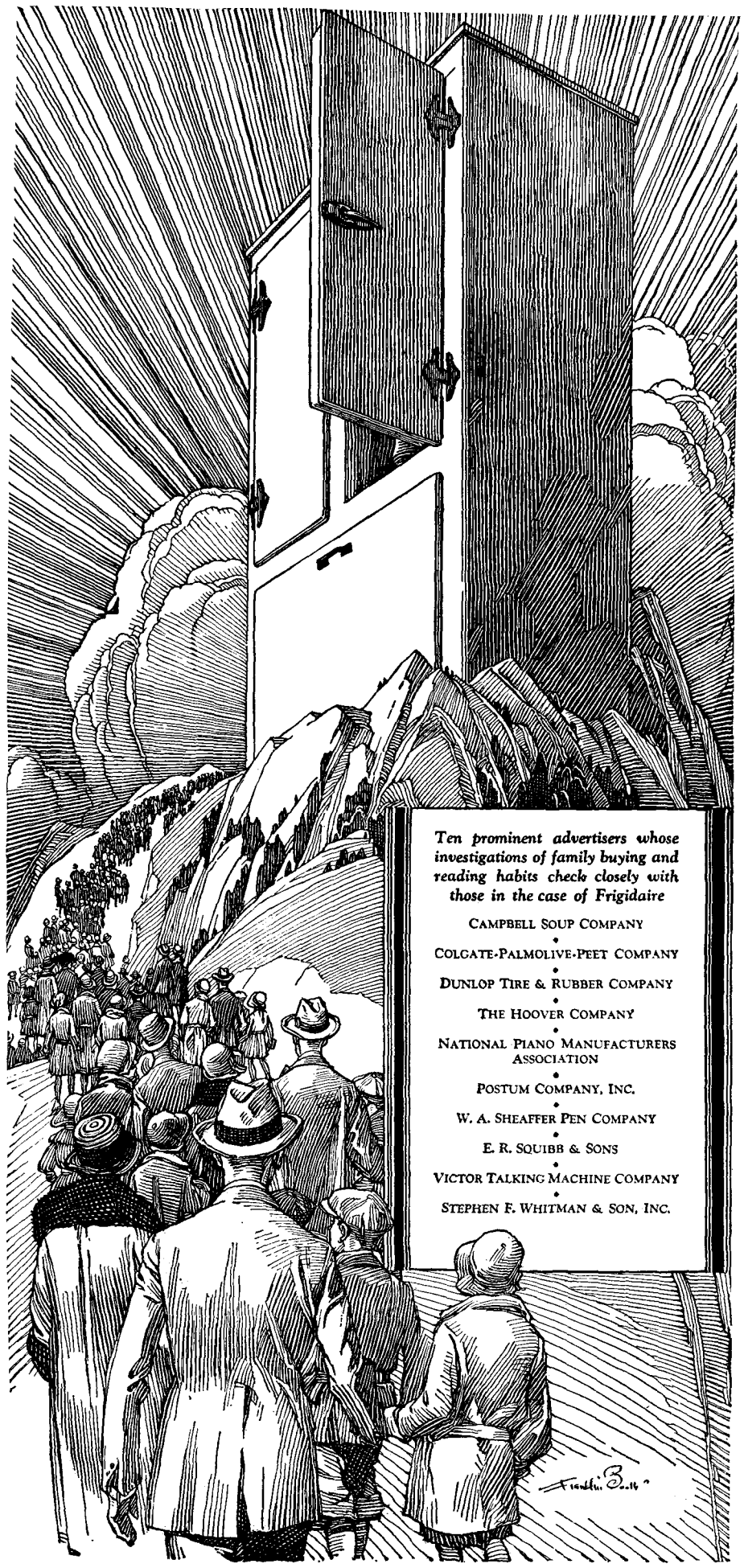
THE answer to the first question proved to be an emphatic "Yes." For 63% of the answers said that *two or more* members of the family contributed advice and opinions before an electric refrigerator was bought.

And for the second question, one magazine got more votes than all the other magazines combined. 51% of the replies said that The American Magazine was the all-family favorite. If only one magazine could come into the home, The American Magazine would be the choice.

Many similar surveys have been made recently, for such widely differing products as tires, toothpaste, pianos, fountain pens, and candy. A number of large national advertisers, advertising agencies, research groups and universities conducted them.

In every investigation the same two fundamental facts were proven: *First,* that buying today is governed by the opinions of the *whole family,* even in many cases where the purchase involved is highly personal. *Second,* that in The American Magazine national advertisers can reach the whole family in 2,200,000 homes, *at one advertising cost.*

Write or telephone us for facts and figures on various surveys that prove these points.


Ten prominent advertisers whose investigations of family buying and reading habits check closely with those in the case of Frigidaire
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY
DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
THE HOOVER COMPANY
NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
POSTUM COMPANY, INC.
W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.

The American Magazine

First with all the FAMILY

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Words on the Wing

Continued from page 54

batteries, which ordinarily are used to operate the landing lights, passenger cabin lights, and the like, for a brief period of dispatching information as to the location of the descent and the nature of the trouble. Reception could be maintained for a longer while.

You have been noticing for the past few minutes the pilot frequently consulting the clock on his instrument panel. Now its long hand reaches an even half-hour and the pilot adjusts his headphones and "plugs in." He is receiving the regular government half-hourly voice broadcasts. Evidently this one is just routine, with no likelihood of information of importance, for the pilot passes the headphones to you so that you may listen in.

You hear a government radio man from a station perhaps a hundred miles away. The voice range of the government stations averages about one hundred and twenty-five miles. That's enough to overlap the next station along the airway. You are amazed at the clarity of his voice as he drones:

Ships that Talk as They Pass

"This is Airways Communications Stations, so-and-so field, broadcasting weather, landing conditions, and orders. It is now 3 P. M., Mountain Standard Time." You listen a few minutes longer, while he describes general, local and special weather conditions, including upper air soundings.

Meanwhile, since we entered the cockpit, the co-pilot has been using the other pair of headphones. He is plugged in on a dial with a small pointer which can be snapped to any one of three sectors: "Send"—"Receive"—"Off." He has been alternately switching from "Send" to "Receive." You can see his lips moving against his mike and you know he is phoning, although you cannot catch any sound of his voice against the roar of the plane's motors. The pilot's cockpit is not soundproofed, like the passenger cabin. Now the co-pilot removes his headphones and mike and hands them to you. He places his lips against your ear and yells in a small, far voice: "Our eastbound plane is talking to us. Want to hear him?" You do, and a lusty male voice booms in your headphones after they are adjusted:

"Keep your eyes open when you get over Windham. There's a hay barn on fire at the junction of those small creeks, west of town, you know. Firemen and farmers are fighting it. They seem to be having a hot time."

The co-pilot nudges you and calls your gaze toward a great ship passing swiftly in the opposite direction, a thousand feet below and to one side. He gestures that there is the ship to which you have just been talking.

You begin to reflect upon the ground organization which obviously must function behind all this radio service aloft. And you make no mistake when you think it is considerable. Along the whole route over which you are flying there are perhaps a score of stations, all having in addition to the usual land telephones and telegraph facilities a teletype service. That is, they are connected by an automatic telegraph typewriter. A message typed by an observer at one point appears simultaneously on the teletype machines at all points along the circuit.

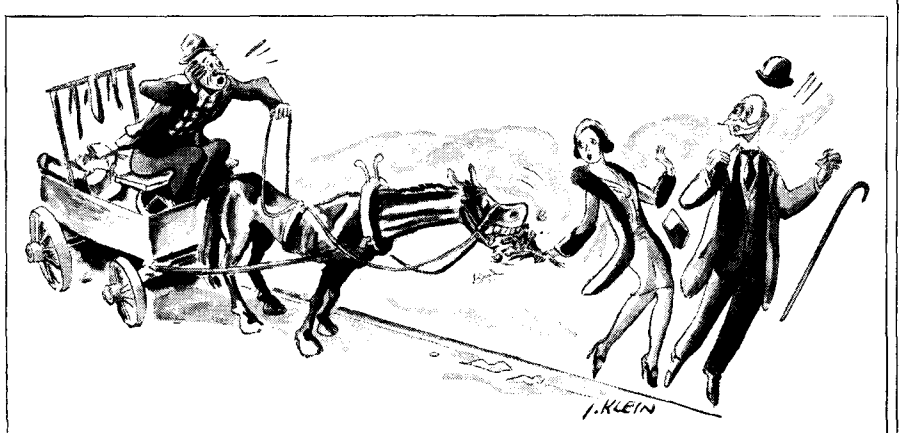
The teletype gives a double track of safety information in many sectors. The government weather information is collected from its regular weather bureaus and stations scattered over the land, and telephoned or telegraphed to the nearest airways communications station. There it is sifted, summarized and put on the teletype to all the stations along the line, as well as on the radio telephone to all ships aloft. The weather information of the carrier is gathered in a similar manner by its own organization of observers and reporters.

You go back to the passenger cabin and sit down with faith that radio has made your air travels safe, come what weather may. Now you know the complete service you have today. It has all grown out of the dreams of Schiller, the German, and the physicists in our own Bureau of Standards. I asked these men to dream aloud for me—about the possibilities of the next ten years in aëronautical radio. They smiled shyly, and told me they weren't allowed to dream for publication. But—

Conveniences of the Future

Be assured that a comfortable portion of their days and nights is spent in dreaming, for your benefit. And be assured that in ten years you'll be hurling your private plane round about the national scenery—whether you can see it or not—with carefree abandon, listening to and watching your favorite television broadcast.

Perhaps over the Mohave Desert some November noontime you'll be watching and listening to the last quarter between your favorite colleges in the home bowl, back East. You'll pick out their colors. And meanwhile your plane's automatic pilot, locked on your private radio guide plugged in on your house current in Seattle, will guide you home at 300 miles an hour—if you're not in a hurry—and land you vertically in your own back yard, right side up and not bleeding.



"Ooh, he only means it as a compliment, lady."

Gifted Hands

The gifted hands of JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG
The distinguished illustrator is particularly partisan toward The Mount Royal style by Osborn.

Gloved *by* Osborn

A smarter glove than was ever made even in London

It's the swagger new STROLLER *by* Osborn . . . .

In new well-mannered shades

A full year ahead in every way in STYLE

LONDON, famed for glove craft, has nothing like it. It's the smartest, richest looking, easiest feeling unlined glove you'd find if you searched the best shops of the world. Of course, Osborn, master glove maker of America, has produced it. Unusual? Imagine—only *two* pairs are cut from every *seven* carefully selected cape skins.

Lots of men who never dreamed they would be seen paying $4 for *any* pair of gloves *gladly* pay it and *swagger* a little when they let you know they're wearing The Stroller. Nubian Tan, Kangaroo Gray, Briar Tan, Eskimo Brown, Stone Gray and Stroller Tan are the shades. Put an unmistakable *value* on your solicitude. Choose The Stroller for his gift.

Like a Brewster Rolls Royce is the Osborn MOUNT ROYAL

It's $7.50 and it looks and feels like $27.50, this swanky llama lined creation that's the year's glove masterpiece. Who but Osborn would think of soft, luxurious, hand-tailored Peruvian llama hair for a glove lining? And who but Osborn could put that inimitable hand stitching on the back to set off the royal glory of the selected cape skin? If you want someone to *believe* that you really think he *is* somebody, give the Mount Royal. It's about the most subtle compliment you could pay a man with a gift.

The St. Moritz at $5 is lined with hand-tailored virgin wool, richly patterned. Obtainable like The Mount Royal in ladies' sizes too. All Osborn Gloves, even those retailing for as little as $2.50 a pair, are guaranteed to be value leaders as well as style leaders at their prices. And many stores also carry the Osborn Lady Gay line—smart unusual new effects in imported kid and chamoisette—as well as Osborn Gloves for boys and children. The C. D. Osborn Co., Chicago, established 1875, manufacturers.

Osborn Custom Tailored Gloves

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

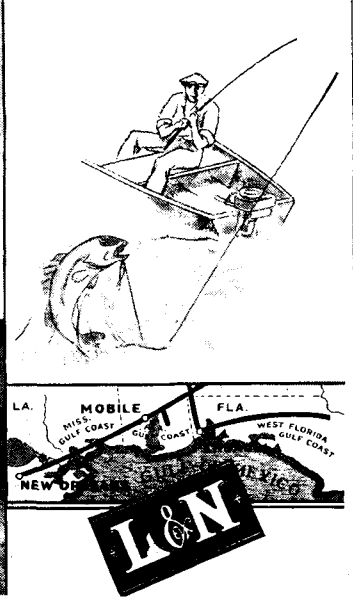
Hunt

Where the Hunting's Good—*and the* Weather Fine..

the GULF COAST

country between the Apalachicola River in Northwestern Florida up to the very gates of New Orleans is a hunter's and fisherman's paradise. No hardships or extraordinary expenses; unexcelled fishing grounds and hunting lodges within a few minutes' motor ride from your hotel. Now is the time to plan your most enjoyable hunting and fishing expedition. Ducks are flying --- fish are biting---and you can interrupt these sports by golf on perfect courses, horseback riding, motoring over forty miles of tree-arched highways along the sea, polo, tennis, swimming in outdoor pools (or in the surf on the warmer days), or a visit to nearby New Orleans---the winter racing capital of America. Neither too hot nor too cold---sunshine every day.

Write today to R. D. Pusey, General Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad, Room 429-A, Ninth and Broadway, Louisville, Ky., for literature descriptive of the Gulf Coast.



LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

You have to be Firm with Pumas

Continued from page 16

fangs bare and growling in a discouraging manner.

Sir Lambert shook his head. "Vicious brutes, pumas. The fiercest of the great cats. The journey has upset this fellow. He will be mad for days. Ready to kill anything on sight." He ran a reflective eye over the top of the railings encircling three quarters of the cage. "One ought really, I suppose, to have him in a higher cage. It looks to me as if he might manage these railings—at night."

To Charles it seemed criminally casual. "You—you mean climb out—after dark?"

His host nodded amiably. "We had a jaguar out of this pen only last month. But he only ate chickens and a calf out in the park."

"But what about—the house?" demanded Charles hoarsely.

"Getting indoors and killing one of the servants or someone?" Sir Lambert shrugged. "The odds, on the whole, are against it."

CHARLES did not like the sound of that, "on the whole." It might be all right for hunters like Major Bagstock, but personally he would have preferred the odds to break a trifle farther away from evens.

It was just before luncheon that Charles came into the second cause of postponing his departure. In the billiard-room he found Angela practicing losing hazards.

"Just the man I've been looking for," she exclaimed, laying aside her cue.

Charles' heart went out to her. "Been round the zoo," he managed gruffly. "I hear one has to congratulate you—"

But she ignored it. She was looking up at him thoughtfully. Charles did not know it, but she was registering satisfaction at the sight of his homely features. In spite of her remarks about his face, she had always liked this solid, unimaginative, reliable young man.

"Charles," she began, "I've been thinking."

"Yes?"

"I've been thinking I was terribly rude to you yesterday. About the car, I mean. It was all my fault—"

"No, no!"

"Oh, yes, it was! But I was all strung up about having to fetch that animal from the station—"

"You don't like pumas?"

She shuddered. "I loathe them! That brown brute gives me the creeps. We had a jaguar loose last—"

Charles was standing sympathetically on one leg. "I know," he shivered. "It ate a cow and some dogs and things."

"I heard it prowling round the house half the night. But it was not that. I only wanted to say I was sorry. You always were a clumsy lout—but you're rather a dear. . . ."

Charles swallowed quickly. "The major—" he began, when a well-known booming interrupted him.

"Well, and what about him, young fellah?" Plowing up through the French windows, he bore down on them, menacingly, it seemed to Charles.

"We—that is to say, Angela and I—"

The major waved a hairy hand in his face. "Some other time," he commanded. "I'm taking Angela for a walk to see the puma."

"But I was talking to—" Angela protested.

"Never mind. Come and see the brute. I've been working him up with a stick." Clamping a paw on her elbow, he drew her away.

Charles stayed on. For four days he stayed on, catching a word or two with Angela at long intervals and gathering enough material for a four-volume biography of Major Hamar Bagstock. Charles' fifth night at Crumleigh seemed to him a culmination, a crisis in tough luck.

Wandering out of the billiard-room with Eustace, he ran into Angela in the square hall. Bagstock at her elbow had a warmly proprietorial air.

"Congratulate me, young fellah!" he roared. "Damn it! I feel ten years younger!"

For Charles it was the end.

But there was more coming his way. His bedroom, he learned that evening, had been changed to a room on the ground floor, and this he learned at the same time that he acquired the information that for four days the puma had refused his food. French windows gave on to the lawns from his bedroom. But Sir Lambert laughed.

"My dear fellow," he said, "a puma will never attack a human unless he's hungry!"

"But this one has had nothing to eat for four days!"

It was obvious Sir Lambert had not thought of that. "I'm sorry we've had to change your bedroom, but it couldn't be helped with these other people arriving. Couldn't put a girl down here."

"What about Bagstock?" thought Charles, but he did not say it.

"And you're talking as if the brute were loose about the place. He's safe in his cage. But," added Sir Lambert, "but if you should hear him prowling about the place, don't make a noise. It will only infuriate him. Keep as quiet as you can, and slip up and let me know. Me or Bagstock." He turned to go, but a further thought struck him: "And, by the way, I wouldn't leave any food about. Meat food, I mean."

A plate of ham sandwiches lay at the side of Charles' bed. "You mean?"

"Eat them. A puma has a keen sense of smell. Good night."

As the door of his bedroom closed behind his host Charles made a dive for the French windows and bolted them, then lining himself up before the totally unnecessary sandwiches he applied himself sternly to reducing their height above sea level. But he knew before he started that it was a hopeless task. At two and a half saliva closed down, and he was forced to face the problem of the disposal of the remainder.

NATURALLY, slipping them into this fellow Bagstock's room was his first thought, but he dismissed it as unworthy. To open his windows and chuck them out was the only course. Twice he reached halfway to the curtains when a scrape at the glass sent him jumping back, and the second time he dropped the plate of sandwiches. He knew it was laurel leaves; he knew he was making himself ridiculous. It was this latter which was responsible for a swift decision in Charles' mind.

"Pumas," exclaimed Charles to himself, "faugh!" By which it will be understood that he was roused against his own timidity. He drew back the curtains and flung open his windows, then throwing the sandwiches back on the plate he placed it by the reading lamp and jumped into bed. He read two stories in a magazine, back-slid and ate two sandwiches, then switched off the light and went to sleep.

A gray half light was beginning to filter into the bedroom when Charles became vaguely conscious that something

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was tickling his nose. Half asleep, he brushed at the obstruction. It removed itself. But now it was brushing at his ear. Charles sleepily thrust it aside. It jumped from ear to chin, which it shook playfully. It was warm: it was furry: it felt like a paw. . . .

Charles opened his eyes—and shut them again quickly.

"It's only a dream," he assured himself. "It isn't really there." The hair at the back of his neck had lifted as one hair, and where had been his spine now ran a merry little arctic stream.

He opened his eyes again and saw that the brute was licking his hand. "Cleaning up for the first mouthful," moaned Charles.

IN THE half light, sitting beside the bed, apart from the yellow eyes, the puma looked friendly enough about this business of his meal. The sandwiches were gone, it seemed in no hurry for the second course. Rather like a big cat—a brown cat the size of an Alsatian. In the intervals of preparing its meal for consumption it looked at Charles, first with its head on one side, then with its head paused appraisingly on the other. Somehow it gave Charles confidence. Slowly and silently he filled his lungs.

"*Shoo!*" yelled Charles, and snatched away his hand.

In one sideways leap the puma was in the corner of the room, spitting horribly and lashing a tail a yard or so in length. But Charles had put in a bit of quick footwork, too. As the great cat landed in his corner Charles struck earth within reach of the door knob. In a flash he was through and up the stairs.

Arriving on the landing outside Sir Lambert's door caution came to him. He remembered the zoölogist's advice about silence.

"*Sir Lambert!*" he whispered. "*Sir Lambert!*" He rattled warily at the locked door, and in the silence that followed, sounds of scraping from the hall below reached Charles' ears.

"Sir Lambert," he began again, more loudly. "*The puma!*"

Silence again, and this time a creak on the stairs. Perspiration broke out over Charles. If only he could get quietly behind this door, and lock and bolt it and pile furniture against it!

"Sir Lambert—" he began again, but a voice from the other side of the panel cut in.

"Hello!" it called out. "Who's there?"

"Sshh!" urged Charles desperately. "The puma—on the stairs here. . . ."

"Why don't you speak up?" bellowed Sir Lambert. "I'm a trifle hard of hearing."

The stairs, Charles could have sworn, were creaking higher up. He decided to risk it. "Open this door quickly!" he yelled, and ducked his head down between his hands as he waited.

Came the fumble of Sir Lambert with the lock. Came the pad-pad of feet on the landing. By a fraction the lock won, and Charles was halfway through to safety when a voice broke in on the drama.

"Is anything wrong?" inquired Angela from the far end of the landing.

With a groan of despair Charles recognized his unlucky star. Within a foot of safety—and then this which only a worm could avoid. He jumped back to the landing. "Get back into your room!" he yelled. "The puma—" He was running in the direction of her voice in the semi-darkness.

"Oh!" came Angela's terrified voice, and as Charles arrived there her door slammed. Like a man on springs Charles dived back, but simultaneously with Angela's door Sir Lambert's slammed too. There was only Bagstock's door, and Charles had got this a foot open before a heavy weight thrown against it from the other side rammed it to again.

"The puma!" cried Charles in anguish. "Let me in. It's on the landing here!"

"Sorry, old man," sounded the voice of the major. "Too risky. Keep calm and don't make a noise. Maybe it's already eaten something. . . ."

"But," shrieked Charles, "you caught the thing—with your hands. Let me in—"

"Too risky, old man! Catchin' them with yeh hands is quite easy. Yeh have to be firm with pumas. Just walk up to him quietly until yeh get within a foot or so of the jaws, then jump at the throat. When yeh get—"

Charles waited for no more. The thud of a pounce close at his heels moved him to action. He dived for the servants' stairs.

"Come in here!" came a voice from the far end of the landing. "I'm holding the door open for you. . . ."

"Angela!" breathed Charles, and attempted to double back in full flight.

From under his bare foot a Persian rug sailed up into the air, and the parquet rose to meet him. Charles found himself staring up into the yellow eyes of the puma, more clearly visible now in the light of the dawn.

But nothing happened.

"Well," considered Charles, "if I am to be made a meal of, I'm jolly well not going to be served up lying down."

Deliberately he sat up, and finding the face of the puma within two feet of his own he swung up an upper-cut at the chin.

The effect was curious. First of all the great cat jerked its head aside a fraction of an inch—easy work, then neatly it boxed Charles' ears and, tail streaming behind it in the air, galloped playfully two or three times round the landing.

Like a man in a dream Charles watched it round and round. It returned to his side, curved a paw invitingly on Charles' shoulder, then sat expectant.

Charles knew. With mongrels and mangy cats he had a way. Lifting a second upper-cut he dug the puma playfully in the ribs. This time the cat lifted itself up on its back legs, sparred solo for a moment, then darted a couple of quick ones on either side of Charles' head and tore off on another gallop. Charles drew a deep, happy breath. This, it seemed to him, was not such a bad old cat after all.

WHEN the puma completed its third lap, it found Charles on his feet. Charles flicked his fingers and beckoned. Arching his back, and lifting his tail vertically like a sail in the stern, the puma came to purr like a dynamo round Charles' legs. Thoughtfully Charles ran his fingers through the pelt and played with its ears. Matters of significance were coming home to him, but one dark thought dwarfed the others. This intrepid hunter, this fearless trapper with his bare hands, had refused to open the door to give him, a simple member of the proletariat, sanctuary in his hour of need. "Too risky!" Charles ground his teeth.

"Puma!" he commanded. "Stop rubbing your back against my hips for a moment. We have an urgent job of work, Puma. I'd like to call you Bill, Puma, but then I'm not sure that it oughtn't to be Alice, or something. Make it Pew, then, shall we? Righty-ho!"

With its forepaws on Charles' shoulders, Pew, the puma, was licking Charles' face. A certain fragrance of chicken was on the air—a suspicion

(*Continued on page 60*)

"All you have to do is guide the razor. The speed with which I can shave is astonishing. Many compliments are in store for the Vibro-Shave Razor.

Harry Rhodes,
Topeka, Kansas"

New VIBRO-SHAVE

ELECTRIC RAZOR

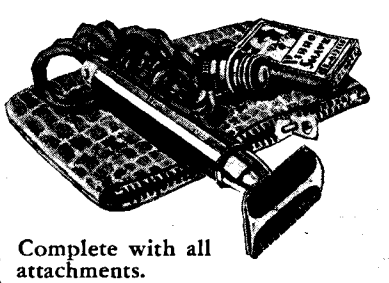
stops the old drudgery of scraping it off . . .

. . . for a tough beard and a tender skin, it is simply great. The blade creeps, vibrates, and mows, leaving the face clean, well-groomed, and so pleasantly a-tingle. Sore patches vanish. Raw, red spots, caused by other shaves, fade. For, with the New Vibro-Shave Electric Razor, you may shave with or against the wiry bristles without any painful pulling or scraping.

You will be amazed. It solves the *shaving problem* for the man whose beard causes a painful daily operation. It is the ideal razor for the man-of-affairs, giving that just-out-of-the-barber-shop-look quickly, day after day. And looks count. There is no nasty after-burn to require a plastering on of lotions.

The New Vibro-Shave Electric Razor is the one Christmas gift which will endear you to *friends with beards* every day of the year. Each razor is packed in a Christmas box ready for your card.

Just plug the New Vibro-Shave Electric Razor into any socket, and you can shave in a jiffy. Thousands are enjoying the New Vibro-Shaves. If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon below today.



$5 Complete with all attachments. $7.50 Gold plated, in pouch.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

. . . Distributors, Jobbers and Dealers write for our especially attractive proposition. There still is some desirable territory open for distributors.

ELECTRIC RAZOR CORPORATION
40-09—21st Street Long Island City, N.Y.

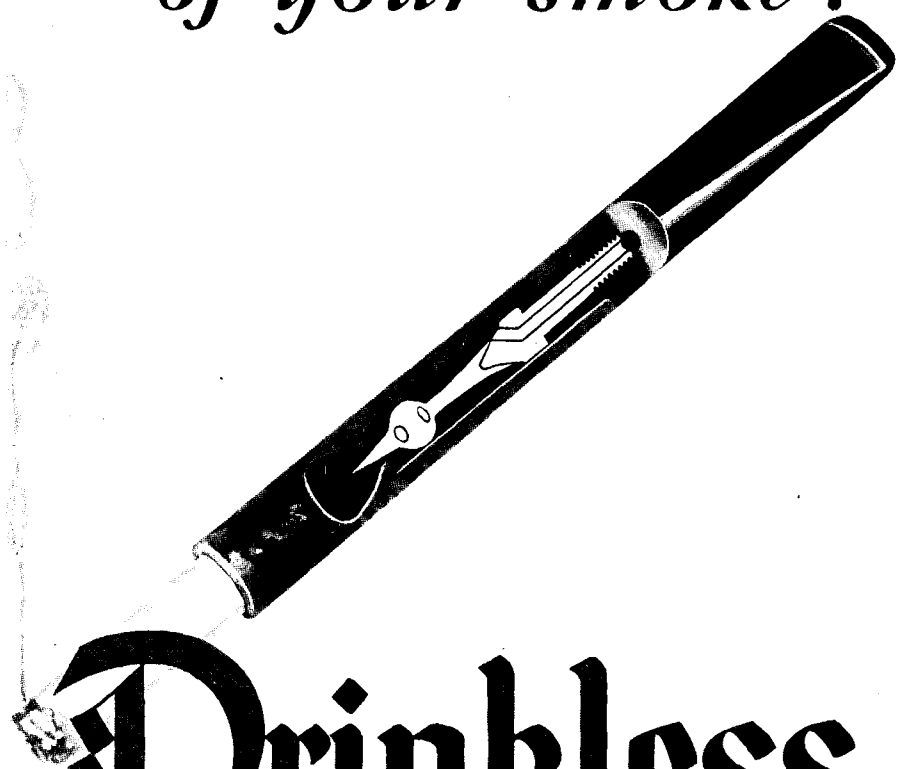
Electric Razor Corp. Dept. CW-113029
40-09—21st Street, Long Island City, N. Y.
I enclose $ for which you will mail me postpaid a Vibro-Shave Electric Razor, with blades, cord and plug and your absolute guarantee. For 110 volts A.C.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... *State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take the

Yellow Out

of your smoke!



Drinkless

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"TOBACCO YELLO"

Trade Mark

HOLDER

Stop "Tobacco Yello"—tar! Bitter tar is carried by all tobacco smoke. It irritates the tissues of the mouth, and condenses on the membranes. It upsets the stomach. *Convince yourself*—all you need to do is look at the yellow, tarry deposit on the Drinkless attachment after you've used it *one day.* That's what's been going into your system.

66.5% of Tobacco Yello (Tar)
Removed from Smoke

The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" Holder removes 66.5% of the resinous, yellowish tar from tobacco smoke—proved by conclusive tests in the laboratories of one of America's greatest Universities.* The Tobacco Yello Holder protects your mouth, throat, lungs and stomach. It guards your teeth from stain. It is the only healthy way to smoke.

Ask for "Healthier Smoking"—
a physician's booklet on Tobacco Yello. It's Free.

Send us your name and address, and get this startling new evidence about smoking and health. It contains the laboratory proof that the Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" Holder is the only healthy way to smoke.

**Name on request.*

$1

"Tobacco Yello" is our trade mark. No cigarette holder is a "Tobacco Yello" Holder unless it is stamped with our trade marks "Drinkless" and "Tobacco Yello". Long or short, plain or thorn for every preference.

SEE
1930 MODELS

of the Drinkless Kaywoodie pipe—the healthy Christmas gift.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.

Established 1851 — 120 Fifth Avenue, New York City

(*Continued from page 59*)

Charles confirmed by picking a white feather from Pew's whiskers.

"Well, Pew, since you seem to have taken a fancy to me, leave the old dial a bit and come along downstairs. Easy does it."

In his bedroom Charles shut the windows, then patting the bottom of the bed suggestively: "Up!" he commanded. "Up um big feller puma-boy!"

Pew knew the language—Charles' own invention for getting good news across to stray dogs. Like a lamb he coiled himself up on the eiderdown, and, head on one side, watched Charles go, closing the door carefully behind him.

"Angela!" whispered Charles through the door on the landing. "Thank you for holding the door open for me. I've got something I rather want you to see."

NO SOUND came to break the silence. Pushing through the unfastened door Charles found her in a heap on the carpet.

"Charles!" she cried incredulously as he raised her. "*You?*"

"Yes," replied Charles, rather proud of the fact.

"But—but that awful animal?"

He patted her shoulder soothingly. "You mean—that puma?"

She nodded, wide-eyed.

"Oh, that!" laughed Charles, carelessly. "You have to be firm with pumas—"

"But, Charles—how did—"

"Just a little discipline."

He heard her draw a long breath, soft as the breast of a dove. "I think you're—wonderful!"

"Oh, I don't know," protested Charles.

"When I heard that awful brute tearing round the landing—and to think that you, Charles, with your bare hands. . . ."

It was the mention of bare hands that did it. It had a nasty savor for Charles. "Look here, Angela," he began, honestly, "as a matter of fact I found the old boy quite friendly. It's a tame one—probably from Harrods, or the Tottenham Court Road."

"A tame *one?* But the major caught it with his bare hands?"

"Quite," said Charles, and left it at that. "It's rather a decent old boy, this puma. It woke me in the night trying to play with me—patting my face and licking my hand. Only," added Charles, "I didn't know it was tame then."

"Oh, Charles!" Angela breathed. "I think you're just wonderful!"

"In spite of the fact that it was tame all along?" argued Charles.

"In spite of anything—and everything."

It sounded like good news to Charles. But he had to get things straight first. "This tale of your fiancé about catching Pew—"

"He's not my fiancé!" almost shouted Angela. "I loathe him—and I don't think he ever was my fiancé, really. And after the way he slammed the door on you. . . ."

She was sobbing on his shoulder now. Charles had never imagined it could be so pleasant to be cried up against. "Then—Angela."

"Oh—oh—Charles?"

"You're not going to marry that bull-necked stiff?"

She shook her head with emphasis.

Charles cleared his throat. "Then what about marrying me?"

The faintest breath of a whisper: Charles bent his head to catch it.

"Did you say: 'Yes, please'?" he inquired, but as he strained to catch the gist of the reply, a bloodcurdling rumble drifted up from downstairs. Angela stiffened at the sound of it.

"That's old Pew fed up with waiting," Charles told her. "We have a job of work. I want you, Angela, to stand here in the doorway and watch. We shan't be long."

In his bedroom Charles knotted a towel and, tossing it about before Pew, attracted his interest. He threw it across the room. "Go fetch!" he commanded, and in a twelve-foot bound Pew nailed it, worrying it and singing it a playful song of hate.

"Come t'eel!" ordered Charles. "And what name um big feller growling altogether too much." The throaty rumble faded, and Charles led the way upstairs.

When Angela, obedient at the door of her room, saw the long brown shape at Charles' heels, a smothered cry escaped her. A growl from the faithful Pew answered it, but Charles cut that off short with a dig in the ribs from the elbow. "Hold it!" he commanded, then turning to the girl: "Just a bit fresh," he explained.

"Oh!" managed Angela.

"I want you to watch," insisted Charles. The great hunter's door was locked. As it gave under Charles' shoulder a moan came from a bulky heap under the bed clothes. "Too risky," muttered Charles with a grim smile, and, measuring the distance carefully, tossed the towel neatly on to the summit of that mountain range under the covers.

A brown streak sailed through the air on the wings of a full-throated roar. As it landed, like the bursting of a bag of feathers, bed linen rose in a cloud. From the heart of it bounded a pajama-clad figure with a wild eye fixed on the broad horizons. Charles had the presence of mind to connect with a kick in the pants as it flashed through the door, then, with Pew at its heels, it was gone.

"That animal," Charles told himself, "is certainly fond of a game." He would have liked to see the end of that chase, now streaming over the lawns, but there were other calls on his time. He turned to the wide-eyed girl across the landing.

"First," he said, "your head on the shoulder. So. Good! Now, as we were saying before the interruption—"

"Oh, Charles!" She was clinging to him tightly. "Do you think it will eat him?"

"No," Charles told her. "But I hope so. Now, I was just saying to you—"

"If it did eat him I should never forgive myself!"

"Never mind," comforted Charles. "I would. What I said was: 'Then you're not going to marry that big stiff,' and—"

FROM a corridor to the west drifted a figure in a flowered-silk dressing gown. "Hello?" said Eustace. "What's all the row?"

"Pumas," Charles explained. "All over now. You can go away. And you said: 'Yes, please.' At least that's what I—"

A querulous voice joined in from the other side of the landing. "Is there anyone there? Speak up. I'm a trifle hard of hearing. What was that growling I heard?"

"Father!" breathed Angela.

"I don't care," said Charles, who did not. "What I want to get at is—"

"*What was that growling I heard?*"

"Mice!" yelled Charles. "And if you have any cheese about I should eat it." He jumped round on the startled friend of his school days. "Are you looking for anything?"

Eustace shook his head. "What I—"

"Good night!"

"Now," sighed Charles when the landing was clear, "let's get this quite clear. Do I understand that we have fixed it up, so to speak? Or do I not?"

"Oh, Charles!" whispered Angela as she twined her arms round his neck. "Oh, Charles!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If I was Alone with You

Continued from page 9

right," said Bennie, with a sigh. "I made him, and you get the gravy. Here. Listen to this. They're going to feature it in the Sunday Section of the Pictorial—"

From a typed sheet he read:

"In his handsome apartment, furnished in exquisite taste, mostly with *objets d'art* from the Orient, Eric Dare, whose voice has charmed and thrilled millions, received this interviewer yesterday—"

"It's signed 'Joya LaRue,' which is me," interpolated Bennie Lessing. He read on:

"'What are you reading?' I asked, for I found him reclining on a low, mauve divan, clad in a scarlet burnoose, a book in his hand.

"In his low, exotic voice Eric Dare answered me.

"'It is a volume I often peruse,' he said. 'Kishamajuti's Musings of a Mystic. You see,' he added, with one of his rare smiles, 'I'm a bit of a yogi.'

"Timidly, I ventured a question, one which I know is being asked everywhere today:

"'Why do you hate women, Mr. Dare?'

"Eric Dare closed his long-lashed eyes, and a fleeting, poignant look passed over the pallor of his fascinating face.

"'Dear lady, I do not hate women,' he said. 'To be able to again adore them as once I did is my dearest wish. But, alas, I do not find the American girl—do you speak French?—*sympathique*. My heart is like a raging torrent penned up in a rock-bound cave. It can pour out with all its ardor and intensity only when it meets a twin-soul with an ardor and intensity as wild and imperious as its own. But where,' he asked, and a wistful look came to his face, 'can I find such a one?'"

"PAPRIKA, Bennie, paprika," said Mr. Goldsmith, enthusiastically. "Never mind the rest."

"Well, see you in jail," said Bennie Lessing, and like a breeze he went. He went directly to the lamasery where Amos Fripp resided. It took some rapping on the door to make Amos respond. He peered out, warily, nervously, dressed in an old gray cotton bathrobe.

Bennie advanced into the eight-by-ten cubicle and sat down on the white iron cot.

"How's tricks, Frippy?"

"Punk," replied Amos.

"How come?"

"It's the girls," said Amos, wearily. "They won't leave me be. I can't walk to work any more. I got to take a taxi, and that costs forty-five cents each way."

"Cheer up," said Bennie. "You're going to have a limousine, with an expug for a chauffeur, to protect you from the mamas and babies."

"I wish you boys would stop joshing me," said Amos, plaintively.

"I'm talking turkey," Bennie assured him. "How would you like to find one thousand fish in your pay envelope every week?"

"Gosh, I'd like it fine," said Amos. "But Mr. Goldsmith isn't crazy."

"No. But I am. Listen, kid, you're wasting your time working for that bandit. I got a contract here for you. With me, see? One thousand a week for a year, and a twenty per cent slice of the profits. I'm going to yank you out of Goldsmith's cheap dive and put you in a club of your own. A plush affair, Eric Dare's Salon de Danse, evening clothes derigger, with a class draw and a broadcast every night and your own band—"

"I couldn't lead it," said Amos. "I don't read music so good."

"I'll get a real musician to do the hard work," said Bennie. "All you have to do, Frippy, is gasp your stuff into the mike and give the wrens the frosty eye—"

"Gee," said Amos, "if I made all that money I could get married—"

"Don't," counseled Bennie. "It's bad for business. Of course, if you must, you must; but keep it dark. Here's a pen. Sign here."

ON a clear, sparkling morning in February, some time after Eric Dare's Salon de Danse had been brilliantly launched, a motor car of lordly size stopped before the cottage in Grassfield where Laura Ellison lived. A figure, no less dazzling than the car, emerged from it in a regal fur coat, bearing a box of candy the size of a steamer trunk.

"Why, it's Amos," said Laura Ellison.

"Yes," said the fur coat, blushing. "It's me. Can I come in, Laura?"

"Yes. Come into the sitting-room."

"Here's a little candy for you, Laura."

"How nice of you, Amos."

Amos Fripp gazed at his spats.

"I got to talk to you," he said.

"Well?"

"I been coming up to Grassfield whenever I could," said Amos Fripp. "I made believe it was to see my folks. Well, it wasn't."

"Wasn't it?"

"No, Laura. I came to see you. Now, Laura, you got to listen to me."

"I'm listening."

He drew in a deep breath, and expelled it in a rush of quick words—

"Laura, I know I'm not much, but I want to get married, and I want to get married to you, Laura, because I'm a terrible lot in love with you, and have been since I was a kid, Laura, and I'm not much, but I'm not a fast fellow, but steady and sort of quiet, and all that stuff in the papers about me having a million sweethearts isn't true at all, because I haven't got even one, unless it's you, and I make good money, Laura, and could buy you things, and I'd try to make you happy, honest I would, Laura—"

He stopped, for his breath and words had run out, and sat looking humbly, hopefully at her.

"I'm sorry," said Laura Ellison. "Real sorry, Amos. But I just can't do it."

"You mean you don't like me?"

"Amos, I'd better be frank. I don't like you much, and I'm sure I don't love you. I'd have to love a man a whole lot to marry him, and I don't feel that way about you at all."

"But, Laura, look: I'm doing well. I make an awful lot of money—nearly three thousand dollars a week, with the phonograph royalties and all—and I don't drink and I really do love you—"

She stood up.

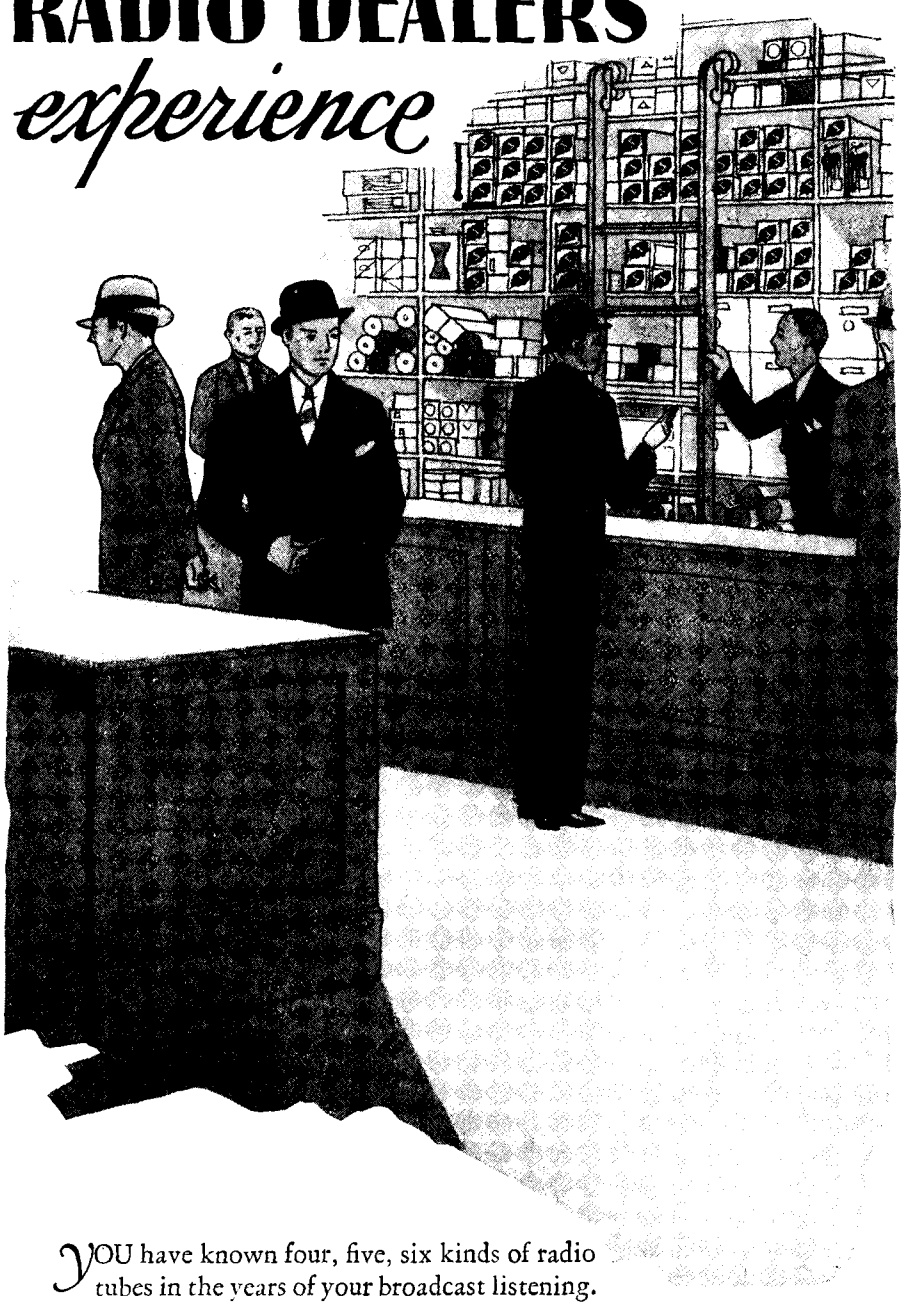
"I think you'd better go, Amos," she said, firmly. "Forgive me, and forget me."

"I got a swell new apartment with two bathrooms and a Jap—"

"I wouldn't be able to love you if you had six bathrooms and sixty Japs," said Laura Ellison. "Oh, it's not your fault, and it's not my fault. I just

(*Continued on page 62*)

If you could have a RADIO DEALER'S *experience*



YOU have known four, five, six kinds of radio tubes in the years of your broadcast listening.

The dealer whose window displays Sylvania's pride mark—the green oak leaf—has had experience with fifty brands of tubes.

And he has come finally to Sylvania.

There are other tubes which would cost him less. But no others give him so little business worry—make so many business friends for him. And *keep* them.

There is no sentiment in the Dealer's business. He handles Sylvania Tubes because they are dependable merchandise that warrants all of his confidence.

Listen to the Sylvania Foresters Orchestra and Quartette every Wednesday Evening over WJZ and KDKA and KWK and KYW and WBZ and WBZA and WBT and WHAM and WJR and WLW and WREN and WRVA and KGRC: every Thursday Evening over WFAA and WCCO: every Tuesday Evening over KPRC and KFYR and WHK.

SYLVANIA PRODUCTS COMPANY
EMPORIUM, PENNSYLVANIA

Visit the Dealer Whose Window Displays The Flashing S, on a Green Oak Leaf

Sylvania RADIO TUBES

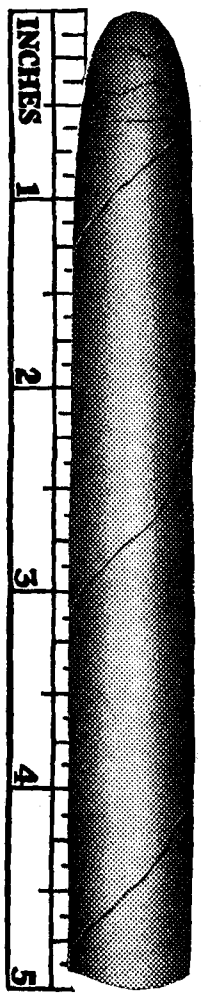
LICENSED UNDER RCA PATENTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cigar SENSATION of the day

Test them FREE

JUST think of it! *100 Imported, Long Filler, Handmade, 5-inch, Corona Size Cigars for only $1.95, plus postage.* It's less than jobbers have to pay for like size and quality.



PacificoCoronas

are made of tobaccos grown in the celebrated *Cagayan Valley*. They are made in the largest cigar-exporting center in the world.

There is *no import duty*. We import direct and receive every two weeks fresh stock—in air-tight boxes and cases—from one of the largest, up-to-date factories in the Philippines.

Not only do we buy "Pacificos" at about ⅓ the price we would have to pay elsewhere for like size and quality, but by selling by the 100, direct to you, we can afford to sell "Pacificos" at such an unheard of price.

$1.95 per 100 PLUS postage

for this 10 cent quality cigar is unbeatable and can't be duplicated.

Pacificos

are released by the Philippine Government to retail at 5 cents straight. If made in America of like grade stock—10 to 15 cents would be the retail price.

Smoke 10 Pacifico Coronas

at our expense. If you are not delighted, return the others and we will cheerfully send back the $1.95 paid us.

Return This Coupon Today

NATIONAL CIGAR CO. 4011
969 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send me 100 Pacifico Cigars. I will pay postman $1.95, plus postage. It is agreed that if the first 10 cigars are not satisfactory, I can return the others and get back my money.

NOTE: If you will send check or M. O. you will prevent delays and save 12 cents C. O. D. charges. If you are East of Pittsburgh remit $2.20 ($1.95 plus 25c postage). If West of Pittsburgh remit $2.35.

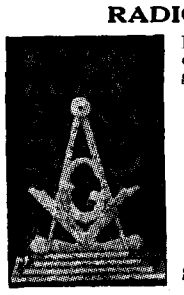
Name.....

Address.....

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

MODERNISTIC MASONIC RADIO LAMP



For your radio, desk, den, etc. A distinctive Xmas gift. Oxidized Silver Finish.

Size 9" x 13"

Price Complete including Parcel Post

$6.00

West of Mississippi Canada and Islands

$6.50

Send check or money order.

WADEFRED SPECIALTY COMPANY
2633 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

(*Continued from page 61*)

don't love you—and nobody can explain love. Good-by, Amos."

Black clouds of gloom pressing down on him, Amos Fripp got back into his gorgeous automobile, and the flint-faced Oriental at the wheel pointed the long hood toward New York.

BENNY LESSING was quivering. His sharp black eyes darted sparks.

"Frippy, we got to have a show-down, right here and now," he said.

"Oh, go away and let me sleep."

"You're sleeping your head off, chump," said Bennie. "Sit up and listen to me."

"Oh, what do you want?" said Amos, sitting up in his massive four-poster bed.

"Look at this dump," cried Bennie, waving his hands at the silken curtains and sumptuous fittings of the boudoir of Eric Dare. "Fit for a millionaire; and you're just a hickory nut. Why are you kicking your luck in the nose? You used to have some sense. What's come over you, anyhow?"

"I dunno," said Amos. "I feel all shot to pieces." And he looked it.

"You got to snap out of it," declared Bennie. "Look at what you did last week. Twice you turned up at the club with a bun and made a hash of your numbers. Twice you mumbled them like you were half dead. Twice you didn't show up at all. The radio people are on my neck. They won't stand for that sort of stalling much longer."

"I'd better quit," said Amos.

"You will not. Not while I've got all my dough tied up in you and the club. What's the idea—getting a balloon-head like this?"

"I'm not swell-headed," said Amos. "I don't think I'm so much. I don't know why people listen to me at all; but I can't go on much longer, Bennie. I don't feel right—"

"Booze?"

"No. I tried that; but it makes me sick at the stummick—"

"Some dame?"

Amos nodded.

"Well, marry her and get it over with," said Bennie.

"I can't," said Amos.

"Husband won't let her?"

"That's not it. There's nothing in the way. Her people would like it, and so would mine, and so would I, and I got plenty of money and everything, but she just plain doesn't like me—"

"You been going to see her?"

"Yes."

"That makes it bad," said Bennie. "You should have done your courting over the air—"

"Oh, Laura never has listened in. Her father hates new-fangled things like the radio. Laura never even saw a loud-speaker—"

"Hmmmmmm," said Bennie, meditatively. "I could laugh if I didn't have my money in you. We been billing you as The Singing Lover with a Million Sweethearts—and that's the truth, too—and here you go get busted up by the only one you can see, because she can't see you, and she's a corn-fed gingham moll at that—"

"Laura Ellison is the finest girl in the world," said Amos.

"I could wring her neck," said Bennie, fiercely. "Well, hop into your soup and fish and pull yourself together. One more week like the last one, and we'll both be peddling pencils in the subway."

But the condition of Eric Dare, born Amos Fripp, did not improve. He went through his songs listlessly. His fan mail dropped off to a scant two hundred letters a day. Bennie Lessing ate cigars by the box and swore new oaths.

On Saturday night he came to Amos Fripp, sitting in his dressing-room dull-eyed, leaden-limbed.

"Listen, Frippy, tonight tells the story. We got one chance, an outside one, to pull out. I been talking with the radio people. They say if you can show 'em tonight you can do your old stuff, they'll give us another three months. Give me all you've got tonight, will you, Frippy?"

"I can't—any more," said Amos.

"But—your public—"

"I don't want any public. I want Laura."

"Suppose she was listening in tonight?"

"She couldn't be. Nobody in Grassfield can afford a radio, and her old man wouldn't take one as a gift, anyhow."

Bennie's teeth clicked straight through his cigar.

"Hold everything," he said, and vanished. Presently he came back.

"Telegram for you, Frippy," he said.

"You know I don't want to see any telegrams," said Amos.

"You'll want to see this one," said Bennie. "Listen. I'll read it to you. It's from Grassfield. 'Am listening in tonight. Hope to hear you at your best. Laura.' "

"Gosh," said Amos. "She never heard me before—"

The buzzer summoned him to the microphone. Bennie Lessing, announcing, gripped Amos Fripp's shoulder.

"Give her the works," he hissed in Amos' ear.

Amos Fripp drew the microphone close to his lips. His hands tightened on his banjo. He began to strum, and then to sing in an odd whispering voice:

If I was alone with you,
Then I'd stop feeling blue—

It was his swan song. He was singing it to Laura. Not that he had any hope. Still, he put his heart into it.

In the dressing-room, Bennie Lessing was bubbling with joy.

"Boy, you murdered 'em," he chanted. "Knocked 'em for a row of trained elephants. It's O. K. with the radio people. And telegrams! They're coming in by the bushel—"

"Burn 'em," said Amos. Then, "Did one come from Grassfield?"

"Well, no," said Bennie, gazing at the ceiling. "Now, don't let it upset you, Frippy. You see, the fact is, I was up against it, so I sort of faked that wire—"

BUT Amos Fripp had not heard him. He was pawing through the pile of telegrams and he pounced on one.

"Bennie!" he cried. "There is one from Grassfield—listen. It goes—'Oh, Amos, I've been wrong about you. Will you forgive me? I happened to drive over to Uncle Luke's at Granite Corners tonight and he has a new radio and I heard you and you were simply divine. As soon as I heard your voice I knew you were the man—' There's a lot more, Bennie, but I guess I won't read it to you—"

"Listen, Frippy," said Bennie Lessing, "if you keep up the pace you set tonight, I don't care what you do. Only if you got to get married, do it on the quiet."

"Sure, sure," promised Amos, with beaming eyes. "Gee, Bennie, I feel wonderful. Let's go out and celebrate. I'll buy you a strawberry milk shake."

"The way I feel," said Bennie Lessing, "I need twenty-nine banana splits weighed down with pecan nuts."

"Say, Bennie—"

"What?"

"Tomorrow I want to buy her a present, the swellest thing in town. What do you think I should get her?"

"If I were you," said Bennie Lessing, "I'd get her the best radio money can buy."

A $10 BILL

will protect you for a whole year against

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENTS

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
Anyone 16 to 70 Years Accepted
No Dues or Assessments

$10,000 Principal Sum
$10,000 loss of hands, feet or eyesight
$25 weekly benefit for stated accidents or sickness
DOCTOR'S BILLS, hospital benefit and other attractive features to help you in time of need, all as shown in policy

Can you afford to have your salary stopped and pay costly medical bills, perhaps lose your job, because of lobar pneumonia, appendicitis operation or any of the many common sicknesses prevalent at this time of the year and covered in this strong old line policy. Besides, an accident may disable you and stop your salary. Avoid that risk!

MAIL THE COUPON NOW
North American Accident Insurance Co. (of Chicago)
380 Bonnell Bldg. Newark, New Jersey
Gentlemen:
At no cost to me, send details of the "NEW $10 PREMIER $10,000 POLICY"
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

MEDITERRANEAN

CRUISE January 29, $600 to $1750
New S. S. "Transylvania", 66 days, Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc.

EUROPE

CRUISE June 28 s.s."LANCASTRIA"
CUNARD LINE, 52 days, $600 to $1250
Madeira, Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Edinburgh, Holland, Belgium, Paris, (London, Rhine, Oberammergau Passion Play).

Hotels, drives, fees, etc. included

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

FREE

LIGHT THERAPY AND TREATMENT

If You Are Sick

Dr. Miller's course of Ultra-Violet and Infra-Red treatments covering more than 100 ailments will be mailed to you entirely without charge if you are suffering. This is a bona fide free gift, and will be sent to you at once, on receipt of name and address
Aerial Electric Co., 319 W. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. Dept 711

Be Your Own Boss!

Walter E. Peck of Illinois wanted to be independent—wanted to be his own boss. One day he clipped a coupon like this and started in a small way in his spare time to secure new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE MENTOR. Now, he has built up a business that enables him to enjoy a month's vacation trip every summer, driving his own car.

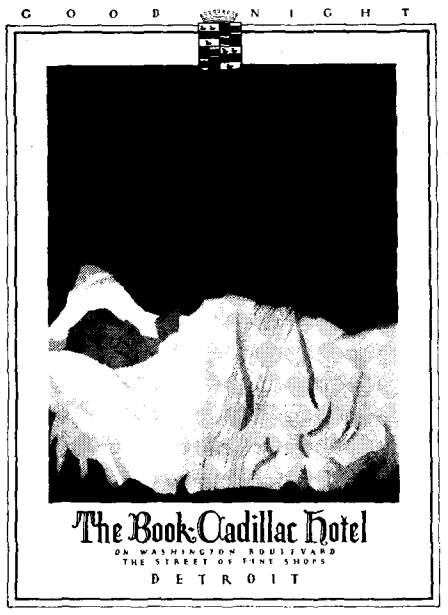
The Same Opportunity is Yours!

It will undoubtedly prove just as profitable for you to clip this coupon. Start in your spare time to earn $1.50 to $2.00 an hour. Free outfit and full instructions without obligation. WRITE FOR THEM TODAY.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-70
The Crowell Publishing Co., 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.

Name.....
Address.....
Post Office.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hello World

Thank you so much. You've accepted our hospitality with appreciative thanks. You've told pleasant, sleepy tales of the Book-Cadillac Hotel. You've enjoyed the services that we've striven so hard to perfect and you've told us so, and your telling has made it all worth while. We are deeply appreciative of your friendliness, your evident confidence, your generous thanks, and we'll surely try to merit them. Nor are we unmindful of failure: there have been times when you have waited overlong; when our good waiters seemed blessed with tangled iniquity; when your rooms faced east when you wanted them facing south, when old Rip Van Winkle himself could have had nothing on us. We do hate to remember those incidents, tho we're proud of their mending, and, we remember your ready forgiveness . . . It has been a pleasant year. You have made it so for us. Thank you so much. *Good night.* See you soon.

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director
DETROIT

CA SH!

You, like Mr. Collins of Ohio, may increase your income by taking care of your own townsfolk's new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, and THE MENTOR. For the same instructions which have enabled many of our representatives to earn as much as $1.50 to $2.50 an hour or more, send your name and address to:

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Moll-Trap

Continued from page 20

head of the stairway. "Wait there," he commanded his visitor, "the bulls is near the door." His eyes were fixed upon the door below. "Stick where you are," he whispered to the man. "This means a battle. Is your gat loaded?" The Killer slanted his gun at the door.

"Me rod's empty," the man replied. "Used me last load to blaze away at 'em from the corner."

"I'll take care of 'em," the Killer boasted. "Bulls is my meat. The first one that pokes his mug inside that door gets his."

"Gees, don't do that!" the man pleaded, moving toward the Killer and reaching out a hand in the dark to catch the Killer's hand. "Don't battle 'em. There's a dozen bulls down there now. You can't stand 'em off. Give 'em the bluff. They don't know I ducked in here. They're nosing around just on a chance."

A heavy hand pounded on the door.

"Nosing nothing," bellowed the Killer. He tightened his grip on his gun.

"I sucked you into this," the man pleaded. "Have you got a spare rod? I'll give you a hand."

"I ain't got a spare," the Killer replied.

"Let me take that one," said the man. His hand reached out for the Killer's revolver. "Gees, you don't need to mix in this. Give me the gun and I'll take the fight out to the roofs. I'll scatter —then you can open up and give 'em the sleepy ha-ha."

"Yeah, you'll have to have a loaded rod," whispered the Killer. "Here, take it." He thrust the gun into the man's hand. The man looked down at his hand and saw the glint of the mother-of-pearl handle on the Killer's gun.

"It's a swell rod," said the Killer. "I want it back. It's a keepsake from a swell dame that gave it to me."

"I could leave it at the house of one of your pals," the man suggested quickly. "If I don't get grabbed I'll bring it back myself today."

"Sure, that's an idea," said the Killer. "You could leave it with her. I gotta have it tomorrow."

"Her?" queried the man.

"Yes, the dame that give it to me," the Killer explained. "There's a ladder that leads to the roof down the hall. You'll come down in the next alley. Beat it south and turn up the first street on yer left. Travel along that stem five blocks till you hit Linden Street. Her house is number six-twenty-five. Give the bell a jingle. She'll answer. Tell her I sent you. Give her the gun. She'll know then I sent you. She might give you cover for the night too."

A deep voice sounded at the door below. "Open up!" it growled. This was followed by a pounding. There was a pause as the two men listened eagerly.

"Okay," whispered the man as he tiptoed toward the ladder. "Gees, you're a regular guy!"

AN ANTIQUATED tingle-bell, dangling from a coil-spring in the rear of a hallway in an old red-brick house at 625 Linden Street, sounded. A tall, thin-faced woman lying outstretched upon a high-backed divan in a spacious, high-walled room off the hallway lifted herself lazily to a sitting position. Through blinking, half-opened eyes she squinted at a clock imbedded in the forehead of a marble tiger head on the mantelpiece. The clock said 2:15. The bell jingled again.

The woman's dark features twisted into a petulant, questioning frown.

She reached over her shoulder and pressed a button in the wall. The room, which had been dimly lit, was flooded with a soft red glow, revealing a room over-richly furnished.

She arose from the divan and catching the folds of a padded blue silk mandarin coat drew them together, covering a long pink silk nightrobe. Then she strode slowly to the front door, turned the key, and opened it as far as a short six-inch nightchain would permit. A man was standing in the doorway, a stranger.

She addressed him in an angry voice: "This is a nice time to come to my front door!"

The man stepped closer to the door. His hat was drawn down over his gray features. A growth of stubble darkened the lower half of his face.

"Pinkie?" he questioned in a hoarse, timid voice.

THE woman glowered at the stranger. "Pinkie?" she repeated, shocked. "Where do you get that stuff? Who are you? What do you want?"

"I was sent up here by your friend in Tom Cat Alley," the man replied.

"*My* friend, in *Tom Cat* Alley!" she repeated in a tone pitched high with amazement and emphatic denial.

"Yeah, he said you was his friend," the man stammered. "He gave me this." He drew the pearl-handled revolver from his coat pocket and held it in a streak of light falling into the entrance way over her robed shoulder. "He said to show it to you," the visitor went on, "and you'd know I came right from him."

The woman eyed the gun intently, then spoke quickly, apprehensively.

"Well, what does he want now?" she queried angrily.

"He's jammed. The cops has been nosing around his place. They left just as I come away from the alley. But he's worried. He says for you to come down."

"The nerve of him! He knows I never come down to Tom Cat Alley. What's eating him?"

The man raised his hand to the door and planted it against the edge. He pushed up the brim of his hat and studied the woman's face in thoughtful silence. He spoke with an uncertain drawl:

"I don't know, but I think the dame has got him worried."

"Dame?" the woman thundered angrily. "What dame?"

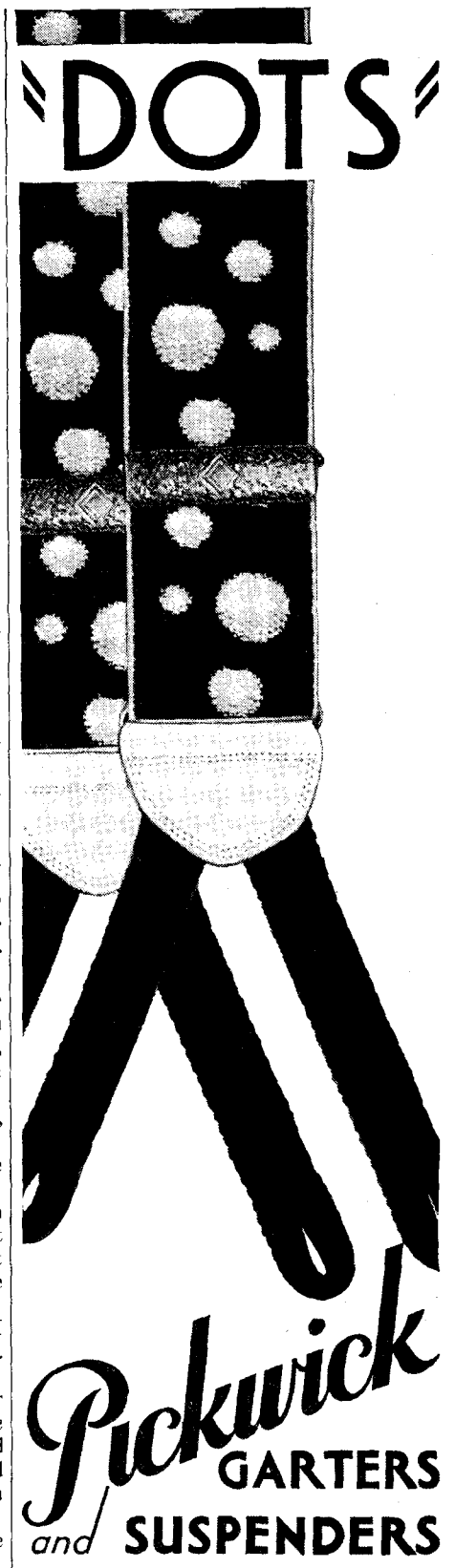
"The one that's with him down there. He was trying to quiet her down. That's all I know."

The woman's attitude changed from that of surprise to deep concern. "The fool," she muttered. Then, addressing the man: "Wait there a minute."

She turned quickly and hurried to the taboret in the hallway. A telephone stood on this. She lifted the receiver to her ear and jiggled the hook impatiently. She whispered a number into the mouthpiece. The man, who had bent his ear to the opening in the door, didn't catch the number. The woman seated herself on a stool and waited nervously for an answer. Then her voice spoke eagerly.

"Cuffy?" she queried. "That's good, dearie, I wasn't sure I'd get you, Sweetie, at this time of the night." She paused, then went on in a soft, apologetic voice. "Well, I'm sorry. But listen, Sweetie. I had to call. What do you think? That fool in Tom Cat Alley is playing around with some strange skirt. That's dangerous, Cuffy. . . . How do I know? . . .

(*Continued on page 64*)



Pickwick GARTERS and SUSPENDERS

Do you like dress accessories with a dash of originality in their make-up? Then get yourself a pair of these Pickwick "Dots"! If you're wearing a brown suit this Fall, the combination of brown and gold dots on a rich tan background will be especially appropriate. But there are half a dozen other combinations just as handsome, including smart black and white for your tuxedo.

Pickwick "Dots" are now being shown by most good haberdashers at $1.50 the pair. Other Pickwick Suspenders at $1.00 to $3.50.

THE RUSSELL MANUFACTURING CO.
349 Broadway, New York
Mills: Middletown, Conn.

TRADE RUSCO ELASTIC PRODUCTS *Fresh from the Looms* MARK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHIVERS AND SHUDDERS

THRILLS galore as the diabolic Voice from your loud speaker threatens hair-raising adventures to noble hero and lovely heroine ... Collier's Radio Hour introduces new and more villainous villains than the Emperor of America, the Master of Sinister House and Anubis, the Dwarf . . . New music, new actors, novelties from all over the world—plus Collier's old favorites —make radio's most original entertainment more enthralling than ever this season.

Also men and women of note as guest speakers.

Tune in every Sunday evening and listen to your favorite stories and characters dramatized on the air from the current issue of Collier's.

STATIONS
EAST
WJZ WBZA WBZ
WHAM KDKA WJR WLW
WEST
KYW KWK
WREN KOA
FAR WEST
KPO KFI KGW
KOMO KHQ KSL
8:15 P. M. Eastern Time
7:15 P. M. Central Time
6:15 P. M. Mountain Time
5:15 P. M. Pacific Time

Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

(*Continued from page 63*)

He sent a messenger up to get me to come down right away. . . . Sure that's nerve, but we can't stand for that dame stuff. She might play hell with us, Cuffy. . . . What about the guy that brought the message? . . . Never saw him before, but he brought our friend's rod along to give me the highball."

The woman turned her head and shot a quick glance at the door. "He's at the door now. . . . Well, I'm going down pronto. You better come with me. . . . I can't go down to that dump alone. . . . Aw, come on, Sweetie. . . . You gotta help me. . . . It's your business, too. . . . Come on. . . . We gotta shoo that skirt away from him." A pause. "Telephone him? . . . He's got no phone. Come on, Sweet Boy, come along," she pleaded. Another pause. The woman lifted her dark eyes to the ceiling, then lowered them quickly and spoke again.

"Listen, Cuffy, it may mean business for you. . . . He's afraid of a jam. . . . We'll need you." She smiled. "Him squeal on me? Never. He's too crazy about me. You know who I like, Sweet Boy." A few seconds of silence, then: "That's the Sweetie. I'll pick you up in a taxi right away."

THE woman hung up the receiver and strode toward the door. The man drew away from the door.

"You going back to him?" she asked.

"Sure. I gotta give him back this gun."

"Tell him then that I'm coming down and bringing his friend Cuffy with me."

The door closed. The man danced down the steps.

Two policemen lumbering along their beat in the thick darkness at 3 A. M. saw a man standing on the corner of Tom Cat Alley apparently waiting for someone to join him. Suddenly his hand made a beckoning gesture at them. The pair quickened their stride and sped toward the man. As they closed in on him the man spoke in a coarse whisper.

"This was where those two shots were fired?" he asked.

"Yeah," bellowed the taller of the pair, peering at the man, whose face was half hidden by the brim of his hat.

"There's going to be another shot inside the alley," the man rasped.

"What?" cried the cop in amazement.

"Yep. I'm going to fire that shot too," whispered the man. The cop tightened his grip on his nightstick and gazed intently into the man's face. Then he drew back with a start.

"Roaring Johnny White!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing round here? I thought you was on sick leave."

"Never mind what I'm doing here," Roaring Johnny wheezed. "You two birds get across this street and plant yourselves in a doorway where you can't be seen." The detective spoke rapidly but with great effort. "There'll be a taxi with a man and a woman in it," he went on. "It'll turn into this alley and stop at a door halfway down the block. When you see a shot blaze out of the window of the house they go into, come on in on the run. I'll leave the street door open. Have your gats ready and come upstairs. You'll find me there. I'll give orders. Quick, beat it across the street! The taxi'll be along in a minute."

Roaring Johnny turned into Tom Cat Alley. The two cops darted across the street and vanished into the doorway.

The detective halted at the door under the Killer's window. He pounded on it and while he stood waiting for the Killer to appear at his window his eyes moved to the window across the street where a few hours before he had writhed and groaned in agony. He quickly drew his eyes away from the window and looked up. The Killer was calling from above.

"It's me, Blacky," he whispered. "I'm bringing your gat back." He coughed. His throat burned. It pained him to whisper. In a few moments the Killer opened the door and admitted him.

"Everything's jake," whispered the detective. "Pinkie got excited when I told her about the cops. She's on her way down with a guy named Cuffy. She must be nuts about you."

"She is," grunted the Killer. He bounded up the stairs. "Come on up," he called to the detective. Roaring Johnny remained at the door, holding it slightly ajar. The sound of an approaching motor reached his ears. "They're coming," he cried at the Killer. He opened the door wide. The taxi was at the curb, halted. The woman, in a pink organdie dress, lowered her silken ankles to the running board, then bolted out of the taxi. In a quick glance she surveyed the shabby tenement and saw a light in the window above. Her eyes caught Roaring Johnny holding the door for her. Palumbo caught her arm, and the two brushed by the detective and scampered up the stairway.

"First door to the right," the detective directed. "This is a nice dump to bring me to," he heard Palumbo whine at the woman. Slowly and silently Roaring Johnny leaned his shoulder against the door and pushed it back. Leaving it half open he advanced up the stairway.

The door of the Killer's room opened, casting a shaft of light into the faces of the woman and her companion.

The Killer stood framed in the doorway, beaming. "Pinkie!" he cried gleefully. "Hello, Cuffy." He backed into the room, followed by the pair.

"What got into you?" the woman demanded angrily. Her eyes traveled quickly around the room. "Where's that skirt?" she shouted at him.

"Skirt?" the Killer repeated, astonished. His questioning eyes darted from the woman to the door. The figure of Roaring Johnny loomed in the doorway. Palumbo, catching the detective's face and recognizing it, stammered a sibilant oath and snarled at the woman: "You dumb-bell! This is a frame."

"SIT down, all of you," the detective commanded, advancing a pace into the room. The pearl-handled revolver glistened in his hand. The Killer dropped to the bed. The woman slumped into a chair. Palumbo remained standing. He addressed the detective:

"Listen, Johnny, give me your ear in the hallway just a minute. This thing can be—" Roaring Johnny cut him short. "Stick there," he growled back at the Chiseler. He winced each time he spoke. His throat flamed.

"He came with me . . . just a friend," the woman put in plaintively, nodding at Palumbo.

"Yeah," whined the bail-bond peddler. "I just came along to make an honest dollar."

"A honest *what?*" rasped the detective. "Tell that to McCloskey."

The Killer spoke. "What's the use of dragging her in?" he asked. The woman leered at the Killer.

"I don't know this man," she cried. "He's trying to frame me. He's a nut."

"Fight that out with McCloskey," the detective whispered. "I just got one little promise to keep—then I'm through." He looked at the Killer. "I said I'd bring this fancy gat back to you," he went. "Well, here it is." He lifted the gun, slanted it upward at the window and fired. A pane of glass crashed. The woman shrieked. Palumbo's face went white.

"I guess that's the last shot it'll fire," drawled Roaring Johnny. He slipped his hand under his coat and hauled out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his service pistol. "You're lucky to be alive," he shot at the Killer in a cracked voice, as he leveled his own gun at him.

"There, Miss Pinkie," he whispered, and tossed the pearl-handled revolver into her lap. The woman glowered at him and swept the gun to the floor. The Killer made a lunge to grab it. His hand touched it caressingly.

"Leave it lay," the detective muttered, lowering the nose of his revolver at the stooped figure of the Killer. "It wouldn't do you no good. It's empty. But I get you. You want it as a keepsake of her." The detective grinned at the woman, then added: "Well, seeing you're so fond of her, go ahead and pick it up. I'm no guy to bust up a romance."

Heavy feet were pounding up the stairway. The detective stepped back a pace into the hallway. The two cops, panting, open-eyed, bounded eagerly at Roaring Johnny.

"Take in all three of them," the detective groaned. "Put 'em in separate rooms and hold 'em for McCloskey. Don't book 'em on any charge. That little Chiseler over there"—he indicated Palumbo—"would have a writ out before McCloskey got down." The detective gulped, then coughed. He went on haltingly, his face distorted from pain. "I'm leaving now. . . . I wanta get over . . . to the hospital . . . see the wife and kid . . . before this voice . . . goes dead on me."

"WHAT do you make out of this?" chortled Deputy Inspector Mahan, easing himself into a chair in front of McCloskey's desk. The Iron Man seated at his desk arched his eyebrows. Mahan went on:

"That little Chiseler hangs the whole thing on the Moll and the Killer. He says they killed the cops. The Killer hangs it on the Chiseler and says he never saw the Moll before in his life. He's lying. He's crazy about that woman."

"What about the Moll?" asked McCloskey.

"She says the Killer was alone in the killings," Mahan replied. "She says he is trying to frame Palumbo . . . is jealous of him because the Chiseler's her sweetie. And the Chiseler's willing to take the stand and squawk on the Moll and the Killer if we'll ease up the murder charge against him."

"Take a squawk from that rat?" McCloskey boomed. "Not on your life. He had his chance to speak his little piece to me on the steps that morning he got my goat."

The Iron Man brought the palm of his large hand down upon his desk with a whack. He spoke in a low, admonitory voice.

"Never trust the likes of Palumbo," he grinned at the deputy. "They're all chiselers. They hack the arms and legs off Justice. You can see for yourself, Mahan, that Palumbo is ready to chisel the heart out of Cupid. He'd spill against the Moll and send her to the chair. Sure he would. But we don't want his squeal. Roaring Johnny'll have his voice back—and when he takes the stand against the whole three, he'll tell plenty."

The Iron Man spoke in a soft, pleased voice. It was almost a purr.

Army Black and Navy Blue

Continued from page 24

Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy stand up and take a bow. The two officers complied, but refused to give their names. Eddie Cantor got fifty dollars for announcing that Rutgers would play Cornell next Saturday in secret.

A group from the cheering sections paraded the side lines leading the rival mascots: the Army camel and the Navy milch cow. Some of the boys, in fun, tried to get the animals to kiss. Much to the surprise of the ringleaders in this bit of devilment, the two mascots liked the idea.

The Army players were late in showing up for the second half as somebody had started a rumor that Pop Warner and Knute Rockne had joined the Navy. The line-ups were unchanged excepting that Cagle and Oliphant were once more in the Army backfield, having gone through Harvard and Columbia during the intermission.

Some of the athletes had unfortunately misunderstood the coaches' instructions in the dressing-rooms. The coaches had told them to do a lot of punting; they thought he had said punning. The result was morbid. For example, in the third chukker a Navy end and an Army end collided with terrific force and got mad at each other.

"You Woodruff me, would you?" said the Army man.

"I'll make you wish you'd never been Born," replied the midshipman.

A few plays later there was ill feeling between the two centers.

"I'll carry you out in a pail, Garbisch," said one.

"And while you're doing it I'll give you the razz, Perry," retorted the West-Pointer.

And still later, a Navy tackle intercepted an Army end running down the field to cover a kick.

"Where are you going, my Merrilat?"

"I'm going for a Cruise. Don't be so Flippen."

It is impossible for this writer to record any more of the dialogue.

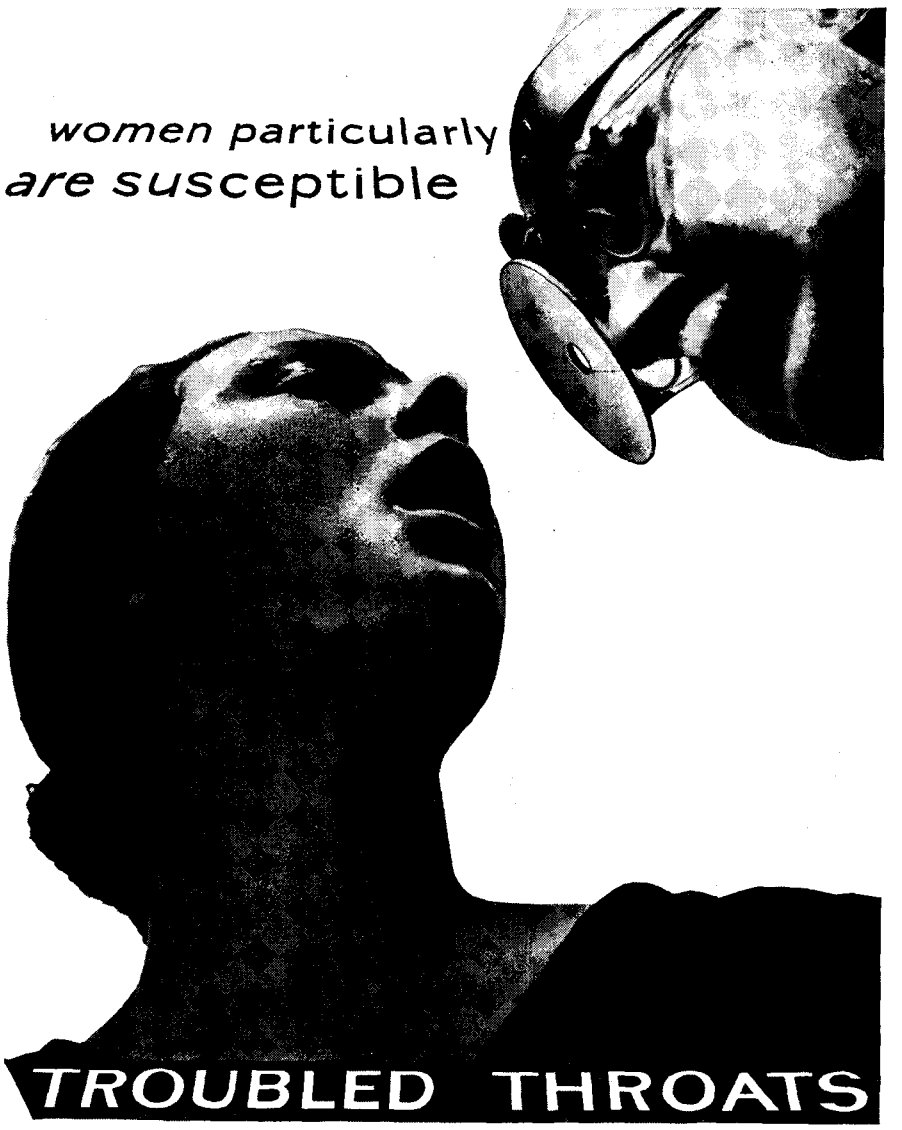
Navy Forever!

The game was called when the two mascots minced on the field simultaneously and announced that it was milking time. A big demonstration followed, during which President Stoneham of the New York Giants tore up the goal posts and wondered why he had ever planted them.

LINE-UP

Army (0)		Navy (0)
Merrilat	l. e.	Lloyd
Timberlake	l. t.	Flippen
McEwen	l. g.	Carney
Garbisch	c.	Perry
Erwin	r. g.	Larson
Bunker	r. t.	Ralston
Born	r. e.	Gilchrist
Daly	q. b.	Dashiell
Cagle	l. h. b.	Barchet
Oliphant	r. h. b.	Roberts
Murrell	f. b.	Norton

Substitutions—Army: Tipton for Erwin; Jones for Garbisch; Mulligan for Timberlake; Devore for Mulligan; Tit for Tat; Tea for Two; Smythe for Daly; Vidal for Smythe; Hackett for Cagle; Wilson for Oliphant; French for Post no Bills. Navy: Taylor for Lloyd; Nicholls for Gilchrist; Woodruff for Nicholls; King for Ralston; Shewell for King; Murray for Shewell; Levenski for Larson; Ingram for Dashiell; Brown for Barchet; Shapley for Roberts; Dalton for Norton; Cruise for Dalton; Navy forever; Change for local. Referee—Tom Thorp. Umpire—Ed Thorp. Field Judge—Jim Thorpe. Head Linesman—Mrs. Thorpe. Shoes by Moran and Mack.

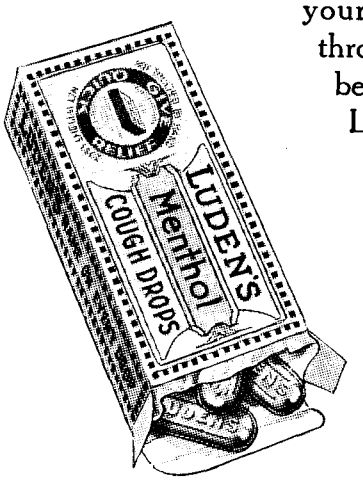


Probably you've noticed that your throat is easily irritated—a cigarette; auto fumes; dust on a windy day; damp, disagreeable weather—simple things like that start you coughing—

But you're not alone in this for health authorities have found that 7 out of every 10 women have tender throats—it's a heritage of the ages—

So if a troubled throat bothers you—if coughing makes your eyes water and your nose red—just do as so many others do—take a Luden's at the first sign of throat irritation—*for quick relief.*

There's nothing quite like Luden's Menthol Action. Nothing else that so quickly and pleasantly sweetens your breath, refreshes your mouth, cools and soothes troubled throats. For only Luden's gives you the benefit of the exclusive and time-tested Luden formula—it's a carefully guarded secret. You need not hesitate to take Luden's Menthol Cough Drops freely—for they contain nothing harmful—nothing to upset the stomach. In fact, Luden's Menthol Action is beneficial, for "Menthol" is a derivative of peppermint—one of the oldest known aids to good digestion.



In the yellow package everywhere—5c

FOR QUICK REL

LUDE

© 1929

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Jobs for Business Men

BACK of the selection of Jackson E. Reynolds to be head of the first World Bank is a characteristic story of our times.

Jackson Reynolds was born in an Illinois village fifty-six years ago. As a boy he worked for neighboring farmers and meanwhile got what education the public schools afforded.

Older, he moved West and studied at Stanford University. Then back East to New York and to law school. Teaching and practicing law, he earned a living.

His work came to the attention of George F. Baker, the veteran financier, and the Columbia law teacher was made vice president of a great bank. Five years later he was president of the bank and then came the invitation to service and usefulness on a world scale.

Reynolds' career is paralleled by the experiences of many of the best-known men and women in this country.

Owen D. Young, who gave his name to the great plan for settling the war debts, was developed by the same kind of life. Mr. Young came out of comparative poverty. School, college, obscure drudgery, and then the larger opportunity to show his mettle. Dwight Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico, followed the same routine. Herbert Hoover also traveled that road.

The quality that distinguishes the careers of such men is not so much their success as the use each man has made of the success he has attained.

Jackson E. Reynolds could undoubtedly have enriched himself by remaining in private business. So could Dwight Morrow or Charles G. Dawes, or any other of the excellent company of successful men and women who have turned to public service.

The opportunity to work for the public meant more to them than greater riches.

These men conspicuously have qualities to offer public service which politicians lack. They are in the front rank of business and during the last few years American business has learned to practice certain principles of universal value.

Chief of these is that prosperity must be mutual if it is to be real and lasting. Our business leaders have discovered that they do best when their customers and employees fare well.

This is the new American doctrine. Europe wants to share its benefits and so invites eminent Americans to help work out the tangled problems of international debts.

We, too, need this kind of leadership in our public affairs. President Hoover is a fine example of the new business man in government but not many of his kind occupy elective offices.

Think how the Senate would be improved by the election of a few men of the quality of Owen D. Young, Dwight Morrow, Charles G. Dawes or Jackson Reynolds.

We would not have so much demagogism, so much loose talking for political effect, or so much petty scheming for partisan advantage. We would have, however, a much more earnest and energetic and intelligent effort to have the business of the country decently conducted.

A few years ago it was customary to deplore the fact that public service could not compete with business in attracting first-class men. That condition is no longer true.

Public service pays niggardly salaries but many men beyond want are willing and glad to work for the common good if they are given the opportunity to use their knowledge and their skill.

We need such men in our public life, and increasingly we shall have them.

The same ambition to serve their country which led Ambassador Morrow to abandon a partnership in J. P. Morgan and Company animates many others not now so well known.

Draft them for public office and the competence and decency of our government will be vastly increased.

Revelation

THE ancient practice of instructing wives in the art and mystery of handling husbands is now a part of political science as taught by the Re-ıblicans of New York. Just before :tion the Housewives' League was chsafed a revelation and produced ı commandments." They are likely ıse so much domestic trouble that glad to print them here and good work along:

v away the can opener.

ntion fur coat until after

ry one of his jokes

ırth the

space in one of the clothes closets.

5. Handle his late homecomings with gloves.

6. Be a little bit jealous.

7. Weep not, talk not, nag not.

8. Avoid bridge.

9. Send your mother to the country.

10. Spend an extra quarter of an hour on your make-up.

The successful application of these fatuous rules is called "beguiling your husband's vote." Vote nothing! If it works and the man becomes workable putty what woman will waste the opportunity by asking for a measly vote? The second commandment will be broken as soon as the time seems ripe and politics can go hang. Moreover, we hope she gets it.

Easy Killing

SOON after President Hoover's inauguration he challenged the best thought of the country when he said: "More than 9,000 human beings are lawlessly killed every year in the United States. Little more than half as many arrests follow. Less than one sixth of these slayers are convicted and but a scandalously small percentage are adequately punished."

In Indiana, a state which provides electrocution for murder, a newspaper editor checked the President's statement against the state's official statistics. He found that last year 110 persons were brought into Indiana courts on murder charges. Only one paid the maximum penalty. About half were convicted and sent to prison.

A further check of other felonies revealed that only two crimes out of every five committed in the state are punished.

It is probable that no one is inspired to adopt a career of crime by studying such statistics, but it is certain that criminals have an instinctive feeling that even if caught they have better than an even chance of escaping punishment.

The President's crime commission is trying to explain this and perhaps suggest a remedy. But if the commission can tell us why crime seems to be no longer abhorrent to the American public it will do a greater service.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED